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FIVE BOOK EDITION

APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS

FIFTH READER

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
AMERICAN · BOOK · COMPANY

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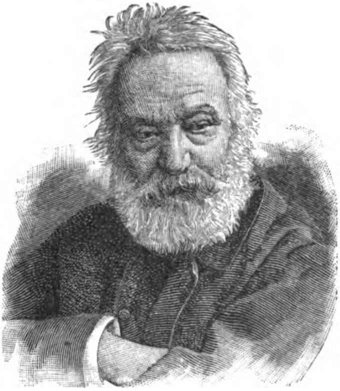

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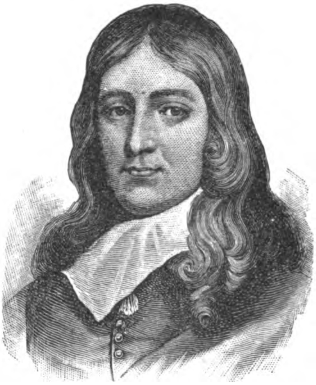

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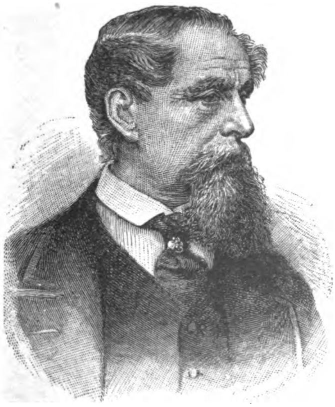

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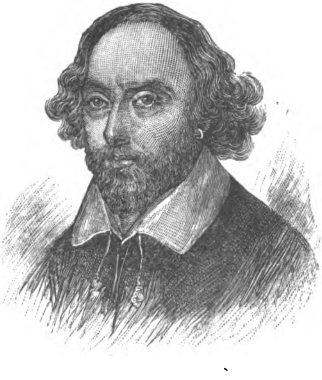

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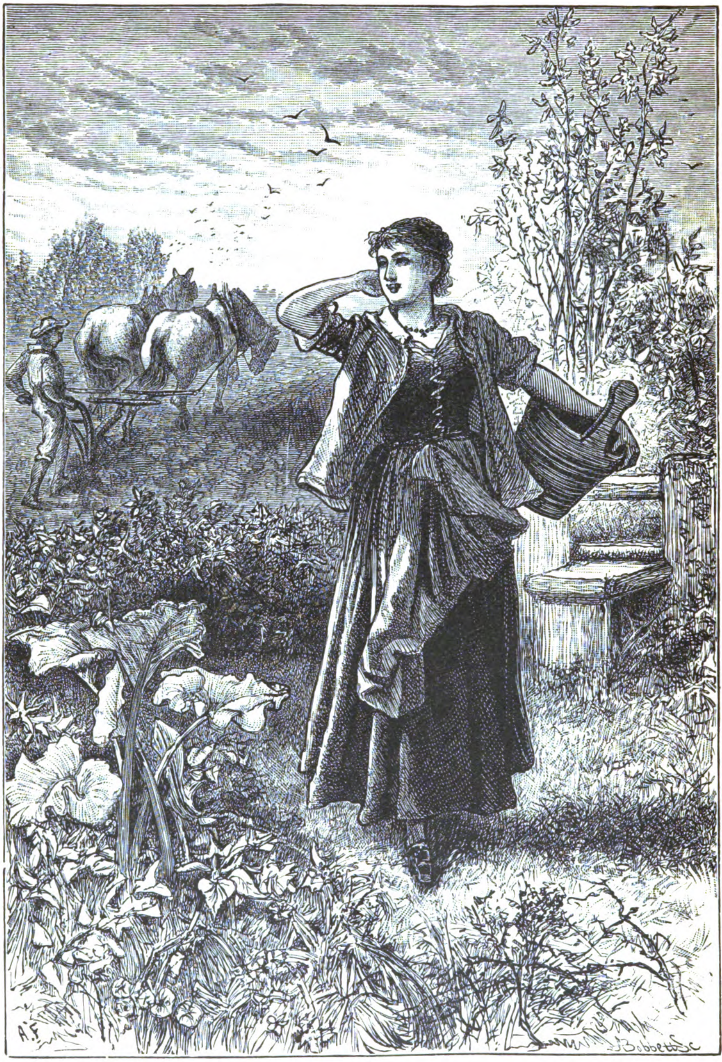
A.F.
J. Bobbett Sc

"While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe."

("*L'Allegro*," p. 420.)

APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS.
FIVE BOOK EDITION.

THE

FIFTH READER.

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THE PREPARATORY NOTES.

THE work to be done by the pupil is included under:

I. Biographical, historical, geographical, scientific, and literary allusions or references. The notes under this head are intended to suggest topics for discussion in the recitation, and the pupil is not required to study these, although he may read them with some profit.

II. Spelling and pronunciation. In the Appendix to this volume will be found suggested a method of teaching spelling by analysis. If preferred, the old method of oral or written spelling will suffice.

III. Language lesson on the principles of written or printed language as found in the lesson. If carefully learned, the pupil will acquire a practical knowledge of grammatical forms, without the usual technicalities. He will learn to write and speak correctly. But the logic of language as given in technical grammar is not attempted here.

IV. Definitions, synonyms, and paraphrases, to be given by the pupil in his own language, i. e., in such words as he uses in everyday life, and not in words borrowed from the dictionary. He must find the words in the piece and study their connection with the rest, and give the special sense of the words as there used, not the general definition. This method will secure the most rapid mastery of a good vocabulary on the part of the pupil.

(Numbers II., III., and IV. are to be studied by the pupil, and he may be held responsible for the work required.)

V. Style and thought of the piece. The notes under this head should be read and discussed in the recitation, and they will answer a useful purpose in sharpening the pupil's faculty of criticism, even if the thoughts advanced are condemned and refuted.

It is evident that each selection from classic literature furnishes work enough for three, four, or five recitations. *First*, the pupil should learn the spelling, pronunciation, peculiarities of form, and meaning of the words in the lesson (II., III., IV.); *second*, the references and allusions made in the piece (I.); *third*, the thought and the style of expression (V.); *fourth*, the proper rendering of it as taught in the lessons on elocution.

The work here suggested is intended only as an auxiliary, and may be omitted for other topics presented by the teacher. Only a few hints are risked on the more important phases of each piece, and no attempt is made to exhaust the proper field of inquiry. It is safe to say that a thorough study of each literary piece in the higher Readers will be of more benefit to the pupil, in giving him an insight into human life, and directive power and influence among his fellow-men, than all that he will or can learn from the other branches taught in the schools.

FIFTH READER.

I.—THE HOUSE OF USHER.

1. During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone on horseback through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy house of Usher.

2. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable because poetic sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible.

3. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant, eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more

properly than to the after dream of the reveler upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil.

4. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the house of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered.

5. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn, that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down, but with a shudder even more thrilling than before, upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, the ghastly tree stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

6. Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him, which,

in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply.

7. The manuscript gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still consider a very singular summons.

8. I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the house of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies or of the occupations in which he involved me or led the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous luster over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears.

9. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the "Last Waltz of Von Weber." From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered, the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why; from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words.

10. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever

mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me, at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

11. I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid facility of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes as well as in the words of his wild *fantasias* (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement.

12. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses were entitled "The Haunted Palace."

Edgar A. Poe.

For Preparation.—I. From "The Fall of the House of Usher," in which Poe describes the death of Usher, and the mysterious sinking of his house into the waters of the tarn. This extract contains the passages from

the opening of the story (1 to 7), and from the middle (8 to 12), introductory to the poem, "The Haunted Palace." The poem reflects the coloring and outline of the story, just as a placid lake reflects the tints and contour of the mountains that surround it. (See XL., note.) It is perhaps a deep allegory, descriptive of the ruin of a gifted but intemperate man. Fuseli (fū′-ze-lĭ) (10), the celebrated painter, lived and died in London, though Swiss by birth.

II. Fēa′-tureṣ, sĕdġ′-eṣ, hĭd′-e-oŭs, vẹil, ī′-çi-ness, rẹined (rāud), lŭs′-ter, măn′-sion, sŏl′-emǹ (-em), sul-phū′-re-oŭs, vāgue′-ness (vāḡ′-), ạwe, gui-tär′ (ḡĭ-), im-prŏmp′-tūṣ, im-prŏv-i-sā′-tion, rhăp′-so-dieṣ.

III. Explain the *s* in features. What is the abbreviation for "manuscript"?

IV. Glimpse, vacant, depression, opium, goading. annihilate, lurid, tarn, inverted, sojourn, boon, improvised, perversion, amplification, educe, hypochondriac, morbid, fervid, fantasias, artificial.

V. Note (3) the reference, by way of comparison, of his sensations to the collapse that follows opium intoxication. (The whole story is colored with a sort of delirium tremens.) Note the "eye-like" windows repeated (3 and 5), and remember it in reading "The Haunted Palace," whose windows are also eyes. The allusion to the waltz can be followed up to advantage as a hint for the rhythm of "The Haunted Palace." Note the hint at interpretation which Poe gives us—"mystic current of its meaning" (12).

II.—THE HAUNTED PALACE.

1. In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace,
Radiant palace, reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

2. Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago);

And every gentle air that dallied,
  In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
  A wingéd odor went away.

3. Wanderers in that happy valley
  Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
  To a lute's well-tunéd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
  (Porphyrogene)
In state his glory well befitting,
  The ruler of the realm was seen.

4. And all with pearl and ruby glowing
  Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
  And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes whose sweet duty
  Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
  The wit and wisdom of their king.

5. But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
  Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
  Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
  That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
  Of the old time entombed.

6. And travelers now within that valley,
  Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
  To a discordant melody;

While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
  Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
  And laugh—but smile no more.

Edgar A. Poe.

For Preparation.—I. **"The House of Usher" reappears here under the name of "The Haunted Palace," which fantastically reflects its lurid atmosphere, but with a clearer portraiture of the lineaments of a genius going to wreck through dissipation. "Porphyrogene"—"born in purple," or "of royal birth" (rulers of the Eastern Roman Empire). It must be remembered that the nature of poetry, music, and all art admits of much variety in interpreting it into definite thoughts.**

II. Văl′-leyṣ, mŏn′-arch (-ark), sĕr′-aph, ĕch′-ōeṣ (ĕk′ōz), en-tọmbed′ (-tōōmd′), hĭd′-e-oŭs.

III. Copy the 1st stanza, and mark the feet and accented syllables. Note the sixth line: "It - stood - there"—three feet, with one syllable each, which should be pronounced long. Note the lines which have alliteration: radiant, reared; seraph, spread; fabric, fair; glorious, golden; float, flow; etc.

IV. Tenanted, radiant, reared, dominion, pinion, fabric, dallied, ramparts, "plumed and pallid," luminous, lute.

V. "Stately palace reared its head." Note the intrusion of the image of man into the description of a house. "Through two luminous windows saw spirits moving musically" (looking into the eyes, saw poetic thoughts). "Pearl and ruby" (teeth and lips) of the "palace door" (mouth, which sang in rhymes, "echoes" of the "wit and wisdom" of the soul within). "Evil things" (misfortune, opium, and strong drink) "assailed." "Red-litten windows" (eyes bleared with dissipation); "discordant melody" (of the specters of delirium tremens).

III.—INTELLIGENT READING.

Good elocution is founded on good thinking. This leads to appreciation—that is, to right feeling; and right thinking and feeling lead to the best vocal expression.

Now, we begin to observe and to think definitely only when we begin to distinguish one thing from another; and our thinking improves in the same ratio as this power of differentiating (seeing the differences of things) becomes more accurate and complete.

For example: To the unthinking, all the books in a library seem much alike; but the observing reader soon learns that each individual book differs from every other; and, if he would give a clear description of any given book, he must call our attention not to what is common to all books, but to the points wherein this given book differs from the other books.

Or, in giving a clear idea of any character in history, the writer speaks not of such common traits and deeds as were shared with the many, but of those peculiar attributes and acts which distinguish him from all others—those things which characterize him as an individual.

And so, to give a clear picture of any kind on any subject, the author must seize on the special points which *individuate* it.

A favorite means of making an idea more vivid and distinct (especially in poetry and eloquence) is by *comparing* it with something similar, but more familiar and striking. But the most distinctive way of expressing an idea is by *contrasting* it with its opposite.

THESE DISTINCTIVE POINTS OF GOOD THINKING AND WRITING ARE THE IMPORTANT IDEAS WHICH IN ELOCUTION DEMAND SPECIAL EMPHASIS AND EXPRESSION.

But these ideas are innumerable; and how can we ever learn to read well the hundredth part of them?

By grouping similar ideas into one class; so that, when we learn to read understandingly a few representative ideas of any given class, we learn essentially how to read all ideas of that general kind.

This classification must be purely elocutionary. By "similar ideas," we mean such as have naturally similar vocal expression.

IV.—WINTER.

1. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

2. When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, tu-whoo—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

For Preparation.—I. From "Love's Labor's Lost," Act V., Scene 2. The song in praise of the owl, representing winter. It is a good specimen of Shakespeare's songs.

II. I′-çĭ-ȼle (ī′si-kl), shĕp′-herd (-erd), frō′-zen (-zn), nīght′-ly (nīt′-), grēaş′-y, ȼough′-ing (kawf′-).

III. Shepherd (sheep-herd); frozen (explain the suffix *en*); doth (*th*); nipped (*ed*).

IV. Nipped, brooding.

V. "Ways be foul" (i. e., bad roads). Why is the owl called "staring"? "Parson's saw" (*saw* = a speech or sermon). "Crabs" (crab apples). "Keel the pot" (skim it).

V.—MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

1. Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

2. The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

3. "Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

4. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

5. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
    And "This to me!" he said:
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
    To cleave the Douglas' head!

6. "And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
    Even in thy pitch of pride—
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword),
    I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
    Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

7. On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
    The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

8. "Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
    Let the portcullis fall!"—
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed;

Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

9. The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

10. "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

Sir Walter Scott.

For Preparation.—I. Selection from Canto VI. of "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field." Have you read "Sunset on the Border"? (XXVI.) The Scotch king, James IV., in 1513, made an inroad into the north of England, capturing four border fortresses and encamping on Flodden, the last of the Cheviot hills. There he was defeated and killed by the English under the Earl of Surrey. The scene here is laid at Tantallon Castle, the home of the great Earl Douglas (fifth Earl of Angus, called "Bell the Cat"), three miles from North Berwick. Marmion is an English lord come hither as envoy, and now returning to the English camp with Clara, who has been intrusted to his charge by the Scotch king. Gawain, the son of Douglas, translated Vergil's "Æneid" into Scottish verse in 1513.

II. **Cŏn′-duct, a-dieū′** (-dū′), **sȯv′-er-eign** (sŭv′er-in).

III. **Find subjects and predicates (see XLI., note III.)—(e. g., *day—advanced*, *Marmion—did array*, *he—had*, *Douglas—gave*, etc.).**

IV. **Array, palfrey, behest, manors, peer, turret, swarthy, ire, hoary, hold, vassals, defied, unscathed, drawbridge, warder, portcullis, rowels, "ponderous grate," scanty, grazed, "shook his gauntlet," forged, "liked me ill."**

V. **"Let the hawk stoop," etc. (De Wilton, the lover of Clara, had already left for the camp of Surrey, with proofs of Marmion's perfidy.) "By your king's behest" (King James had assigned Marmion to Douglas as royal guest). Note (10) the earl's opinion of learning.**

VI—ASCENT OF MOUNT KTAADN.

1. While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for camping that night, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and hemmed in by walls of rock, which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce trees, and with moss, but at last bare of all vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds.

2. Following up the course of the torrent which occupied this—and I mean to lay some emphasis on the word *up*—pulling myself up by the side of perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet, by the roots of firs and birches, and then perhaps walking a level rod or two in the thin stream—for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed—I had soon cleared the trees, and paused on the successive shelves to look back over the country.

3. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in

breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious tide, over and amidst masses of bare rock, from the very clouds, as though a waterspout had just burst over the mountain.

4. Leaving this at last, I began to work my way, scarcely less arduous than Satan's anciently through chaos, up the nearest though not the highest peak—at first scrambling on all fours over the tops of ancient black spruce trees, old as the flood, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and nipped with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky, the solid cold.

5. I walked some good rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly leveled all over. Here the principle of vegetation was hard put to it.

6. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain, though perhaps nowhere so remarkable as here. Once, slumping through, I looked down two feet into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood as on a mass of coarse basket work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home.

7. This was the sort of garden I made my way *over* for an eighth of a mile, at the risk, it is true, of treading on some of the plants, not seeing any path through it; certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever traveled.

"Nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying."

But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs; not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown.

8. Having stumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked by turns over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side hill, or rather side mountain, where rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes, without a bleat or a low. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night. But I had already seen that Maine country when I turned about, waving, flowing, rippling down below.

9. When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping ground on the torrent's edge, and were resting on the ground; one was on the sick list, rolled in a blanket, on a damp shelf of rock. It was a savage and dreary scenery enough; so wildly rough, that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent.

10. We could not well camp higher for want of fuel; the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy, that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last, and blazed here, too, like a good citizen of the world.

11. Even at this height we met with frequent traces of moose as well as of bears. As here was no cedar, we made our bed of coarser-feathered spruce; but, at any rate, the feathers were plucked from the live tree. It was, perhaps, even a more grand and desolate place for a

night's lodging than the summit would have been, being in the neighborhood of these wild trees and of the torrent.

12. Some more aërial and finer-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time arousing our fire, and dispersing the embers about. It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight, one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fir tree, whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprang up with a cry from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

13. In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout, we all together began to make our way up the falls which I have described; this time choosing the right-hand or highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before.

14. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge in my rear, which still seemed ever retreating before me, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds; for, though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist.

15. The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if some time it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell on the mountain sides, nowhere fairly at rest, but leaning on each other, all rocking-stones, with cavities between, but scarcely any soil or smoother shelf.

16. They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of Nature would anon work up or work down into the smil-

ing and verdant plains and valleys of earth. This was an unfinished extremity of the globe; as in lignite we see coal in the process of formation.

17. At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud, which seemed forever drifting over the summit and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away; and when, a quarter of a mile farther, I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen it in clearer weather say is about five miles long, and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them.

18. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments, and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another.

19. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud factory —these were the cloud works, and the wind turned them off down from the cool, bare rocks. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag, to the right or left, the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me.

20. It reminded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prometheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where Prometheus was bound. Æschylus had, no doubt, visited such scenery as this. It was vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits.

21. Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtile, like the air.

22. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, "Why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I can not pity nor fondle thee here, but for ever relentlessly drive thee hence to where I *am* kind.

23. "Why seek me where I have not called you, and then complain because you find me but a stepmother? Shouldst thou freeze, or starve, or shudder thy life away, here is no shrine, nor altar, nor any access to my ear."

"Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but . . .
. . . as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light."

24. The tops of mountains are among the unfinished parts of the globe, whither it is a slight insult to the gods to climb and pry into their secrets, and try their effect on our humanity. Only daring and insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains; their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them. Pomola is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Ktaadn.

Henry D. Thoreau.

For Preparation.—I. Find, on the map of Maine, Ka-täh′-din (here spelled Ktaadn). Have you read Thoreau's "Maine Woods"? In the first part of that work he treats of Katahdin. "Such was Cau′casus," etc. (he refers to the description in "The Prometheus," a drama of Æschylus). "Pomola" (Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees and husbandry?).

II. Sūit′-a-ble (sūt′a-bl), lī′-c̶henş (-kenz), trăv′-eled (-eld), rōūgh (rŭf), sŭb′-tĭle, cạught (kawt), Pro-mē′-theūs (-thūs), Æs′-c̶hy̆-lus (ĕs′kĭ-lus).

III. In the first three paragraphs make a list of the name-words that are subjects, and of the action-words that are predicates, and before each subject write any describing-words it may have.

IV. Impenetrable, perpendicular, tributary, diminishing, cavernous, exceed, consistence, poised, cavities, obscured, epic, Titanic, pilfers, relentlessly, shrine.

V. "The principle of vegetation was hard put to it" (the rocks and the cold winds made it hard for vegetation to live and thrive). "At the risk of treading on some of the plants" (he says this jestingly, carrying out the figure of speech). "This sort of garden" (as if he would take pains in a garden not to tread on the vegetables, and here he was walking on the tops of the "plants"). "Satan's arduous way through chaos" refers to Milton's description:

> "O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

The quotation "Chaos and ancient Night," etc., is from the same book (2d) of the "Paradise Lost"; and also the passage, "Nigh foundered, on he fares."

VII.—VIRTUE.

1. Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the Earth and Sky,
The Dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

2. Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

3. Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

4. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

For Preparation.—I. Compare this with another poem of Herbert. (See XXIV.) Compare it with Collins's ode, "How sleep the Brave!" (XII.), in style and tone. Izaak Walton says, in the "Complete Angler," "Come, tell me what the holy Herbert says of such days and showers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them."

II. Găz′-er, ĕv′-er, whêre (hwêr), sēa′-ṣoned (sē′znd).

III. What style uses thy, thou, art, etc.? (solemn, or sacred). Why not *thou* and *thy* for "you" and "your" (3), when addressing the Spring?

IV. Hue, rash, compacted, timber.

V. Do you think the simile, "like seasoned timber," etc., poetic, and in harmony with the elevated tone of the 1st and 2d verses? The allusion to a "box of sweets" elevated, or common? Is the simile of the timber consistent throughout? (i. e., does not seasoned timber burn to coal as quickly as the other wood? or does he refer to live, glowing coals, by "chiefly lives"?) The old spelling "angrie" for *angry* justifies the meter of line five, where the accent is on *gry* of angry. What is the old English meaning of "closes"?

VIII.—RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

I.

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

3. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him, without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech is ended.

8. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

9. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

10. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

11. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

12. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

13. Be not immoderate in urging your friend to discover a secret.

14. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent, be of the major side.

15. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

16. In dispute, be not so desirous to overcome as [you are] to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion; and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

17. Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not. Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

II.

18. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way to him to pass.

19. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but, while they are young, they ought to respect those who are their equals in birth, or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

20. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we are to speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

21. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

22. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

23. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

24. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

25. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

III.

26. In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

27. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

28. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

29. Undertake not what you can not perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

30. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion, and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

31. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

32. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

33. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

IV.

34. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and, in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

35. Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting; and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

36. Associate yourselves with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

37. Utter not base and frivolous things among grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

38. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds; and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

39. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.

40. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked; and when desired, do it briefly.

41. Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

V.

42. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

43. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

44. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

45. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

46. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

47. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

48. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of tractable and commendable nature; and, in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

49. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

George Washington.

For Preparation.—I. These maxims were compiled by Washington when thirteen years old. His biographer says of him: "His intercourse with men, private and public, in every walk and station, was marked with a consistency, a fitness to occasion, a dignity, decorum, condescension, and mildness and respect for the claims of others, and a delicate perception of the nicer shades of civility, which were not more the dictates of his natural good sense and incomparable judgment than the fruits of a long and unwearied discipline." These maxims are not arranged here in the order that Washington arranged them, but are classified under the following heads: (i.) Those which relate to behavior in company (1 to 17); (ii.) those which relate to treatment of superiors in rank, fortune, or age (18 to 25); (iii.) those which relate to personal appearance and bearing or demeanor (26 to 33); (iv.) those which relate to proper regard for the occasion, or the needs and desires of those present (34 to 41); (v.) those which relate to gossip, consideration to be shown toward others—those, in short, which are based on the Golden Rule (42 to 49). See "Manners at the Table" (CXXVII.).

II. Wrīt′-ingş (rīt′-), quạl′-ĭ-ty, en-dĕav′-or (-dĕv′-), as-sō′-ci-āte (-shĭ-), ăt′-tri-būte, ꞓŏn′-sciençe (-shens), pre-çēd′-en-çy.

III. Name-words are sometimes made out of describing-words. Thus, *th* added to *true* makes *truth* (*e* being dropped), the name of the quality; thus, too, *length* from *long* (*o* becoming *e*); *health* from *hale*; *wealth* from *well* or *weal*; *width* from *wide*; *warmth* from *warm*. Can you think of any others?

IV. Discourse, reprove, deride, flatterer. There are many words and phrases in this piece used in old-fashioned (obsolete or obsolescent) significations; e. g., major side (14), deliver (16), greater quality (rank) (18), strait (narrow), dignity (position of influence) (19), etc.

V. Condense the above rules, if possible, so as to make five general ones.

IX.—MORNING SOUNDS.

1. But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;

The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

2. The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower;
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

James Beattie.

For Preparation.—I. From "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," Book I., xxxviii. and xxxix. Compare the tone of this piece with any that you know of Byron's that describe nature (CXIX.)—the restfulness of this with the unrestfulness of Byron's. (The soul that is at one with itself—not torn asunder by conflicting passions and principles—here looks out upon nature and finds itself reflected in what it sees.) Do you not think that the moods in which we look at nature generally determine the manner in which we describe it? Find other differences between this piece and corresponding ones from Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier (see, also, X.).

II. Mĕl′-o-dieș, lōw′-ing, ĕc̶h′-o-ing (ĕk′-), c̶hoir (kwīr), whĭs′-tling (hwis′ling), plow′-man, whīr′-ring.

III. "Babbling," "lowing." Many descriptive words are derived from action-words by adding *ing* (*ing* denotes action, *not* predicated, but *belonging to*, and in present time). Make a list of all such words in the lesson ending in *ing*, and opposite each write the action-word from which it is derived.

IV. Babbling, "dim descried," pipe, "lone valley," clamorous, "hollow murmur," "universal grove," ponderous, "drowsy hour," turtle (dove), sequestered, aërial.

V. Would these morning sounds be heard in a city, or in the country? —in all countries, or only in some particular ones? Describe accurately the location of such a country (e. g., it must be near a mountain, in a country where are found shepherds with pipes, and huntsmen with horns; near the ocean; where milkmaids carry pails on their heads, etc.).

X.—THE HERMIT.

1. At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

2. "Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay:
Mourn, sweetest complainer—man calls thee to mourn!
Oh, soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3. "Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

4. "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you!
For morn is aproaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the moldering urn?
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

5. "'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'Oh, pity, great Father of Light!' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.'

6. "And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

James Beattie.

For Preparation.—I. Is the nightingale (sometimes called "Philomela" by the poets) found in America? Account for the frequency with which this bird is spoken of by European poets (see XVII.).

II. Nạught (nawt), tŏr′-rent, c̶rĕs′-çent, ma-jĕs′-tic̶.

III. *Ye* woodlands, for *you* (would *for ye* be proper?); *st* in canst?

IV. Hamlet, effulgence, "prove the sweets of forgetfulness" (i. e., *try* them), symphonious (tuned so as to harmonize with his song), inthrall, planets, relinquish, conjecture, forlorn, embryo, ravage.

V. "Thou fair orb"—what orb? "*Thought* as a sage, . . . *felt* as a man" (thought wisely, but felt the passions of humanity). "Languishing fall" (voice falling in pitch as it closes its melody; expressing weariness and heart longing). "Moldering urn" (the urn held the ashes of the body which was burned by the Romans after death).

XI.—THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

1. Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country.

2. Behold how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roll of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

3. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

4. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

5. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

6. But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge—our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band; you are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example.

7. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men; you lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

8. But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! him! the premature victim of his own self-devoted heart! him, the head of our civil councils, and the

destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought thither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!

9. How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

Daniel Webster.

For Preparation.—I. At the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. "Fifty years ago" implies what date for this address? Whose "hostile cannon" are referred to? Location of Charlestown? What "metropolis"? "Yonder proud ships" (in the Navy Yard) remind the orator of what other ships? Who were Prescott, Putnam, and the others named? "The first great martyr in this great cause" (Warren). Explain the allusions in the apostrophe in verses 8 and 9.

II. Boun′-te-oŭs-ly, c̶ăn′-non (difference from *canon?*), c̶ŏm′-bat, mär′-tyr (-tẽr), c̶oun′-çil (difference from *counsel?*).

III. *Un* and *able* in unutterable (utter and outer, compare meanings); saw (why not use *seen?*).

IV. Impetuous assault, summoning, issue, jubilee, felicity of position, annoyance, grateful remembrance.

V. Contrast this style with that of XV. Take up verses 1 to 6, word by word, and see how every slight fact and external circumstance is stated in a sober, weighty manner, so as to express the feeling that pervades the occasion. Notice the long resonant words, and the absence of any tinge of humor. The solemnity of the memories clustered about the scene finds expression in every sentence. Change a verse of this into general statements of fact, and see how the rhetorical coloring vanishes, and, with it, the expression of the feeling produced by the occasion. Notice in this fact the necessary difference between a spoken production and one that is merely written for publication. (Compare also with Patrick Henry's speech (CXXXV.), in point of impassioned energy.)

XII.—ODE.

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins.

For Preparation.—I. Read an account of the adventures of the author (want of recognition, wretched death, etc.). Have you read (and committed to memory) any of his "Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical"? (published in 1746, and considered to be the best lyrical poems of the language).

II. Fĭn̲′-ḡer (fing′gẽr), hăl′-lowed, knĕll (nĕl), grāy (*grey*).

III. Meaning of *un* and final *n* in unseen;—*er* in sweeter?

IV. Dirge, hermit, hallowed, pilgrim, deck, dress.

V. Personification of spring, fancy, honor, freedom; in what guise is each conceived? "Turf that wraps their clay"—note the appropriateness of the metaphor implied, like a "martial cloak" in which a warrior "takes his rest" (*Burial of Sir John Moore*). Find points of contrast and resemblance between this piece and the one preceding (in dignity of style, atmosphere of feeling implied, choice of words, subject in the present surroundings, or in a large assembly, or merely ideal or general, etc.).

XIII.—THE DEATH OF LE FEVRE.

1. My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

2. The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up at an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair at the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving time to answer any one of the inquiries, he went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal, the night before, for him.

3. "You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house; and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary; and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

4. There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it, which let you at once into his soul and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned

to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him.

5. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

6. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on, throbbed, stopped again, moved, stopped—shall I go on? No.

Laurence Sterne.

For Preparation.—I. Tell enough of the life of this author to explain the circumstances under which he wrote "Tristram Shandy."

II. Indicate (i. e., with diacritical marks, hyphens, and accents) and explain (i. e., classify according to the form given in the treatise on Spelling, in the Appendix) the unusual combinations of letters in bū′-reau (bū′-rō—eau for ō; oa, ou, ow, oe, oo, being more frequently used for ō, and ew, eo, and au, less so), eȳe′-lid (ī′-), c̶ûr′-tain (-tĭn), in-quīr′-ieş, a-pŏth′-e-c̶a-ry, fa-mil-iăr′-i-ty (-yăr′-), kneeş (neez), çĭt′-a-del, lieū-tĕn′-ant's (lū-), Le Fevre (le fâvr).

III. Explain effect of *'s* in son's (§ 2)—*son's* what? What should we say instead of "had rose" (2)? Effect of *super* in superadded? Mention some other words in which super has the same meaning.

IV. Use synonymous expressions for wonted, preface, apology, ebbed, concerting, corporal, beckoned, insensibly, wistfully.

V. "Wheel of the cistern" (see Eccl. xii. 6). Notice the concise style in § 6. What is personified there? Who questions? Who answers "No"? Describe in your own words the character of Uncle Toby from the glimpse of him given in this piece.

XIV.—MATTER-OF-FACT AND EARNEST IDEAS.

FIRST CLASS: MATTER-OF-FACT IDEAS.

(*Merely Intellectual, and without Feeling.*)

All such unemotional ideas, whether narrative, descriptive, or didactic, whether in prose or verse, require, in reading, the same "*moderate*" degree of "*force*" and "*time*" and "*slide*" of voice. The general force should be just loud enough for every word to be easily heard, with just enough *additional force* and quantity and slide on the emphatic words, for the sense to be clearly understood.

EXAMPLE.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines."

("*Hamlet to the First Player*," *Shakespeare.*)

Analysis.—These are the words of Shakespeare (not of some other author), spoken by Hamlet (not by some one else), and to a particular person (the *first player*). These, then, are three important distinctive ideas, and must be emphasized in introducing the reading lesson.

The first distinctive point in Hamlet's request is not the general idea—"Speak the speech, I pray you"—for this is not new to either party, but is understood. Hamlet has asked the player, before, if he would study the speech, and he has consented.

It must be, then, the *manner* of speaking it. It can not be in the word "*pronounced*," for that is not a point of difference—"pronounced" and "speak" having the same meaning. "Speak the speech as I *spoke* it to you," or, "Pronounce the speech as I *pronounced* it to you," makes no distinctive point of sense whatever. But "speak it as *I*ˋ" (as Hamletˋ) "spoke it to you," is the distinctive point of the request. And this manner is made still more definite by the explanatory word which follows, viz., "*trippingly*ˋ on the tongue." "Tongue" must not be emphasized, because it does not express a differential idea. Whatever the manner, it must be spoken "on the tongue," of course. "*Mouth*" stands out in sharp contrast to trippingly, and so is most emphatic; and the comparison of the "*town-crier*ˋ" presents a very distinct picture of the most monotonous and senseless elocution, and therefore must be emphasized accordingly.

The example, marked in accordance with the analysis given:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I*ˋ pronounced it to you, *trippingly*ˋ on the tongue; but if you *mouth*′ it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the *town-crier*ˋ spoke my lines."

SECOND CLASS: EARNEST IDEAS.

All such as are spoken with more or less mental excitement and fervor, as in the warmth of debate, yet not characterized by any specific emotion.

To be read with "*louder force*" (the degree increasing with the growing earnestness), and with "*longer*" emphatic "*quantity*" and "*slide*," than matter-of-fact ideas require.

EXAMPLE.

"When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments.

"Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion."

(*From "True Eloquence," by Daniel Webster.*)

Analysis.—Webster has been speaking of the great eloquence of John Adams, and, to justify this praise, he gives his own ideas of true eloquence in this famous passage, a part of which we quote.

Look, then, for the points of *difference* between this highest eloquence and that which is ordinary. *First*, the circumstances. It is on "*momentous*" (not ordinary) occasions, when "*great*" (not small) interests are at stake, and "*strong*" passions (not weak ones) are excited. These, then, are distinctive points, and must be emphasized as the important conditions of the positive assertion that follows.

And what is the distinctive part of this assertion? Not that "nothing is valuable in speech," or even that "nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high endowments": for all eloquence depends on high endowments of some kind. On ordinary occasions, the high endowments of the *scholar* or the *actor* may be valuable in speech; but on *momentous* occasions, when such *great* interests as independence and nationality are at stake, then the speaker, like Adams, must have the intellectual power to see what is right and best, and the moral courage to contend for it at all hazards; then nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with "*high* INTELLECTUAL\ and MORAL\ endowments."

To make sure of not emphasizing the common idea in the last word "endowments," and of giving the positive falling slide to the distinctive words "intellectual" and "moral," supply the differential words, and read the full contrast thus:

"Not high *scholarly′* or *oratorical′* endowments, but 'high INTELLECTUAL‵ and MORAL‵ endowments.'"

Next are stated "the qualities which produce conviction," and each quality is a distinct, positive idea, and must have its own falling slide to *individuate* it; as, "*Clearness*‵, *force*‵, and *earnestness*‵ are the qualities which produce conviction."

If pupils persist in running these three ideas together without letting the voice fall on each, the best way to secure the right reading is to ask a separate question for each; as, "What is the first quality?" "*Clearness*‵." "The second?" "*Force*‵." "The third?" "*Earnestness*‵."

"*True* eloquence, indeed, does not consist in *speech′*. It can not be brought from *far′*." "*True*" is here distinguished from false eloquence, and "*speech*" and "*far*" are emphatic negative ideas (to be read with the rising slide), made distinctive in the strongest way by contrast with the positive ideas (to be read with the falling slide) that follow, in which true eloquence must exist, viz., in the "*man*‵," in the "*subject*‵," and in the "*occasion*‵."

The analysis should be studied until the selection can be read correctly without the aid of elocutionary marks. Pupils will thus acquire a better discipline for independent reading, than if aided too much by the mechanical signs of emphasis and expression.

DIRECTIONS TO PUPILS.

This work of analysis (studying the meaning and reading of the separate parts) is to perfect synthesis (the rendering of the whole).

First, then, read the selection to be analyzed.

Second, read and study the analysis of the same.

Third, re-read the selection as a whole, in accordance with the analysis.

This process should be repeated until the pupils master the double lesson of reasoning and reading.

XV.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

1. Harold was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. Some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor. It is not unlikely, as William was his kinsman, being the grandson of that Richard of Normandy, the Confessor's uncle, who had received long ago, with such kindness, his nephews and their mother, when they fled from England to escape the cruel Danes.

2. King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was wait-

ing for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

3. He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

4. "Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

5. He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops he shall be earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

6. "What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

7. He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field.

The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

8. The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing toward England. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the divers-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead; and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

9. Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength.

William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

10. "The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon," said Duke William.

11. Some proposals for reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose.

12. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army —every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-ax.

13. On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, "God's rood! holy rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

14. There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this

knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

15. The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down.

16. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

17. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks, around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

18. The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay

strewn—a dreadful spectacle—all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

19. Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead—and the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled in blood—and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!

Charles Dickens.

For Preparation.—I. Give an account of the author of this piece. Have you read his "Nicholas Nickleby"?—"A Child's History of England"? What else? Point out, on the map, Rouen, Normandy, Norway, Hastings, Derwent River (in Yorkshire; there is another in Cumberland), York. At what time did this occur? (§ 11.) Has England been conquered since this "Norman conquest"? Who had conquered it before? Who was "the Confessor"?

II. Ȼoun′-çil, lēaḡued (leeḡd), çĭr′-ȼle (-kl), sur-vẹy′ (-vā′), ȼăp′-tain (-tin) dis-mĭss′-al, knīght (nīt), En̲g′-lish (ing′glish), sought (sawt), wa̤r′-rior (yĕr).

III. Explain the effect on the meaning of the word of *'s* in Conqueror's;—*ed* in asked;—*n* in strewn;—*most* in foremost;—*less* in needless. In § 14, is the word "first" necessary before "beginning"?

IV. Meaning of resign (1), vassal (2), survey (3), divers (8), pillaged (10), reconciliation (11), carousing (19).

V. Point out remarks that indicate a gay humor in describing these events. Is such a style appropriate to the subject? Can you find passages that seem flippant? What is the author's reason for writing in this style? (writing for the amusement of children?) Has he selected the essential features of the events to describe? Does his narrative give you a clear picture of the battle, and an idea of the causes at work to effect the results which he names? Which is the most spirited passage in the piece?—the most touching?

XVI.—AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

1. Good people all, of every sort,
   Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
   It can not hold you long.

2. In Islington there lived a man,
   Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
   Whene'er he went to pray.

3. A kind and gentle heart he had,
   To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
   When he put on his clothes.

4. And in that town a dog was found,
   As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
   And curs of low degree.

5. This dog and man at first were friends;
   But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
   Went mad, and bit the man.

6. Around from all the neighboring streets
   The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
   To bite so good a man.

7. The wound it seemed both sore and sad
   To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
   They swore the man would die.

8. But soon a wonder came to light,
   That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite;
   The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

For Preparation.—I. "Islington"—where?

II. Mŏn̲′-grel (mŭng′-), pïque (peek), rōgueş (rōgz).

III. Explain changes from *bite* to *bit*, *swear* to *swore*, *run* to *ran*, *have* to *had*, *begin* to *began*, *clothe* to *clad*, *find* to *found*.

IV. What different words are used for dogs in this piece? Explain their different shades of meaning.

V. Examine the turns of wit in this poem. They consist in the use of words or phrases of two meanings (ambiguous), and, when you incline to take one of them, suddenly the next line suggests that the other may be the true one. (A person thinks to sit down in a chair where there is none, and sits on the floor.) "Wondrous short" (in space), "hold you long" (time) (1); "godly race he ran"—literal meaning and a figurative one (2); "clad the naked" (i. e., was good to the poor ?), "when he put on his clothes" (no, he clad his naked self) (3); "a dog was found, as many dogs there be" ("was found" means simply there *was*, but may mean *was discovered*); "curs *of low degree*" (using an expression applied to human beings only, as if there were social castes among dogs) (4); "to gain his private ends, went mad" (in order to gratify his spite, he inflicted on himself a deadly injury) (5); "dog had lost his wits, to bite," etc. ("lost his wits" means that he acted foolishly, *or* that he had the hydrophobia) (6).

XVII.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

1. The famed nightingale, *Luscinia philomela*, is unknown in America, but in England and throughout Europe it is deemed the prince of singers. In the evening, after most of nature's sounds are hushed, the nightingale begins its song, and sings, with little rest, all the night. It rarely sings by day, and those kept in cages are often covered with a cloth to make them sing. It is very shy; professed naturalists know but little of its habits. Mudie says: "I watched them carefully for more than five years in a place where they were very abundant, and at the end of that time I was about as wise as at the beginning."

2. The nightingale begins to sing in England in April. Its music is loudest and most constant when it first comes, for then the males are singing in earnest rivalry to attract their mates. When the female has once made her choice, her male becomes very much attached to her, and, if she should be captured, pines and dies. But his song grows less, and, after the eggs are hatched, ceases altogether. The bird catchers try to secure the singers during the first week, for then by proper care they may be made to sing a long time.

3. The listener is astonished to hear a volume of sounds so rich and full proceed from the throat of so small a bird. Besides its strength, its delightful variety and exquisite harmony make its music most admirable. Sometimes it dwells on a few mournful notes, which begin softly, swell to its full power, and then die away. Sometimes it gives in quick succession a series of sharp, ringing tones, which it ends with the ascending notes of a rising chord. The birds which are free do not sing

after midsummer, while those which are caged sing until November, or even until February. The young birds need to be under training of some older one, and will often surpass their teacher; few become first-rate.

4. The nest of the nightingale is not built in the branches, or in a hole, or hanging in the air, or quite on the ground, but is very near it. It is not easily found unless the movements of the bird betray it. The materials are straw, grass, little sticks, dried leaves, all jumbled together with so little art that one can hardly see it when it is right before him. If the same materials were seen anywhere else, they would seem to have been blown together by the wind, and stopped just there by a fork in the branches. There are four or five smooth, olive-brown eggs. The bird is about six inches long, and weighs three quarters of an ounce. Its colors are dark-brown above and grayish-white below.

5. Izaak Walton says: "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of the little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest such music on earth!'"

S. H. Peabody.

For Preparation.—I. Is the nightingale alluded to most often in poems of American authors, or of British authors? *Luscinia* (Latin name of the bird; it belongs to the tribe *dentirostres*, or tooth-billed). *Philomela* (the Greek name of the bird); see the story of Procne and Philomela, daughters of Pandion, and of Itys and Tereus, the first changed to a swallow, the second to a nightingale; note also the imitation of the notes of those birds in some of the names: e. g., Itys, that of the swallow, and Tereus, of the nightingale. Mudie wrote a work on British birds. What did Izaak Walton write?

II. Ꞓhôrd (kôrd), nīght′-in-gale (nīt′ĭn-gāl), lā′-bor-er, wẹighṣ (wāz).

III. Meaning of *est* in loudest? How would you write *loud* if comparing only two persons? Difference in gender of *she* and *he?* Meaning of *un* and final *n* in unknown?

IV. Rivalry, captured, pines, secure, astonished, exquisite, harmony, admirable, materials, miracles, securely, descants.

V. Note the fact that the plain-feathered birds of the temperate zone are better singers than the birds of the torrid zone, so noted for the beauty of their plumage. The former are beautiful to the ear, the latter to the eye. The lark and the nightingale are great favorites with the British poets (see the poems of Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, addressed to these birds; see also X., CXL.). Mr. Peabody, speaking of the attempted description of the notes of the nightingale, says: "The song of the nightingale can not be described, even though one gentleman has printed nearly half a page of what he calls a literal version of it. Here is a specimen: 'Spe, tiou, squa—Quio didl li lulylie—Lu li ly lai la, lui lo, didl io quia!' Can you hear it?"

XVIII.—DOTHEBOYS HALL.

1. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gulp.

2. There was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled, and another file who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything

but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

3. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that business over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike! take away now. Look sharp!"

4. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers, having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

5. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl; and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" and went away to his own.

6. After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the

books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

7. Obedient to this summons, there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

8. "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back-parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure!" rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby—the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean; verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder; a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

9. "Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted, "so he is! B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney; noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

10. "It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

11. "Of course there isn't!" said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and a quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed?" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

12. "As you are perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after mine; and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off; for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

13. So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time. "That's the way we teach school here, Nickleby," he said, after a pause.

Charles Dickens.

For Preparation.—I. "Do-the-boys Hall" (where they *do* them—vulgarism for "finishing their education"). What works of Dickens have you read? From which of them is this piece taken?

II. De-lĭ′-cioŭs (-lĭsh′us), ūş′-ing, ġi-găn′-tiȼ, bōwl (bōl), wāit′-ing, trēa′-ȼle (trē′kl), in-dĭȼ′-a-tĭve, rĭ-dĭȼ′-u-loŭs, foul, as-sō′-ci-ate (-shi-), busi′-ness (bĭz′nes), shŭf′-fled (-fld), bā′-sin (-sn), spē′-cieş (-sheez), kĕt′-tle (-tl), bōard, pŏr′-ridġe, mĭn′-ute (-it), sŏl′-emn (-em), trṳ′-ly, ȼom-mŏd′-i-ty, ȼŏn′-tents, troŭ′-ble (trŭb′l), ĕl′-bowş, prĭn′-çi-ple (-pl).

III. Pincushions—separate it into two words. Do you say "the thing *who*," or "the thing *which*"? Correct "The boy which I saw owns the dog whom you saw."

IV. Presiding, administered, installment, originally, manufactured, obliged, corporal, penalties, anticipation, file, infliction, wry, satisfaction, attired, motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary, irresistibly, diluted, inserted, average, elapsed, profound, apprehension, obedient, summons, ranged, scarecrows, becoming, temporary, practical, system, disconcerted, significantly, emphasis, usher, quadruped, abstractedly, perfect, experiments, cunning.

V. Has this piece humor? (Learn to discriminate the different forms of wit and humor, as belonging either to the ambiguity of words or style—puns, parody, burlesque—or to the discrepancy between intention and the real effect produced—irony, raillery, satire, caricature, sarcasm, comedy in general. The tragic as well as the comic presents us with two sides in conflict, usually an ideal and a real. The tragic shows the destruction of the person, by the triumph of nature or the right over the wrong which was attempted. As man is closely tied by social relations to man, the crime of one often involves the injury of another who is innocent. The comic consists in showing the folly of the person who tries to realize projects, but selects utterly inadequate means. He fails, or, quite likely, produces the opposite of what he had intended; but, as the person is not hurt, the result is simply ridiculous.) Make a list of the blunders of Mr. Squeers (comic, because he is a teacher, intending to teach, and yet displays ignorance instead of knowledge). What is the witty point in connecting spelling and philosophy? (7). How is so-called "practical education" ridiculed here? Make a list of the passages in which the economy or stinginess of Squeers is indicated. What two applications has "useful" (10)? (profitable to the pupils, and profitable to Squeers?). "Diluted pincushions" (i. e., the bran which fills them, or something that looked like pincushions?).

XIX.—AN APRIL DAY.

1. All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
   Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
   Hill, valley, grove, and town.

2. There has not been a sound to-day
   To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
   Of life, or living creature;

3. Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing:
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

4. I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

5. For leafy thickness is not yet,
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

6. Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

7. That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

8. The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

9. Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

10. And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

11. But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

Caroline Anne Bowles Southey.

For Preparation.—I. This poem was printed (in a book notice) in *Blackwood's Maguzine* in 1822. In what countries could such scenes as are here described be seen on an April day?

II. Ȼälm (kām), ȼrēa′-ture, bough (bou), fāint′-ly, be-liēved′, ẽar′-ly (ẽr′-), hȯn′-ey-sŭc-kle (hŭn′y-sŭk-l).

III. Notice the alliteration (repetition of the same letter or sound) in the 3d stanza (waving, warbling, bough, bird). Make a list of the rhymes of this piece (dropped, wrapped, down, town, etc.).

IV. Warbling, lowing, screen, shoots, tender, green, fragrance, rife, flushing, deluge, decreases, dimples, amber light," abrupt, "put forth larger studs," "lilac's cleaving cones."

V. What allusion in "garnered fullness"? (clouds, as storehouses for a harvest of water?) Note: hill, opposed to valley and grove; or forest, opposed to village? Why so few sounds and so little motion on this day (2)? Why can not we hear things grow? Does not very slow growth make pulsations in the air? Are lilac flowers generally milk-white? (Those of the "Persian" lilac are.) What personification in the last stanza?

XX.—GOD'S DOMINION AND MAN'S DEPENDENCE.

I.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

II.

11. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

12. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

13. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

14. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

15. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

16. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

17. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

18. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

19. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

20. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

21. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

22. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalms XXIV. and XC.

For Preparation.—I. Compare these passages with Psalms CIV., XXIII., XIX. (See LXXXIV., LXXXIX., CIII.)

II. In-ĭq′-ui-tieş, strĕngth, de-çeit′-ful-ly, dōorş.

III. The forms *thereof*, *therein*, *thereto*, etc., are not used so much now as they were when the Bible was translated. What other words in this piece characteristic of "solemn style"?

IV. Destruction, "watch in the night," withereth.

V. Explain the sense in which "generation" is used (6).

◆

XXI.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
still!

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And their idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.

For Preparation.—I. Where was Assyria? (Ashur = Assyria.)—Galilee? Who were the "widows of Ashur"?—Baal?—the Gentile? Read 2 Kings xix. 35 for the biblical account of this incident.

II. Hēaved, nŏs′-tril, băn′-nerṣ, mŏr′ row, fŏr′-est, fōe.

III. "Idols are broke" (broken); unsmote (*un* and *smote* for *smitten*); strown (and strewn). Separate the lines of the 1st stanza into feet, and mark the accented syllables. (See XC., *Poetic Reading*, III. and IV.) With what do you begin a sentence or line of poetry, the name of a person or of an object personified, the name of God, the name of a particular place, or the name given to any special individual animal or thing?

IV. Cohorts, sheen, "purple and gold" (who wore *purple?*).

V. Do you observe anything in the rhythm of the first line that reminds you of the movement of a wild beast as it bounds toward its prey? What things are contrasted in the 2d stanza?—in the 4th (nostrils wide, but no breath)? Note the order of description: (1st stanza) Glorious onset of Assyrian cavalry. (2d) Their summer becomes autumn. (3d) Sleep turned to death by the angel. (4th) The horses. (5th) The riders. (6th) The mourning; breaking down of their religion—Baal. The progress of the description is from the vague statement to the vivid picture with all its details, and from the brute to the human; and finally it ends in the intensely human relations of the family (widows) and religion.

XXII.—HOW TO RENDER NOBLE IDEAS.

Such ideas as are represented by the words great and good, honorable, heroic, grand, sublime, glorious, magnificent, mighty, royal, kingly, manly, womanly, reverential, holy, heavenly, godlike, etc., are included in this class.

"QUALITY" and "VOLUME" of voice are essential elements in the finer work of *emotional expression.*

QUALITY, as here used, refers to the kind of tone, as "*pure*" or "*aspirated.*" When all the breath exhaled in making a vowel sound is vocalized, the tone is "*pure*" in quality. When only a part of the breath thus used is vocalized, the tone is "aspirated" in quality.

PURE QUALITY, like smooth stress of voice, is *pleasing*, and therefore naturally expresses what is *pleasing in spirit*, such as joyous and noble ideas.

ASPIRATED QUALITY, like abrupt stress of voice, is *displeasing*, and so as naturally expresses what is *disagreeable* or *ignoble in spirit*

VOLUME of voice refers to the *fullness* or *thinness* of tone. "FULL VOLUME" naturally magnifies, and "THIN VOLUME" minifies expression. Hence the great use of *full* volume in expressing *noble* ideas.

The chief characteristic in the vocal expression of this noble spirit is "*full volume*" and "*long quantity*" on the open emphatic vowels, and "*smooth*," swelling (median) "*stress*." The "*force*" varies from "*moderate*" to "*loud*," and the "*time*" from "*moderate*" to "*slow*." The "*slide*" is "*long*," as in the utterance of earnest ideas, and the *quality* "*pure*."

EXAMPLE.

"And had he not high honor?—
 The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave."

(*From* "*The Burial of Moses*," *by Mrs. Alexander.*)

Analysis.—Keep in mind that the poet is describing the burial of "Moses," and that whatever is *common* to all burials of the great can not be characteristic of this special burial, and so can not be emphatic; while the points of *difference* between this and other great burials do give it a distinct individuality, and therefore are emphatic.

"And had he not *high*\` honor?" "*High*," as something greater than the customary honors, is a distinctive, emphatic idea. The writer does not ask in doubt, but in confident assurance of the fact; this is, therefore, a positive appeal, and should be read with the *falling* slide.

To have [something] "for his pall"; "to lie in state while [mortals] wait"; "with tapers tall"; "like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave"; "and [some kind] hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave";—these are all common ideas, which do not distinguish this burial of Moses from the burials of other great men, and so are not emphatic.

But the "HILLˋ side for his pall," in place of the ordinary covering, while "ANGELSˋ" (not mortals) wait, with "STARSˋ" for tapers, and "dark rock *pines*ˋ" for tossing plumes, and "GOD'Sˋ own hand"—these are the great distinctive ideas which characterize this particular burial and distinguish it from all others, and are therefore most *emphatic.*

EXAMPLE.

" *This* was the *noblest*ˋ Roman of them all.
All the *conspirators*, save only *he′*,
Did that they did in ENVYˋ of great *Cæsar*ˋ;
He only, in a *general honest* thought
And *common good* to *all*ˋ, made one of them.
His *life* was GENTLEˋ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, '*This* was a MANˋ!'"

(*Speech of Mark Antony on the death of Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," by Shakespeare.*)

Directions.—Read the first example according to the analysis, and give any *reasons* you can for the marking in the second example. Observe the use of "*gentle*" in its old English sense of *noble;* as in "Henry V.," speaking of any soldier who should fight in the battle of Agincourt:

"Be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall *gentle* his condition";

that is, ennoble—make a *gentleman* of him. Why is "*man*" so emphatic?

XXIII.—EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

1. A volcano is an opening made in the earth's crust by internal heat, which has forced melted or heated matter through the rent. An earthquake is the effect of the confined gases and vapors, produced by the heat upon the crust. When the volcano, therefore, gets vent, the earthquake always ceases; but the latter has generally been more destructive of life than the former.

2. Where one city has been destroyed by volcanic action, like Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, twenty have been shaken down by the rocking and heaving of earthquakes. The records of ancient as well as modern times abound with examples of these tremendous catastrophes. Preëminent on the list is the city of Antioch.

3. Imagine the inhabitants of that great city, crowded with strangers on a festival occasion, suddenly arrested on a calm day by the earth heaving and rocking beneath their feet; and in a few moments two hundred and fifty thousand of them buried by falling houses, or the earth opening and swallowing them up.

4. Such was the scene which that city presented in the year 526; and several times before and since that period has the like calamity fallen upon it, and twenty, forty, and sixty thousand of its inhabitants have been destroyed at each time. In the year 17 after Christ, no less than thirteen cities in Asia Minor were, in like manner, overwhelmed in a single night.

5. Think of the terrible destruction that came upon Lisbon in 1755. The sun had just dissipated the fog in a warm, calm morning, when suddenly the subterranean thundering and heaving began; and in six minutes the

city was a heap of ruins, and sixty thousand of the inhabitants were numbered among the dead. Hundreds had crowded upon a new quay surrounded by vessels. In a moment the earth opened beneath them, and the wharf, the vessels, and the crowd went down into its bosom; the gulf closed, the sea rolled over the spot, and no vestige of wharf, vessels, or man ever floated to the surface.

6. How thrilling is the account left us by Kircher, who was near, of the destruction of Euphemia, in Calabria, a city of about five thousand inhabitants, in the year 1638! "After some time," says he, "the violent paroxysm of the earthquake ceasing, I stood up, and, turning my eyes to look for Euphemia, saw only a frightful black cloud. We waited till it had passed away, when nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where the city once stood." In like manner did Port Royal, in the West Indies, sink beneath the waters with nearly all its inhabitants, in less than one minute, in the year 1692.

7. Still more awful, though usually less destructive, is often the scene presented by a volcanic eruption. Imagine yourselves, for instance, upon one of the wide, elevated plains of Mexico, far from the fear of volcanoes. The earth begins to quake under your feet, and the most alarming subterranean noises admonish you of a mighty power within the earth that must soon have vent.

8. You flee to the surrounding mountains in time to look back and see ten square miles of the plain swell up, like a bladder, to the height of five hundred feet, while numerous smaller cones rise from the surface still higher, and emit smoke; and, in their midst, six mountains are thrown up to the height, some of them at least, of sixteen

hundred feet, and pour forth melted lava, turning rivers out of their course, and spreading terrific desolation over a late fertile plain, and forever excluding its former inhabitants. Such was the eruption by which Jorullo, in Mexico, was suddenly thrown up in 1759.

9. Still more terrific have been some of the eruptions in Iceland. In 1783 earthquakes of tremendous power shook the whole island, and flames burst forth from the ocean. In June these ceased, and Skaptar Jokul opened its mouth; nor did it close till it had poured forth two streams of lava, one sixty miles long and twelve miles broad, and the other forty miles long and seven broad, and both with an average thickness of one hundred feet. During that summer the inhabitants saw the sun no more, and all Europe was covered with a haze.

10. Around the Papandayang, one of the loftiest mountains in Java, no less than forty villages were reposing in peace. But in August, 1772, a remarkable luminous cloud, enveloping its top, aroused them from their security. But it was too late; for at once the mountain began to sink into the earth, and soon it had disappeared, with the forty villages and most of the inhabitants, over a space fifteen miles long and six broad.

11. Still more extraordinary, the most remarkable on record, was an eruption in Sumbawa, one of the Molucca Islands, in 1815. It began on the fifth day of April, and did not cease till July. The explosions were heard in one direction nine hundred and seventy miles. So heavy was the fall of ashes at the distance of forty miles, that houses were crushed and destroyed. The floating cinders in the ocean, hundreds of miles distant, were two feet thick, and the vessels were forced through them with difficulty. The darkness in Java, three hundred miles

distant, was deeper than the blackest night; and finally, out of the twelve thousand inhabitants of the island, only twenty-six survived the catastrophe.

Edward Hitchcock.

For Preparation.—I. Find on the map Hercula′neum, Pompeii (pronounced pom-pā′yē), Antioch, Asia Minor, Lisbon, Calabria, Port Royal, Jorullo (ho-ro͞ol′yo), Skaptar Jokul (yō′ko͞ol), Sumbawa (sŭm-bạ′wa).

II. Tre-mĕn′-doŭs, ca-tăs′-tro-pheş, ăn′-cient (-shent), quay (kē), ex-traôr′-di-na-ry (-trôr′-), e-rŭp′-tion, Kir′-cher (nearly kĭr′ker).

III. Make a list of the names of objects in this piece that express more than one, and underscore the part of the word which is changed to express this (e. g., gas-*es*, vapor-*s*, earthquake-*s*, etc.).

IV. Admonish, catastrophe, vapors, rent, calamity, subterranean, vestige, paroxysm, awful, emit, lava, luminous, haze, security, survived, preeminent, overwhelmed, dissipated.

V. Some of the statements in this piece differ from those of other authorities. It seems that the mountain (10) said to have sunk is still about 8,000 feet high. The 12,000 inhabitants mentioned (11) were those of one district, and were only a small part of the population of the island, or of the whole number destroyed.

XXIV.—SUNDAY.

1. O Day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of Time; Care's calm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

2. The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working days are the back part;

The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

3. Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

4. Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace archéd lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities;
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

George Herbert.

For Preparation.—I. Izaak Walton, the angler, calls the author of this piece the "holy Herbert" (VII.).

II. Frụit (frṳt), in-dôrse′-ment, re-lēase′, strāight (strāt), păl′-açe, văn′-i-tieş, knŏck′-ing (nŏk′-).

III. Make a list of the various metaphors under which Herbert describes Sunday. What meanings do the following endings give to the words where they are found?—*ne* in gone;—*st* in dost;—*y* in thy;—*se* in whose.

IV. "Archéd," "ranks and orders."

V. "The next world's bud" (i. e., the fruit of this world is only the bud of what is to develop in the next). "Indorsement" (on the back of a "promise to pay"). "Writ by" what "Friend"? "Time's couch." "Care's calm" (ocean calm) "and bay" (sheltered from the winds). "The working days are the back" (a burden on the back), "making the whole (body) to stoop and bow." Sundays are the pillars, and week days the rubbish stored between; Sundays the rich garden beds, and the week days the barren paths between them (4).

XXV.—THE RESCUE OF A KITTEN.

1. This gale continued till toward noon, when the east end of the island bore but a little ahead of us. The captain swaggered, and declared that he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and, making a sudden tack, stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde, on the island.

2. A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea, while the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way. A kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water. An alarm was given immediately to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths.

3. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favor of the "poor thing," as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost.

4. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and, to my great astonishment, in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader. The kitten was now exposed

to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

5. The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to show he could bear it like one· and, having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to thrashing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two thirds of their time.

6. But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavored to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favorable wind: a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Henry Fielding.

For Preparation.—I. Where is Spithead?—Portsmouth?—Ryde?

II. Swăg′-ğered (-ğerd), in-hăb′-it-ants, con-çẽrn′, steers′-man, phrāse, con-çēiv′-ing, pŏs-si-bĭl′-i-ty, bōat′-swain.

III. Make a list of the sailors' words and phrases in the piece (nautical language). "The drowning [of] a cat" (when "the" is used before a participle ending in *ing*, "of" should be used after it).

IV. Feline, slackened, sanguine, backgammon, "making a sudden tack," "about three (o'clock) he gave up the victory," "stood in for the shore," "came to an anchor," "tragical incident fell out," "making no great way," "under sail," "sails slackened," wantonly, plausible, "east end bore but little ahead of us" ("bear" means, in sailors' language, *to be situated in a direction*).

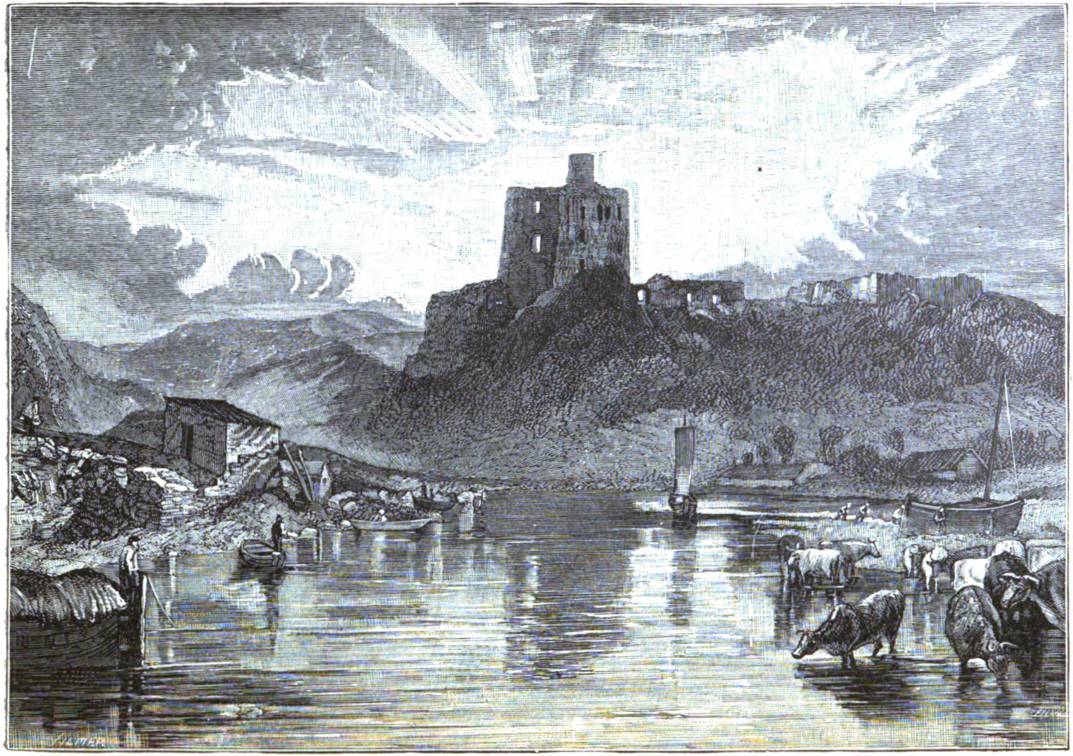
V. Is this piece sober, or satirical? Is the occupation of sailors such as to make them tender, or rough, in their feelings?—careful of life, or careless of it? Would not this piece be very ludicrous to a people like the English, who are all quite familiar with the manners and habits of sailors? Note the points of contrast: Swaggering captain; bitter oaths and utmost concern at the loss of one of four cats; stopped the vessel; one of the high officers of the boat throws off his clothes, and risks his life in the sea; saves the kitten in his mouth; general despair of the life of the animal; recovery, great joy of the captain. Then a hint is thrown in at the real feeling of sailors, who believe that the drowning of a cat will bring a favorable wind. Note the mock pathetic of the description: "tragical incident," etc.

XXVI.—SUNSET ON THE BORDER.

1. Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow luster shone.

2. The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.

3. St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.



Norham Castle.

From a Painting by J. M. W. Turner.

(Page 78.)

4. The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

5. A distant tramping sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff hill, a plump of spears
Beneath a pennon gay:
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.

6. Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned the captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

Sir Walter Scott.

For Preparation.—I. From Scott's "Marmion": the opening verses describing a scene very common on the border line between England and Scotland in the days before these two countries were united under one king. Point out on the map the Tweed, Cheviot Hills, and Flodden Field, where the battle subsequently described in "Marmion" was fought.

II. Dŏn′-jŏn (*dŭn′jun*), tŭr′-rets, sĕn′-es-çhal (-e-shal, formerly -ĕs-kal).

III. Norham (North Home = North Town—situated in the north of England). Make a list of the words of the lesson that begin with capitals, and opposite each write the reason for it. Note the rhymes of *search* with *arch*, *march*, and of *lone* with *shone* (possibly Scott pronounced these so as to make perfect rhymes).

IV. Castled steep, battled towers, flanking walls, athwart, pennon, mettled, palisade, barricade, warder, sewer, squire, seneschal.

V. What kind of armor is implied in the description "flashed back again the western blaze"? Was Norham Castle in the hands of the English, or of the Scotch? (indicated by the "banner"?) "Plump of spears" (plump = cluster).

XXVII.—THE COYOTE.

1. The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

2. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely! so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse haired, and pitiful!

3. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sagebrush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and,

finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sagebrush, and he disappears.

4. But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

5. All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he can not understand why it is that he can not get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

6. And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy.

7. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in

the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

8. "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

For Preparation.—I. From Mark Twain's "Roughing It." The ludicrous may be found in the use of words which develop two meanings—one of them absurdly opposite to the one intended; or it may be found in actions which are very inadequate for the purpose intended. Note the efforts of the dog in this piece.

II. Coy′-o-te (kī′-ō-te or kī′-ōt), ve-lŏç′-i-pēde, es-pĕ′-cial-ly (-pĕsh′-al-), o-pĭn′-ion (-yun), de-çēit′-fụl, fra̤ud′-fụl, fiērce′-ly (feers′-), in-çĕnsed′.

III. What is the absurdity of the assertion, "even the fleas," etc. (2)?

IV. Furtive, allegory, pretending, apologizing, ambition, frenzy, ignoble, scrawny, wake (track).

V. The humor of this piece turns for the most part on the human consciousness which the author gives to the coyote and to the dog. Note, in the description, the expressions "ignoble swindle," "pretending a threat," "apologizing for it," "smile a fraudful smile," "encouragement and worldly ambition," etc. Explain "sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere."

◆

XXVIII.—FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

1. Is there for honest poverty
   Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave! we pass him by;
   We dare be poor for a' that—

For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

2. What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine:
  A man's a man for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

3. Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

4. A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will, for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that!

Robert Burns.

For Preparation.—I. A list of the Scotch words in this poem, and their equivalent English expressions: *Wha* for *who*, *a'* for *all*, *gowd* for *gold*, *hamely* for *homely*, *hodden gray* for *homespun, undyed woolen cloth*, *gie* for *give*, *sae* for *so*, *birkie* for *clever fellow*, *ca'd* for *called*, *coof* for *blockhead*, *mak* for *make*, *aboon* for *above*, *guid* for *good*, *maunna* for *must not*, *warld* for *world*, *fa'* for *afford*, *bear the gree* for *be the victors*.

II. Knāveş (nāvz), guĭn′-ea (gĭn′-e), e'er (âr), läughs (läfs), dĭg′-ni-tieş.

III. What is omitted in *man's*, *it's* (5), *o'er?*

IV. "Toils obscure," "tinsel show," riband, star, "belted knight," marquis, duke, pith, "aboon his might" (above his power to make).

V. Arrange in one list the qualities and possessions of the poor man, and in another those of the rich or noble, as mentioned in this piece.

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XXIX.—HOW TO RENDER JOYOUS IDEAS.

Ideas represented by such words as animated, lively, gay, merry, pleasing, happy, exquisite, lovely, beautiful, delightful, charming, etc., are included under this head.

Quick, swelling, "*smooth stress*," and "*pure quality*," are the *special* vocal elements in the expression of this joyous spirit. The "*time*" grows "*faster*" and the "*force louder*" as the degree of joyousness accumulates. The "*slides*" are *long*, as in the expression of earnest and noble ideas.

EXAMPLES.

"What *change*ˋ has made the *pastures sweet*ˋ,
  And reached the *daisies*ˋ at my feet,

And *clouds*\` that wore a *golden* hem?
This *lovely world*ˉ, the *hills*ˉ, the *sward*ˉ,
They all look FRESH\`, as if our Lord
But YESTERDAY\` had finished them."

(***Jean Ingelow.***)

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy."

(***Burke.***)

JOYOUS AND NOBLE IDEAS.

When this joyous spirit blends with noble ideas, the same "pure quality" and "long slides" are required, but the "smooth stress" swells into "*larger volume*" and "*longer quantity*" than mere joyousness demands.

EXAMPLE.

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle—our own Rochelle—proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters:
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,

For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy
walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance
of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre!"

(*From "The Battle of Ivry," by Macaulay.*)

The great knight, Sir Lancelot, is praising King Arthur in his wars against the heathen, in the presence of "the lily maid of Astolat," Elaine:

"'On the mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the king
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood;
And, seeing me, with a great voice, he cried,
'They are broken! they are broken!' For the king,
However mild he seems at home, nor cares
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs,
Saying his knights are better men than he—
Yet, in this heathen war, the fire of God
Fills him! I never saw his like! There lives
No greater leader.'
"While he uttered this,
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
'Save your great self, fair lord!' When he fell
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry,
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature; and she thought
That all was nature—all, perchance, for her.

And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark, splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep."

(From "Elaine," one of the "Idylls of the King," by Tennyson.)

XXX.—MIGNON'S SONG.

1. "Know'st thou the land where citron apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep-blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there,
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

2. "Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there,
O my protector, thou with me must go!

3. "Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,

In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood.
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there
Our way runs. O my father, wilt thou go?"

4. Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her, but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theater.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang him the song we have just given above.

5. The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

6. She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention toward something wonderful—as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became deeper and gloomier; the "Know'st thou it, then?" was uttered with

a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the "'Tis there! 'tis there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "with me must go!" she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

7. On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looking keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, "*Know'st* thou the land?" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm; "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air. "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here!" "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

Goethe (Thomas Carlyle's Translation).

For Preparation.—I. Mignon, a little girl, has been stolen in her infancy from her beautiful home in Italy by a band of strolling acrobats, who bring her up as a dancing girl. She is rescued from their cruel treatment by Wilhelm Meister, and adopted. She can not tell anything of her origin, but one morning sings this song to him. This incident is supposed to take place in Southern Germany, and is related in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." By a strange coincidence, Mignon's father, who had become deranged and is wandering about the country as a harper, makes his appearance at the place where Wilhelm is staying, and, without recognizing Mignon as his lost child, is attracted (instinctively) by her, and we are left to infer that he taught her this song.

II. Myr'-tle (mẽr'tl), lạu'-rel, pĭl'-larș, ān'-cient (-shent), stăn'-zȧș, in-eŏm'-pa-ra-ble, wẹight'-y (wāt'), mȳs'-ter-y, per-suāde' (-swād'), Mignon' (me-nyôn').

III. "If thou go"—why not say, "If thou goest"? Mark off the feet and accented syllables in the lines of the 1st stanza.

IV. Crag, originality, vanished, process, phraseology, uniformity, disjointed, repetition.

V. Make a list of things mentioned in the poem that indicate Italian scenery. Is there an element of homesickness in this poem? Compare it

with Mrs. Hemans's *Adopted Child* and Hood's *I Remember* (Fourth Reader). Note particularly Goethe's description of the style of singing this song. "The bridge that hangs on cloud" (the mists from below shutting out of view the piers that sustain it).

XXXI.—THE THIRTEEN COLONIES.

1. The thirteen original colonies—"the old Thirteen," as they were often called—were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. All the rest of the present States were made from these, or from territory added to these. The history of our country down to the Revolution is, therefore, the history of these thirteen colonies.

2. Each of the thirteen had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony.

3. Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed. Two of them—Pennsylvania and Maryland—had each a single proprietor, who owned the whole soil. New York had its "patroons," or large landholders, with tenants under them.

4. Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecutions in Europe. Yet one of them —Rhode Island—was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony; and another—Maryland—was

founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments, some had royal governments without charters, and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

5. They were all alike in some things, however much they differed in others. They all had something of local self-government; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen. Finally, they all grew gradually discontented with the British Government, because they thought themselves ill-treated. This discontent made them at last separate themselves from England, and form a complete union with one another. But this was not accomplished without a war—the war commonly called the American Revolution.

6. When the troubles began, most of the people supposed themselves to be very loyal, and they were ready to shout, "God save King George!" Even after they had raised armies, and had begun to fight, the Continental Congress said, "We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent States."

7. They would have been perfectly satisfied to go on as they were, if the British Government had only treated them in a manner they thought just; that is, if Great Britain either had not taxed them, or had let them send representatives to Parliament in return for paying taxes.

8. This wish was considered perfectly reasonable by many of the wisest Englishmen of the day. But King

George III. and his advisers would not consent; and so they lost not only the opportunity of taxing the American colonies, but finally the colonies themselves.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

For Preparation.—I. Adapted from Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States." Who was King George III.? What was the Continental Congress? Was it like our Congrcss? What is the Congress of Great Britain called?

II. Sĕp′-a-rāte, Pär′-lĭa-ment (-lĭ-), tĕr′-ri-to-ry, Ꞓŏn-nĕct′-ĭ-cŭt (-nĕt′-), Măs-sa-chū′-setts, Pĕnn-syl-vā′-nĭ-a, Geôr′-ġĭ-a, pa-trōōnş′.

III. Make a list of ten describing-words used in the above lesson, and write after each the name-word of its object; e. g., "thirteen colonies," "present States," etc.

IV. Original, colonies, peculiar, established, explored, proprietor, tenants, persecutions, "charter governments," local, community, gradually, loyal, ambition, satisfied.

V. "Distinctions of rank"—explain this phrase, and give an example of such distinctions that exist in England. Explain in your own words what "local self-government" is. Do you think it important? Tell some evils that occur where it does not exist. Explain the expression, "administer its own laws." Does the Legislature, or lawmaking power, administer the laws? Do the courts of law? Does the President, the Governor, or the Mayor do it?

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XXXII.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN PRIDE.

1. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

2. The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

3. The infant, a mother attended and loved,
The mother, that infant's affection who proved,
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

4. The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memories of those who have loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

5. The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

6. The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

7. The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

8. So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

9. For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;

We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

10. The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death that we shrink from, our fathers would shrink;
To the life that we cling to, they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

11. They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

12. They died—ah! they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

13. Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

14. 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

For Preparation.—I. This piece was the favorite of Abraham Lincoln. Compare it with Psalms XC. and CIII.

II. Trī′-umphs, e-rāsed′, sçĕp′-ter, mī′-ter, pĕaş′-ant, (pĕz′-), clīmbed (klīmd), suc-çeed′, shrĭn̲k, ha̤ugh′-ty (haw′-), trăn′-sient, (-shent), drȧught (drȧft), shroud.

III. Make a list from the above lesson of ten action-words, and before each write the name-word of the object of which the action is told.

IV. Mortal, meteor, molder, multitude, scorned, abode, despondency, surge, bier.

V. Explain the force of the similes in the 1st and 2d stanzas. Make a list of the objects mentioned in the piece: (1.) That "have entered their dwellings of rest"; (2.) That are "erased from the minds of the living"; (3.) That are "lost in the grave"; (4.) That have "faded like the grass." Make a list of the expressions used by the poet to indicate death (those already mentioned above, and "mingled their bones in the dust," etc.).

XXXIII.—FROZEN WORDS.

1. We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73° N., insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

2. We soon observed that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken.

3. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterward found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman who could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining with his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

4. We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry, clattering sound, which I afterward found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue.

5. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

6. It was now very early in the morning; and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to

me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth.

7. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

8. I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them: as, "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" This betrayed several things which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

9. When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

10. At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before,

in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were entertained likewise with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

Joseph Addison.

For Preparation.—I. Compare the style of description in this piece, and its quaint humor, with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels." For another fictitious account of words freezing in the air, read Baron Munchausen's (Münchhausen's) "Travels" (published after this piece of Addison). Find, on the map of Europe, Nova Zembla. Where is Wapping? (On the Thames, near the center of London.)

II. Sĕp′-a-rāt-ed, lăt′-i-tūde, pro-vĭ′-sionş (-vĭzh′unz), wĕath̄′-er, găp′-ing, lēague (lēg), strāin′-ing, dĭş′-mal, tha̤w, sy̆l′-la-ble, ꞓhŏl′-er-ie, bōat′-swain, ꞓon-çēaled′, in-quīr′-y.

III. Tell the different meanings occasioned by changing the position of "only" in the sentence, "Insomuch that only the ship which I was in got safe to land" (placing "only" after *the;* after *ship;* after *which;* after *in*).

IV. Cabin, inclemencies, observed, perplexity, confirmed, conjecture, spectacle, consonants, imputed, liquefied, congealed, during, uttered, opportunity, strappado, soliloquies, apprehensions, groanings, posthumous.

V. Do you think it possible for words to freeze in the air? Give your reasons. The newly-discovered instrument called the "phonograph" seems to have realized the possibility of preserving and reproducing sounds. The progress of invention has in this instance even surpassed fiction. "Nodding and gaping" (i. e., making gestures with the head, and moving the mouth as one does in talking to anybody). "Letter *s*, in the English tongue." (The English language has been called the "hissing language" for its many *s*-sounds.) "For these his pious soliloquies"—note the irony.

XXXIV.—WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

1. What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

2. Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! *Men*—high-minded *men*—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

3. Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

4. Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle;
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

5. No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Sir William Jones.

For Preparation—I. Sir William Jones is most noted for his essays on East Indian literature and customs, and for his translations. His "Sakuntala," "Laws of Manu," "Hitopadesa," and other translations, made accessible to the English reader some of the finest gems of Oriental literature. Lesbos, famous for its musicians and poets in ancient times.

II. Sȯv′-er-eign (sŭv′er-in), läugh′-ing (läf′-), ꞓōurts, main-tāin′.

III. Make a list of name-words in the above piece expressing more than one object; expressing possession. Of describing-words that express comparison between two objects.

IV. Constitutes, battlements, labored mound, moated, spires, turrets, navies, endued, excel, tyrant, elate, repressing, smit, sacred, isle, languish, resign, decorate, decline, wafts, discretion.

V. What is the effect of putting questions that you intend to answer yourself? ("What constitutes a state?") (It has a rhetorical effect: the hearer or reader, being aroused by the question aimed at him, fastens his attention on the point you desire to have him consider, and then he is more interested in the explanation that you have to offer.) "With spires and turrets crowned" (i. e., crowning the cities); "spangled courts" (i. e., the lords and ladies at court wearing decorations of stars and jewels). "Wafts perfume to pride" (flattery is the perfume). Note the passage, "But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain"; (dare) "prevent the long-aimed blow, and" (dare) "crush," etc. "Sovereign law, that state's collected will" (the law of a state is made and expressed in accordance with the forms which the collective power of the people has ordained; so sovereign law is the will of the collected people). "The fiend discretion" (it is not policy nor discretion, but collected power, that expresses its will in the sovereign law).

XXXV.—THE EFFECT OF PAUL'S PREACHING AT EPHESUS.

1. And the same time there arose no small stir about that way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said,

2. Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands:

3. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth.

4. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! And the whole city was filled with confusion: and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theater.

5. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theater.

6. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defense unto the people.

7. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians! And when the town clerk had appeased the people, he said,

8. Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?

9. Seeing, then, that these things can not be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess.

10. Wherefore if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another.

11. But if ye inquire anything concerning other matters, it shall be determined in a lawful assembly. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

For Preparation.—I. From Acts xix. 23–41. Dī-ā′-nȧ was worshiped as the goddess of Nature in Asia Minor.

II. Wĕalth, thē′-a-ter, c̶rȧfts′-men, mōre-ō′-ver, nạught (nawt), Gā′-ius, Ar-is-tär′-c̶hus, ad-vĕn′-ture, de-fĕnse′, ŭp′-rōar.

III. Note in the language of the Bible, which is the English in use three hundred years ago, the use of *which* where we should use *that* or *who* (e. g., "no gods which are made with hands"); the use of *there;* of "a certain"; of *unto* for *to;* *be* for *is* or *are;* *more* for *greater* (" more part ").

IV. Shrines, occupation, craftsmen, persuaded, "set at naught," despised, magnificence, confusion, disciples, suffered, defense, appeased, image, deputies, concourse, "implead one another."

V. "By this craft we have our wealth," "our craft is in danger." (These expressions contain the keys to much of the performance of human nature in all ages of the world. The shrewd policy of the town clerk in appeasing and dispersing the mob is noteworthy. But his hint in regard to the law and to the danger of a judicial inquiry into that "day's uproar" was very effective. Ephesus was at this time under Roman power, which extended its laws over all, and allowed the accused to "implead" on equal terms with his accuser.)

XXXVI.—THE CORONACH.

1. What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!—
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place?

2. Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

CORONACH.

3. He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

4. The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,

But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

5. Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone—and forever!

Sir Walter Scott.

For Preparation.—I. From "The Lady of the Lake," Canto III., *The Gathering.* Roderick Dhu summons his clansmen. He sends the fiery cross through the glens and moors as the signal for assembling upon Lanric Mead, where they waylay the huntsman who lost his gallant gray steed in the chase (Lessons XX. and XXII. of the Fourth Reader), on his return from the visit to the Lady of the Lake. The bearer of the fiery cross meets a sad assemblage singing the coronach, or funeral song, over the bier of one of the warriors of his clan.

II. Wōe′-fu̇l, fū′-ner-al, văl′-iant (-yant), wa̤r′-rior (war′-yĕr), mōurn′-fu̇l, cŏr′-reĭ.

III. "Torches' ray"—one torch, or more? "Searest," "nearest"—comparison between two or *more* objects?

IV. Accents, wail, gallant, bier, searest, blighting, foray, stripling, font, hoary, "in flushing," "red hand."

V. "Fleet foot on the correi" (i. e., on the hollow side of the hill where the game lies). What *similes* are used to describe the loss the clan has met with? "Sage counsel in cumber" (i. e., in trouble). What rank had the deceased in his clan (line 6)? In what respect is a summer-dried fountain more to be dreaded than any other? Do the words "need was the sorest" seem to imply that the people were aware of the approaching war?

◆

XXXVII.—HOW TO RENDER SAD IDEAS.

Ideas represented by such words as pathetic, pensive, sorrowful, grievous, pitiful, painful, distressful, lamentable, etc., are included under this head.

The "*semitone*" is the *most* characteristic element in the expression of pathos in reading, as it is in music.

The "moderate slide," which expresses matter-of-fact ideas, when *shortened* by a "*semitone*," expresses *pathetic* ideas (see first and second examples below); and the "long slide," which expresses earnest ideas, when *shortened* by a *semitone*, expresses *earnest pathos*, or *manly* and *womanly sorrow* (see third and fourth examples below).

As there is something painful in this sad spirit, the "*stress*" is more or less "*abrupt*," and on the last part of the emphatic syllable (often called "vanishing stress"). The "*force*" is "*softer*" than that of matter-of-fact or earnest ideas, and the "time is slower."

EXAMPLES.

I.

"If you're waking, call me early—call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.

"To-night I saw the sun set; he set, and left behind
The good old year—the dear old time—and all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

But our flower was in fl
When blighting was

5. Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumbe
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slum
Like the dew on the mou
Like the foam on the ri
Like the bubble on the fou
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SAD IDEAS

[illegible] pathetic [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
head.
characteristic [illegible]
[illegible]
expression [illegible]
[illegible]
example [illegible]
earnest [illegible]

” (abruptness on the last

young Octavius—come!
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his brother;
ults observ’d,
’d by rote,
weep
my dagger,
heart
gold:
rth.
heart:
ow,
lov’dst him better

r,” *by Shakespeare.*)

HBED.

ow;

"I have been wild and wayward, but ye'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow?
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You shall not fret for me, mother; you have another child.

"If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often and often with you, when you think I'm far away."

(From "New-Year's Eve," by Tennyson.)

II.

"Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow."

(From "The First Snow-Fall," by James R. Lowell.)

III.

"Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the East,
And one of them shot in the West by the sea;
Dead!—both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!"

(From "Mother and Poet," by Mrs. Browning.)

The following example requires the "longer minor slides," with "*larger volume*" and "*louder force,*" and more marked "*vanishing stress*" (abruptness on the last part of the emphatic syllables):

IV.

Cassius.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius—come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a notebook, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

(*From the quarrel scene in "Julius Cæsar," by Shakespeare.*)

XXXVIII.—THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

1. Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

2. Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

4. That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

5. No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

6. O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

7. O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God!

Caroline A. B. Southey.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Paupers live partly or wholly upon charity. In this case it would seem that he lived partly upon charity; for, though called a "beggar," it is *his* "roof," and he would seem to have a family ("one silent woman" and an "infant wail"). Kinship of this author to the author of "Blenheim" and "Lodore"?

II. Sī′-lençe, tōll, ȼōurt′-ier, mēa′-ḡer (mē′ḡẽr), sŏft′-ly, bĕḡ′-ḡar’ş, ro͞of, păl′-açe, ḡāte, dȳ′-ing.

III. **In the above piece make a list of the words and phrases that tell the manner of the actions, and opposite each write the action-words (e. g., *softly*—tread; *in reverent silence*—bow).**

IV. **Reverent, paltry, wail, stupendous.**

V. **“Passing bell” (was rung while the person was dying, to obtain prayers for the departing soul; the bell tolled while the funeral procession moves is also called the passing bell). “One greater than thou” (Death personified). “This moment,” etc. (6) (lying there on that couch so lowly, and in such agony just now, but even now beyond the stars). What is meant by the “sun eternal”?**

XXXIX.—MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.

1. If there’s anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I’d rather go without a thing a thousand times—and I do, the more shame for you to let me!

2. “What do I want now?” As if you didn’t know! I’m sure, if I’d any money of my own, I’d never ask you for a farthing—never! It’s painful to me, gracious knows!

3. What do you say? “If it’s painful, why so often do it?” I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes. As I say, I only wish I’d any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man’s pocket for every farthing. It’s dreadful!

4. Now, Caudle, you hear me, for it isn’t often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day?—like nobody else’s children!

5. "What was the matter with them?" Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

6. What do you-say? "What of it?" What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls in their new chips turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

7. "You didn't see it"? The more shame for you! I'm sure those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

8. What do you say? "I ought to be ashamed to own it"? Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they sha'n't; and there's an end of it!

9. "I'm always wanting money for clothes"? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

10. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

11. "How much money do I want?" Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and—

12. What do you say? "I needn't count 'em! You know how many there are!" That's just the way you take me up!

13. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things look like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and, though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle.

14. "How much?" Now don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

15. What did you say? "Twenty fiddlesticks"?

16. What! "You won't give half the money!" Very well, Mr Caudle; I don't care. Let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

17. What do you say? "Ten pounds enough"? Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

18. "They only want frocks and bonnets"? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no, sir!

19. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths —and their father don't make the money you do, Caudle

—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any, or not a farthing.

20. No, sir—no! I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

21. What do you say? "You'll give me fifteen pounds"? No, Caudle—no! Not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

Douglas William Jerrold.

For Preparation.—I. From "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" (first published in *Punch*, the greatest of humorous periodicals. These lectures were published in a book form in 1846). This piece is well adapted for a drill in the proper use of emphasis and inflection; each pupil, however, should read only a very short passage.

II. Me-rĭ′-nōeş (-rē′-), bēa′-ver, fĭg′-ureş, mĭnx′-eş, mĭn′-ute (-ĭt) (and mĭ-nūte′), păr′-rots.

III. Briggses, Browns, Smiths. (Names of persons sometimes take the form denoting many; it is used here to denote the members of the family.)

IV. Farthing, threshold, cannibals, pound, club jokes, shopping, countesses.

V. In this dialogue only one person is reported, and we have to infer what the other person says from the nature of the retort and from the words quoted; as, for example, "What do I want now?" is quoted or repeated from the response of the husband, who had said, "What do you want now?" What is the effect of keeping back one of the persons in the dialogue, and letting him appear only as *reflected* in the retorts of the other? (Does it not assist greatly in painting the character of the petulant scold, whose speech is torrent-like, and does not give an opportunity for the other to make reply except in the briefest rejoinders? There is another use of this style in some of the poems of Tennyson, and most frequently in those of Robert Browning, and in those of our own Bret Harte. A certain subtlety is added by it, which in some cases makes the poems very difficult to understand. Such poems are problems, in which you have given the *effect* of the one answer on the other, from which to calculate what that answer was; in case the suppressed answer was a long one, the difficulty of the problem is great.) In the above piece, number the rejoinders of Mrs. Caudle, and write out in full the remarks you suppose Mr. Caudle to throw in. Point out the colloquial expressions (vulgarisms): "Gracious knows," "chips," "little minxes," "such a pucker," "over 'em," etc. Note redundances (where more words are used than are necessary for the sense, as in "descend down"); e. g., "cross *over* the threshold"; these are common with uneducated people, who do not realize two or more meanings in a word, but add separate words to express all of the meanings but one; "cross" means to go *over*, but Mrs. Caudle takes it in the sense of *go*. Explain omissions (called "ellipses") in "the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may."

XL.—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

1. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2. Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

For Preparation.—I. From "As you Like It." In the forest of Arden (which Byron identifies with the forest of Soignies, near Waterloo) collect a number of people driven from the tyrannical French Court by various

But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

5. Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
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It is the last New Year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.

"To-night I saw the sun set; he set, and left behind
The good old year—the dear old time—and all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The may upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

causes. This little song reflects the tone of mind (feeling of relief and of restfulness, and quiet even to tediousness) of these refugees—just as a lake reflects the hills that surround it. (See remarks on Poe's *Haunted Palace.*)

II. Roŭgh (rŭf), hĭth′-er, wĕath′-er, am-bĭ′-tion (-bĭsh′un), ĕn′-e-my, plēaṣed.

III. Mark the feet and accented syllables in the above piece. Explain *i' the sun.*

IV. "Greenwood tree," "tune his merry note."

V. In the country—away from society and its complications of love and hate, of business relations and intrigues—the city born and bred find opportunity of rest and repose. "Here shall he see no enemy," etc., repeated (called a "refrain"). "Seeking the food" (i. e., having to hunt for it).

XLI.—MEXICO AS FIRST SEEN BY THE SPANIARDS.

1. The troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

2. They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico (or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives), which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them.

3. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring

and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate the distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac.

4. In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."

5. High above all arose the royal hill of Chapultepec (the residence of the Mexican monarchs), crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by the intervening foliage, was seen (a shining speck) the rival capital Tezcuco; and still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

6. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors; and even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene—when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility—when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation

of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have moldered into ruins—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

7. What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah; and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

William H. Prescott.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Have you read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico"? Examine on your map the site of the city of Mexico—situated on a circle of table-land hollowed out in the center. Who was Montezuma? What is the maguey plant? Where is Anahuac (ā-nā-wäk′)? (the entire table-land of central Mexico). What is porphyry? Find Pisgah, on the map of Palestine.

II. Ear′-ly (ẽr′-), buoy′-ant (bwoi′-), pĭe-tur-ĕsque′ (-ĕsk′), gôr′-ġeoŭs (-jus), brĭl′-lian-çy, pȳr′-a-mid, eŏn′-quer-orş (kŏn̲′kẽr-ẽrz), Ä-huāl′-eō (-hwäl′-), Tẹn-ōch-tĭt-lăn′, Chă-pul-tẹ-pĕe′ (-pōōl-), Tez-eu′-eo (tĕs-kōō′oo).

III. Every sentence has a subject and predicate; i. e., it names something (the subject) of which something is said, and then predicates (asserts, asks, or commands) something of it. This distinction is the basis of all grammatical definition. In the first three paragraphs of the above piece find the subjects and corresponding predicates (e. g., troops—succeeded).

IV. Crest, sierra, compensated, preceding, cultivated, panorama, rarefied, atmosphere, annihilate, maize, studded, hamlets, coronal, intervening, foliage, rival, porphyry, devised, sterility, margin, incrustation, moldered, desolation, indestructible, emotions, rapture, tabernacle, pristine, spectacles, summit.

V. Why did they feel buoyant in spirit at treading the soil of Montezuma? (They approached the object of their long and dangerous journey.) Explain the *simile*, "like a rich setting," etc.

XLII.—THANATOPSIS.

1. To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image.

3. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain

Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

4. Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

5. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

6. So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend

Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

7. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

For Preparation.—I. Written when the poet was at the age of nineteen. Point out on the map that part of the Great Desert that extends into Barca;—the Oregon River (now called the Columbia). "Thanatopsis" (*thanatos* = death; *opsis* = seeing: contemplation of death).

II. Pā′-tri-ärchs, ĕl′-o-quence, sĕp′-ŭl-cher, ān′-çient, (ān′shĕnt), tọmb (tōōm), dŭn′-ġeȯn (dŭn′jun), wrăps (răps), phăn′-tȯm (făn′tum), mĕad′-owş, bọ′şȯm.

III. All-beholding, rock-ribbed, gray-headed. Explain the use of the hyphen in each of these words.

IV. Pensive, melancholy waste, summons, drapery, unfaltering, decorations.

V. "Various language"—a variety of languages, or a language varying only in its tone of sentiment? "Surrendering up thine individual being"—is the individuality in the body, or in the mind? "Complaining brooks"—why called *complaining?* "Still lapse of ages" (silent flight of time). Make a list of expressions used in this piece to denote death, and to describe its accompaniments (e. g., "last bitter hour," "stern agony," etc.).

XLIII.—EMMET'S VINDICATION.

1. **My Lords**: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of

those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

4. I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, wild and chimerical as it may appear, that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

5. My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of de-

pravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

6. I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *keystone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord—men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends.

7. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—am I to be

loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No! God forbid!

8. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

9. My Lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven!

10. Be ye patient; I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

Robert Emmet.

For Preparation.—I. Robert Emmet, born in Cork in 1780, an ardent friend of Irish independence, at the age of twenty-three years placed himself at the head of a party of insurgents in Dublin, who killed the Chief Justice, Lord Kilwarden, before they were dispersed by the military. Emmet was subsequently taken prisoner, having lost his opportunity to escape from the country by imprudently returning to Dublin to bid adieu to the daughter of the famous barrister, Curran. He was tried before Lord Norbury, convicted of high treason, and executed the next day. In reply to the usual question asked of the prisoner after the verdict has been rendered in such cases, Emmet made an eloquent and impassioned speech, vindicating his course, of which more than one half is given in the above extract—omission being made of those portions in which he exculpates himself from the charge of being an emissary of France.

II. Al-lĕġed′ (al-lĕjd′), sēize, guïlt (ḡĭlt), rĕs′-cued, wrăth′-fụl (răth′-), con-sīgn′ (kon-sīn′), ad-jŭdġed′, măr′tyred.

III. "After being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal"—why is "*your*" printed in italics? What thought did Emmet convey by emphasizing the word?

IV. Obloquy, epitaph, blasphemy, emancipation, calumny, catastrophe, mitigation, vindicate, chimerical, attaint, pliant minion, complacency.

V. "Perfidious government" (3)—what government is referred to? Lord Norbury, the Chief Justice, interrupted Emmet frequently during the course of this speech, and many passages are directed in reply to the judge's remarks. For example, the appeal to the throne of Heaven (4) is a reply to the Lord Justice's interruption with: "The weak and wicked enthusiasts who feel as you feel, are unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs." Again the appeal to the spirits of the illustrious dead (8) was in reply to: "Your principles are treasonable and subversive of all government; your language is unbecoming a person in your situation. Your father, Dr. Emmet, would never have countenanced such sentiments."

XLIV.—ADIEU TO MY NATIVE LAND

1. Adieu! adieu! my native shore
   Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
   And shrieks the wild sea mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
  We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
  My native land—good night!

2. A few short hours, and he will rise
  To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
  But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
  Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
  My dog howls at the gate.

3. Come hither, come hither, my little page;
  Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
  Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye!
  Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
  More merrily along.

4. "Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
  I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
  Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
  A mother whom I love,
And have no friend save these alone,
  But thee, and One above.

5. "My father blessed me fervently,
  Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
  Till I come back again."

Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
My own would not be dry.

6. Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman:
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
Or shiver at the gale?
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7. "My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"
Enough, enough, my yeoman good:
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

8. And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

9. With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
  And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
  My native land, good night!

Lord Byron.

For Preparation.—I. From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto I., xiii. Sir Childe takes his harp at sunset as he sails away from England. Contrast the patriotism of *The Burial of Sir John Moore* (Fourth Reader) with the tone of this in stanza 9.

II. A-dieū′ (-dū′), shriēks (shreeks), heärth (härth), fa̤l′-eon (faw′kn), e-noŭgh′ (-nŭf), yeō′-man, fōe′-man, griēf, läugh (läf).

III. Meaning or effect of *est* in fleetest;—of *st* in dost;—*m* in whom;—of the change of *ou* in thou to *ee* in thee. "One above"—why capital? Explain "he'd." Whose words are denoted by the marks " " in stanzas 4, 5, 6, and 7?

IV. Meaning of *or* in "or dost thou dread" (3)—(whether). Explain sea mew, main, mother earth, fervently, guileless, athwart, foaming brine.

V. "Follow in his flight" (1)—which way is he sailing then? "My dog howls," etc.—why? Does *gone* rhyme with *alone* (stanza 4, perfectly? What do you think of the use of *you* and *ye* (9) together in the same address? What has been the character of the man who (9) leaves his native land with such feelings? Note the confession in the last two lines of 5.

XLV.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

1. One day when I went out to my wood pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

2. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*—a war between two races of

ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

3. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

4. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

5. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer, or die!" In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

6. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

7. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

8. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a threepenny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

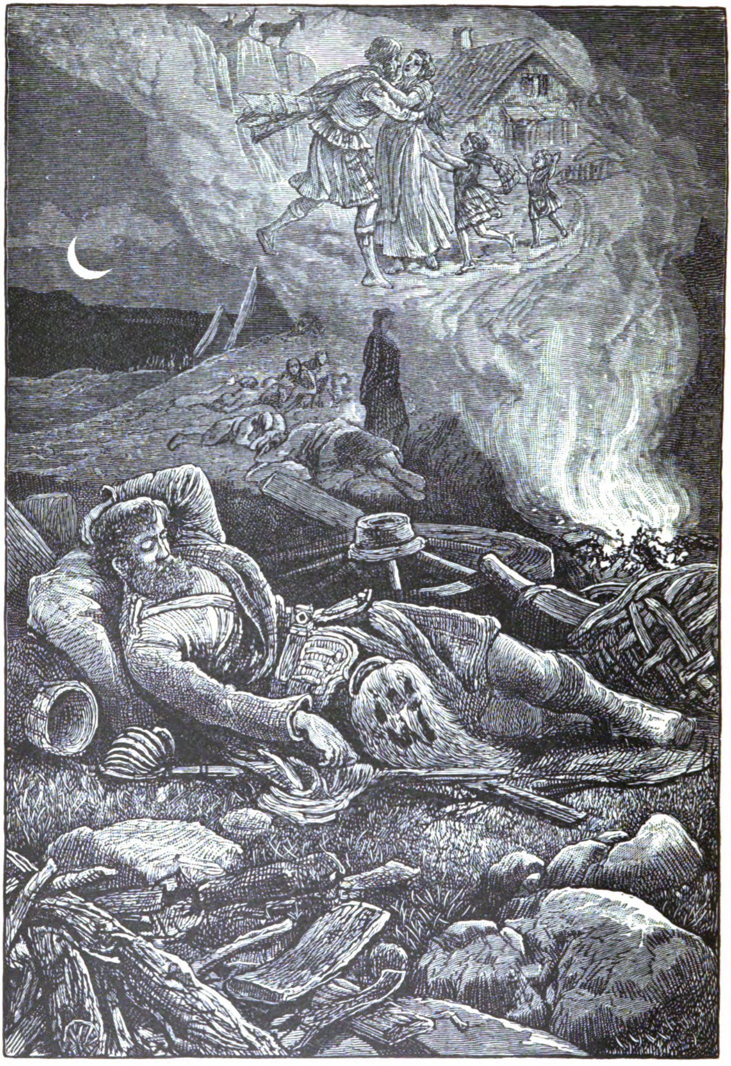
9. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the

first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

10. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hôtel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Henry D. Thoreau.

For Preparation.—I. From "Walden, or Life in the Woods" (published in 1854). "Walden" is a pond near the village of Concord, Mass. (See VI., LIX., and LXXVIII.) Allusions are made in this piece to the fight which took place there between the Americans and British on the day of the battle of Lexington (four miles to the eastward of Concord). "Legions of these myrmidons" (the Myrmidons were the terrible troops of Achilles at the siege of Troy). "Red republicans" (the fanatical revolu-



The Soldier's Dream.

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tionists of France). "Opposed to the black imperialists" (who favored an empire or monarchy). A-ȼhĭl'lēş is described in Homer's "Iliad" (Ĭl'i-ad) as nourishing his wrath apart, and not entering the fight until after his friend Pa-trō'ȼlus was killed. "Hôtel des Invalides" (ō-tāl' dā zăng-vă-lēd'), (a celebrated military asylum in Paris, for disabled soldiers). "Whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it" (alluding to the Spartan mother's charge to her son, "to return *with* his shield"—i. e., having defended it, and not thrown it away in flight—"or *upon* it"—i. e., brought home upon his shield, having bravely died in the fight).

II. Pēaçe' fụl, fiērçe'-ly, wrĕs'-tled (rĕs'ld), in-çĕs'-sant-ly, fōre' leg, çēased (sēst), shiēld, ȼŏm'-bat-ants, mī'-ȼro-sȼōpe, wa̤r'-rior (wa̤r'yĕr), trō'-phieş, Cŏn̲'-ȼord (kongk'ŭrd).

III. Unequal (*un* is a prefix meaning *not*—what does *un*equal mean?). In what compound words is the hyphen omitted? (In very common ones; e. g., noonday.)

IV. Pertinacity, assiduously, *duellum* (Latin, *duellum*, a fight between two persons), *bellum* (a Latin word meaning *war*, originally spelled *duellum*, and meaning a fight between two parties), divested, internecine (*inter* = between, *necare* to slay—mutually destructive), feelers.

V. The style of this piece is an imitation of the heroic style of Homer's "Iliad," and is properly a "mock heroic." The description of the affairs of the ants with the same elevated style that one would treat the affairs of men gives the effect of a "quiet humor." This is, in fact, often a characteristic of Thoreau's style. His "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" borrows its grandeur of style from Homer's "Odyssey" to describe the unromantic incidents of a ride in a small boat down a small, sluggish river, for a few miles. The intention of the author was twofold: half-seriously endowing the incidents of everyday life with epic dignity, in the belief that there is nothing mean and trivial to the poet and philosopher, and that it is the man that adds dignity to the occasion, and not the occasion that dignifies the man; half-satirically treating the human events alluded to as though they were non-heroic, and only fit to be applied to the events of animal life.

XLVI.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

1. Our bugles sang truce; for the night cloud had lowered,
   And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
   The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

2. When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

3. Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

4. I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

5. Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

6. "Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

Thomas Campbell.

For Preparation.—I. Note, in the biography of this author, his connection with soldier life and battles. His lyrics are esteemed among the best in the language.

II. Făg′-ot, guärd′-ed (gärd′-), vĭ′-sion (vizh′un), ạu′-tumn (aw′tum), sŏl′-dier (-jer).

III. Difference between "lōwered" and "lowered" (lou′erd) in meaning? (to lōwer another, to lower, itself). What two words compose *welcomed?* "Bleating"—is its sound expressive of its meaning?

IV. Truce, pallet, desolate, "fondly I swore" (i. e., without careful consideration, rashly), fain.

V. Note the figure of speech in the second line: "The sentinel stars," etc. (how natural for the soldier!) "Thrice ere the morning" (the repetition of the dream supposed to indicate its sure fulfillment). Note, again, the figure: "In life's morning march," etc. "Goats bleating aloft" (in the upland pastures). "'Twas autumn"—why? accident, or poet's choice? (The next two verses describe autumn scenes.) Note the exquisite fitness of meter for the expression of the sense and tone of feeling: "Our *bu*-gles sang *truce*; for the *night* cloud had *low*-ered": ◡ — | ◡◡ — | ◡◡ — | ◡◡ — | ◡. Note the pathetic element in this poem, and compare it with that in Mrs. Hemans's *Adopted Child* or Dimond's *Mariner's Dream* (in the Fourth Reader). Contrast the serene heights, elevated above the region of the pathetic, in XII.: *How sleep the Brave!* and in *The Burial of Sir John Moore* (both patriotic pieces); the religious plane of thought and feeling is still further removed from the pathetic. The artlessness with which this piece is put together, the lack of motives in one part for what is introduced in another, leads to the supposition that the poet described a real dream.

XLVII.—DR. PRIMROSE IN PRISON.

1. The next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavors would in no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

2. "Excuse me," returned I, "these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself.

3. "If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my

treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be a great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

4. Thus saying I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared some gaol trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon.

5. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers on my book. A third would cry "Amen" in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest book of his own in the place.

6. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded; and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

7. It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto

been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining.

8. Their only employment was quarreling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by appointment; so that each earned something every day: a trifle, indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

9. I did not stop here; but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

Oliver Goldsmith.

For Preparation.—I. A selection from "The Vicar of Wakefield"; portrays the most amiable, humane, and pious soul in English literature. A vein of refined, genial humor runs under it all.

II. Ꞓoun′-sel (distinguished from ꞓoun′-çil), dŭn′-ġeon (-jun), gŭlph (antiquated spelling of *gulf*), ġāol (jāl) (also *jail*), knăck (năk), mĭs′-chie-voŭs (-che-vus), ob-sçēne′, pĕr-se-vēr′-ançe, shọe′-māk-erṣ.

III. Signification of *dis* in disapprobation, disgrace, displaced;—of *im* in impossibility and impropriety;—*de* in descended (de = down, scended = climbed); sens*ibility* (ability to feel, tenderness of heart).

IV. Scheme, alleging, awry, dexterously, ridiculous, diverted, repining, tumultuous, cribbage, tobacconists, sold by appointment.

V. Note the quality of the sayings of Dr. Primrose—almost as pithy and felicitously expressed as proverbs: "These people, however fallen, are still men;" "Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom;" "Is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?" Note the depth of his faith and the stability of his character in the reflection that (6) "what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent."

XLVIII.—DIALOGUE WITH THE GOUT.

1. *Franklin*—Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout—Many things: you have eat and drunk too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin—Who is it that accuses me?

Gout—It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin—What! my enemy in person?

Gout—No; not your enemy.

2. *Franklin*—I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name. You reproach me as a glutton and a tippler: now, all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither one nor the other.

3. *Gout*—The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another who never takes any.

4. *Franklin*—I take—eh! oh!—as much exercise—eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

5. *Gout*—Not a jot. Your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You

ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at something.

6. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading.

7. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast: four dishes of tea, with cream, one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef—which, I fancy, are not things the most easily digested.

8. Immediately afterward, you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise.

9. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition; but what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is, to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours.

10. This is your perpetual recreation: the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution.

11. What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the

Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them?

12. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But, amid my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge—and that!

Franklin—Oh! eh! oh! oh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections!

13. *Gout*—No, sir—no! I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good; therefore—

Franklin—Oh! eh! It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often go out to dine and return in my carriage.

Gout—That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs.

14. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire.

15. Flatter yourself then no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while He has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours.

Benjamin Franklin.

For Preparation.—I. The gout is an inflammation (or swelling) of the parts of the joints to which the ligaments are fastened, and generally attacks the great toe first. It is accompanied by paroxysms of pain in the affected parts.

II. Dī′-a-lŏgue (-lŏg), ac-cūş′-eş, ĕn′-e-my, re-prōach′, cŏm′-plai-şant, sĕd′-en-ta-ry, rhĕt′-o-ric (rĕt′-), păm′-phlets (-flets), in-ôr′-di-nate, buşi′-ness (bĭz′nes), friĕndş (frĕndz), per-pĕt′-u-al, ĕl′-i-ġi-ble, ac-çĕl′-er-ā-ting, ob-tāined′, per-çēived′, lŏll, sẽrv′-ĭçe-a-ble.

III. Describing-words are sometimes made by adding *ble* (able, ible, uble) to name- or action-words, as *forc(e)ible*, *terr(or)ible*, *manageable*. Make a list of twenty that you can think of, and opposite each write the meaning that *ble* gives to the word (e. g., readable—*may be* read).

IV. Indolence, complaisant, sedentary, rhetoric, salutary, inordinate, converse, perpetual, recreation, eligible, accelerating, internal secretions, stagnant humors, commodious.

V. "I take—eh! oh!" (he has twinges of the gout as he begins to speak, and has to interrupt his sentence by exclamations of pain). "Your rhetoric and politeness" (i. e., your persuasive argument and your polite words to me). "Accelerating the motion of the fluids" (10) (hastening the circulation of the blood and the internal secretions). "Purifying or dissipating them" (11) (by exercise or the effort of nature in the gout, these "stagnant humors" are supposed to be thrown off). "A truce" (12) (cessation of hostilities—short quiet from pain).

XLIX.—ABSALOM.

1. The waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.

2. How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

3. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.

4. Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!

5. He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

. . . .

6. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels, as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.

7. His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

8. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead.

9. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

10. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb—
My proud boy, Absalom!

11. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill.
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

12. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

13. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

14. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee—
And thy dark sin!—oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

15. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. Willis.

For Preparation.—I. See 2 Samuel xviii. 33. Trace on your map the course of the Jordan. Find the location of the wood of Ephraim, where Absalom was killed (northeast of Jerusalem), and Mahanaim, in Gilead (thirty-three miles northeast of the Dead Sea), where David's headquarters were, and where his lament takes place. Paragraphs 1 to 5 relate what took place before the battle, and 6 to 15 what took place after it.

II. Vāil (ve̱il and vāle), ĕd′-dieş, ăt′-ti-tūdeş, ꞓōurse, mōurn′-er, cour′-te-sy (kûr′-), trĕm′-u-loŭs, ꞓon-trōlled′, strāight′-ened (strāt′nd), sўm′-me-try, tăs′-selş, dăl′-li-ance, jew′-eled (jū′eld), biēr (beer), stĕad′-făst-ly, săꞓk′ꞓlŏth, fēa′-tureş, yēarn′-ing, brṳişed (brṳzd).

III. Describing-words are often formed by adding the suffix *ful* to name-words—*faith-ful*, *tear-ful*, etc.; also by adding the suffix *ous*—as, *peril-ous* (*ous* and *ful* mean nearly the same); also by adding *less*—as, *care-less*. Write out ten words of each formation, and after each write the meaning given to the word by the suffix.

IV. Waters slept, lifting winds, fashioned, estranged, supplication, "straightened for the grave," unshorn, dalliance, sackcloth, mantling.

V. What flowers do you know of that grow in the water and rest on its surface? "That it was fashioned for a happier world" (2) (i. e., one could find no indication in nature of the great trouble among the people at the rebellion of Absalom). "And he (i. e., Joab) gave command in a low tone." "Life shall pass me in the mantling blush, and the dark tresses," etc. (i. e., life shall pass by me in the shape of young people whose cheeks mantle with blushes, and whose tresses, etc.). The poet or dramatist often selects for his theme some incident belonging to a remote locality and period of time. Sometimes he endeavors to portray the external manners, or the modes of thought and expression, actually as they existed historically in the place and time of the event described. Sometimes he borrows only the external form (names, places, costume, etc.) from that place and time, and portrays the

modes of thought, feeling, and expression of his own modern time and place. The behavior, feelings, thoughts, and expressions of the persons in this poem, as well as the style of description and reflections upon nature, are all quite modern, and such as respectable and cultivated people in New York might indulge in.

L.—THE BLIND PREACHER.

1. It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives.

2. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration; but, ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the Sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior.

4. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a

new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

5. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior: His trial before Pilate; His ascent up Calvary; His crucifixion; and His death.

6. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

7. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the upturned faces—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage; we saw the buffet. My soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

8. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Savior; when he drew to the life His blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, His voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on His enemies—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief.

9. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed.

10. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject; or, perhaps, shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

11. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such a stress on *delivery*.

William Wirt.

For Preparation.—I. From "The British Spy." "Orange County" (in Virginia, near the source of the Rapidan River). The preacher was the Rev. James Waddell, D. D., who had been blind a few years.

II. Trăv′-el-ing, ap-pēar′-ançe, shrĭv′-eled (-eld), pa̤l′-şy, ăs-çer-tāined′, Sāv′-ior (-yẽr), ex̱-ha̤ust′-ed (egz-a̤st′ed), pā′-thos, c̶rṳ-çi-fĭx′-ion (-fĭk′shun), cȯl′-ored (-ẽrd), e-nŭn-ci-ā′-tion (-shĭ-ā′shun), de-lĭb′-er-ate, hănd′-ker-chĭef (hăn̲′ker-chif), ĭr-re-prĕss′i-ble, in-c̶on-çēiv′-a-ble, shriēks (shreeks), fal-lā′-ciŏŭs, de-sçĕnt′, Rous-seau′ (roo-sō′), Sŏc̶′-ra-tēş, De-mŏs′-the-nēş.

III. Make a list of words with *like* used as a suffix to form describing-words (e. g., man-like, war-like). *Like* has been contracted to *ly* in most words where it was once used (as *man-ly* for *man-like*). Make two lists of describing-words ending in *ly* (as lovely, friendly). Let one list belong to name-words and the other to action-words, and express the manner of action.

IV. Preternatural, palsy, ascertained, pathos, mystic symbols, enunciation, deliberate, unison, distortion, fallacious.

V. This piece depicts for us in an impressive manner the importance of deliberateness of utterance in aiding the expression of strong feeling.

LI.—AMERICA.

1. The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
   Barren of every glorious theme,
   In distant lands now waits a better time,
   Producing subjects worthy fame.

2. In happy climes, where from the genial sun
   And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
   The force of art by nature seems outdone,
   And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
   Where nature guides and virtue rules,
   Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
   The pedantry of courts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
   The rise of empire and of arts,
   The good and great inspiring epic rage,
   The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

5. Not such as Europe needs in her decay:
   Such as she bred when fresh and young,
   When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
   By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:—
Time's noblest offspring is the last!

Bishop Berkeley.

For Preparation.—I. Having published a "Proposal for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity" in 1725, and after collecting money to found a college for the purpose, Berkeley set sail for Rhode Island in 1728. In his enthusiasm he wrote this short poem.

II. Dis-gŭst′-ed, beaū′-tieş (bū′tiz), pĕd′-ant-ry, sçēneş, Eū′-rope (ū′rup), ŏff′-sprĭng.

III. The suffix *y* is added to name-words to mean *full of* (or nearly the same as *ous* and *ful*), thus forming describing-words, as dew-y, rock-y, water-y, ston-y, slipper-y, etc. It is also used to make name-words from describing-words, as honest-y = the state of being honest. The suffix *ty* also has the same meaning, and is used to form name-words (e.g., ability = the state of being able). Make lists of words thus formed.

IV. Barren, impose, epic, animate, drama, climes, pedantry, "another golden age" (when was the former?).

V. "The Muse" (i.e., the personification of poetry). "Shall not impose for truth and sense the pedantry" (shall not put pedantry in the place of truth, etc.). "Epic rage" (the "rage," or inspiration, of the poet to sing epic or heroic deeds). "When fresh and young" (5) (i.e., the time of Greece and Rome). "Four first acts" (there are commonly five acts, or parts, in a drama). "Westward the course" (he has in mind the course of the sun, and so says, "close the drama with the day"—i.e., with evening).

LII.—THE ASCENT TO THE EAGLE'S NEST.

1. Almost all the people in the parish were loading in their meadow hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge, heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farmyard. Never had the parish seemed before

so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song.

2. But the tree gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial face of the earth; the horses were unyoked and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedgerow; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk cans, bullion bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread looked down from His eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of His thankful creatures.

3. The great golden eagle, the pride and pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament. "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain.

4. Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

5. All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discom-

fiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

6. Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for, strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

7. No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw wells or coalpits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed, to their beds at midnight?

8. It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and, fiercer and more furious

far in the passion of love than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God?

9. No stop—no stay; she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?"

10. Down came the fierce rushing eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash, jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child —dead—dead—dead, no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in the nook of the harvest field.

11. Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry: "It lives! it lives! it lives!" and, baring her bosom with loud laughter and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "O Thou great and Thou dreadful God! whither hast Thou brought me, one of the most sinful of Thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even

for Thy own name's sake! O Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!"

12. Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far, far down, and dwindled into specks—and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings will return and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more. *John Wilson.*

For Preparation.—I. John Wilson was a professor in Edinburgh University. In 1822 he published "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." He wrote much for *Blackwood*, under the name of "Christopher North." In what country is the scene of this piece laid? What words tell this? (*ta'en* for *taken*, *puir* for *poor*, *bairn* and *wean* for *child*, *wee* for *little*, etc.).

II. Explain spelling and pronunciation of whĭs′-tle (hwis′l), shriēk (shreek), ey′-rie (ā′ry or ē′ry), wrĭng′-ing (ring′-), c̶lĭffs, stā′-tion-a-ry (-shun-), un-c̶ŏn′-sciŏŭs, ĭn′-no-çent, jŏc̶′-und, săc̶′-ra-ment.

III. Explain apostrophe in "o'clock." What word is used for the feminine of lad?—of man? Why is a capital letter used in the following cases: great Being (2), Providence (9), Father (6)? Find more words spelled with capitals for the same reason. "It lives" (11)—whose words are these?

IV. Give the meaning in your own words of wains, sward, jocund, "tree gnomons" (the shadows of the trees told the time of day, like dials), "graces were pronounced," mantling, talons, copse, shingle, essaying, discomfiture, dilapidated, decrepitude, dwindled, chasms, quailed, cowed, transfixed.

V. "Bullion bars of butter" (shape and color like gold bars?). "Female shriek"—how does a female's shriek differ from any other? "A congregation at a sacrament" (3)—why just at that time? Select the sentences in which the author makes us know the season of the year, the time of day, and the features of the landscape. See note to LXXXV. in regard to the preparation of long and difficult pieces.

LIII.—THE DESCENT FROM THE EAGLE'S NEST.

1. Where, all this time, was Mark Stewart, the sailor? Halfway up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the topgallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

2. "And who will take care of my poor, bedridden mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God." She looked around, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop not far off, on a small platform.

3. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down, by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf birch. Here, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge; and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow.

4. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted

with ivy centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to the fearful ladder.

5. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like, breathing not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother; or in the kirk, along with the congregation.

6. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed, but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what's the holy power of a mother's love!" and, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

7. Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well, in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred and seamed and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than

one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff.

8. Many were now attempting it; and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.

9. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small, green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

10. There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded a silence deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and, now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

11. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony and joy? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there, any-

where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

12. “Fall back, and give her fresh air!” said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her, lying as in death. “Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms!” cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. “There's na a scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be, who see not the finger o' God in this thing!”

13. Hannah started up from her swoon, and, looking wildly around, cried: “Oh! the bird! the bird! the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! Is there nane to pursue?” A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice: “Am I wauken? Oh, tell me if I am wauken! or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream!”

John Wilson.

For Preparation.—I. Kirk (church), strath (river valley), na (for *not*), lang claes (long clothes), blin' (blind), maun (must), nane (none), wauken (waking), wark (work), screes (cliffs). Note these and other Scotch words.

II. Heīghts (hīts), psälmş (sämz), hy̆mn′-ing (hĭm′-).

III. Meaning of “a'” (ll omitted) and “o'” (f) (13)?

IV. Define, in your own words, reefed, topgallant, bedridden, sympathy, inanimate, heather, ledge, callous, petrified, trellis, tremulous, scaling, accessible, plats, eminence, congratulatory, alternation, paupers, swoon, traversed.

V. Write the substance of this story from memory, after taking notes of the contents of each verse, and then compare, verse by verse, your style with that of the original.

LIV.—THE HOT SEASON.

1. The folks that on the first of May
   Wore winter coats and hose
Began to say, the first of June,
   "Good Lord! how hot it grows!"
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
   And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
   A tutor with its ball!

2. Now all day long the locusts sang
   Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out;
   The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
   Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks,
   Like Joly's best champagne!

3. The Worcester locomotives did
   Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
   Before they checked the power.
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,
   And locofocos fell;
All asked for ice, but everywhere
   Saltpeter was to sell.

4. Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
   But, ere the scorching noons,
Their candle molds had grown as loose
   As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
   If water they would choose;

A horse fell dead—he only left
  Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

5. But soon the people could not bear
  The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric drew
  A flood of savage ire;
The leaves on "Heat" were all torn out
  From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and caned,
  Because they said, "Keep cool!"

6. The gaslight companies were mobbed,
  The bakers all were shot;
The penny press began to talk
  Of lynching Doctor Nott;
And all about the warehouse steps
  Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors
  To smash the patent stoves!

7. The abolition men and maids
  Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends,
  Unless their eyes were blue;
And when I left, society
  Had burst its ancient guards,
And Brattle Street and Temple Place
  Were interchanging cards!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Fäh′-ren-heīts (thermometers, so named from their inventor). How does a thermometer differ from a barometer? What is each used for indicating? "Worcester locomotives did their trip" (of 44 miles to Boston; Boston to Lowell, 26 miles).

II. Ȼŏb′-wĕbbed, çham-pāgne′ (shăm-pān′), lō-ȼo-mō′-tĭve, păn-ta-l͞oonṣ′, al-lū′-ṣionṣ (-zhunz), păt′-ent, ăb-o-lĭ′-tion (-lĭsh′un), ĭn-ter-chān′-ġing, ḡuärdṣ (gärdz), ȼa-lŏr′-iȼ, Jō′-ly's (zhō′lĭz), Worces′-ter (wŏŏs′ter).

III. Explain the use of capital letters wherever they occur in this poem.

IV. Tutor, saltpeter, Cossack, patent, lynching, mobbed, abolition, "became a drug" (in the market—no sale for it).

V. Note the order of the ludicrous conceits of this poem: Expansion of quicksilver in thermometer and barometer by heat, so rapid as to cause explosion! Trees leafless from heat. Not boards only, but new buildings, warping "inside out"! Ripe wine—called "ripe" because it has no fermentation—effervesces like champagne (or soda water)! So hot that the force of the steam is increased to an ungovernable degree in the locomotives. Brimstone, saltpeter, locofocos (matches), and fire-producing materials, in no demand, and for sale cheap. Plump men grow thin from perspiration. Dogs run mad for heat. No water to drink. Horse all consumed by heat, except his iron shoes! Scientific treatises on heat ("caloric") destroyed by people to whom they suggest the cause of their misery; even an exhortation to keep cool resented for the suggestion it contains! Gas makers, bakers, all who use fire or manufacture combustibles—even Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who invented "patent stoves" and heating apparatus—in danger from the excited mob! Finally, all people tanned to a dark hue, and all social distinctions vanish!

LV.—HOW TO RENDER SCORNFUL AND SARCASTIC IDEAS.

This head includes irony, mockery, scoffing, caustic wit and raillery, indirect accusation, insinuation of evil, etc.

"Compound Stress."—*Abrupt stress* is sometimes given to the *first* part of the emphatic vowel (as in command, anger, and energetic statement), and is called "*radical*" or *initial* stress. It is sometimes given to the *last* part of the emphatic vowel (as in impatience, distress, painful anxiety, revenge, defiance, etc.), and is called "*vanishing*" or *final* stress.

But sometimes, as in the following class of ideas, these *two kinds* of abrupt stress come together on the same emphatic syllables. This occurs in the expression of such ideas only as have the "compound slides"; and then a kind of double emphasis is heard—that is, the *initial* AND *final* stress together, or, as it is called, the "*compound stress.*"

This "*compound abrupt stress*" on the "compound slide" is the characteristic vocal element which expresses this scornful spirit. The *quantity* of the emphatic syllables is often much *prolonged*, to give ample time for this double stress, and the *quality* of voice is more or less *aspirated*, to suit the nature and intensity of the feeling.

EXAMPLE OF SCORN.

"'BANISHEDˇ from *Rome*ˇ *?*' What's *banished*ˆ, but set FREE
From daily contact of the things I *loathe*ˆ *?*
'Tried and convicted *traitor*ˇ *?*' *Who*ˋ says this?
Who'll *prove*ˋ it, at his *peril*ˋ, on *my* head?
*Banished*ˆ *!* I *thank*ˆ you for it. It breaks my chain.
I held some slack *allegiance* till *this*ˇ hour;
But *now*ˆ my sword 's my OWNˆ. Smile on, my lords;
I SCORNˆ to count what *feelings*ˋ, withered *hopes*ˋ,
Strong *provocations*ˋ, bitter, burning WRONGSˆ,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To *leave*ˆ you in your *lazy dignities*ˆ.
But here I stand and *scoff*ˆ you: here I fling
*Hatred*ˆ and full DEFIANCEˋ in your face.
Your consul 's *merciful*ˆ *!* For this all *thanks*ˆ *!*

(*From " Catiline," by* ***Croly.***)

"That's the THIRDˆ *umbrella*ˆ gone since Christmas! What were you to *do*ˇ *?* Why, let him go home in the *rain*ˆ, to be sure. I'm certain there was nothing about *him*ˆ that could *spoil*ˆ. Take *cold*ˇ *?* *Indeed*ˆ *!* He does not *look* like one of the sort to take *cold.* Besides, he'd have *better* taken *cold*^ than take our only UMBRELLAˇ. —*Pooh!* don't think me a *fool*^, Caudle. Don't *insult*^ me. H-e^ *re-t-u-r-n*^ the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born *yesterday*^. As if anybody ever *did*^ return an umbrella! *Men, indeed*—call themselves *lords*^ of *creation!* Pretty *lords*^, when they can't even take care of an UMBRELLA^!"

(From "The Caudle Lectures," by Douglas Jerrold.)

LVI.—HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

1. I heard the trailing garments of the Night
   Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
   From the celestial walls!

2. I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
   Stoop o'er me from above—
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
   As of the one I love.

3. I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
   The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
   Like some old poet's rhymes.

4. From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
   My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
   From those deep cisterns flows.

5. O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
   What man has borne before!

Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

6. Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovéd Night!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

For Preparation.—I. "Orestes-like I breathe this prayer." (In "Orestes," the drama of Euripides, the raving Orestes, pursued by the Furies of his mother, prays for "the precious balm of Sleep," which relieves his malady: "O divine oblivion of my sufferings, how wise thou art, and the goddess to be supplicated by all in distress!")

II. Rhȳmeş (rīmz), de-līght′ (-līt′), häunt′-ed, broạd′-wĭnged (brawd′-).

III. Make a list of twenty words in which the prefix *ad*, meaning *to*, is used; e. g., ad-apt (fit to), ad-duce (bring to), ad-here (stick to), ad-join (join to). The *d* of *ad* generally changes so as to agree in sound with the following letter when it is a consonant; e. g., af-fix, ar-range, at-tend, ap-pendix, al-lot, ag-grieve, an-nounce, etc.

IV. Sable, celestial, majestic, "cisterns of the midnight air," perpetual, spell, "haunted chambers."

V. What personifications in this piece? Make a list of the metaphors ("cool cisterns of the midnight air," etc.).

◆

LVII.—SPEECH OF BRUTUS.

1. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

2. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus

rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

3. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?

4. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition.

5. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.—[CITIZENS *cry out*, "*None, Brutus—none!*"]—None! Then none have I offended.

6. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

[*Enter* ANTONY *and others with* CÆSAR'S *body.*]

7. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not?

8. With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

William Shakespeare.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. From the play of "Julius Cæsar" (Act III., Scene 2). It is the time when Rome passes from the commonwealth to another form of government—that of the empire. Brutus is animated

with the old spirit, and joins the conspirators who murder Cæsar, the representative of the new spirit, which is destined to rule Rome henceforth. But the killing of Cæsar does not kill what he represents, although patriot Brutus seems to think that it will. "Antony . . . who shall receive a place in the commonwealth," etc. (i. e., he shall be benefited by our deed, which saves the republic).

II. Am-bĭ′-tioŭs (-bĭsh′us), văl′-iant, en-rōlled′, c̶oŭn′-try-men (kŭn′-), Cæ′-ṣar, mōurned.

III. The prefixes generally may be arranged in pairs, having opposite meanings; e. g., *ad* means *to*, and *ab*, *from:* *at*tract = draw to; *ab*stract = draw from. In this way, *in* is opposed to *e* or *ex:* *in*clude = shut in; *ex*clude = shut out. (*Ex* changes to *e*, *ef*, or *ec*, before some roots; *in* also to *il*, *im*, etc.)

IV. Censure, "question [cause or reasons for] his death," extenuated (drawn out, diminished), "awake your senses," bondman, enrolled.

V. Note in this speech, and in that of Mark Antony (LXIII.), the most consummate oratorical art. Brutus completely carries away the convictions of the people whom he addresses. Mark Antony, in a manner still more skillful, removes the impression that Brutus has made. With Brutus, his transparent honesty gives the strongest effect to his speech; while with Antony, the affected conflict in his mind between grief for his dead friend and the respect in which he holds the conspirators, finally drives the people to utter what he himself keeps back. In § 5, Brutus adroitly prevents any objections, by classifying the objectors in advance.

LVIII.—WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
   Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
   Kept heaving to and fro.

2. So silently we seemed to speak,
   So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
   To eke her living out.

3. Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

4. For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood.

For Preparation.—I. "Eke" is chiefly used now for *add to* or *lengthen.* It was a very common word for *also* in old English, and its kindred forms *eac* (Anglo-Saxon), *auch* (German), *og* (Danish), *och* (Swedish), *ok* (old Norse), etc., were or are still very much used for *and* or *also.*

II. Thrọugh (thrōō), sī′-lent-ly, ēye′-lidș (ī′-).

III. The prefixes *ad* and *ab* (*to* and *from*), *in* and *ex* (*in* and *out*), have been mentioned, and the various changes which they undergo to make them agree in sound with the first letter of the root (i. e., the word to which they are prefixed). Make two lists of ten words each, illustrating the prefixes *con* (*with*) and *contra* (*against*) (e. g., *con*-clude = shut together; *col*-lect = bring together; *contra*-dict = say against); also of *de* (*down*), *super* and *hyper* (*over*), *sub* and *hypo* (*under*), and *per* (*through*).

IV. "Wave of life heaving."

V. "Seẹmed to speak" (i. e., it seemed as though we spoke so low and moved about so slowly, because we had given her the half of our power to eke out her life).

LIX.—IN THE MAINE WOODS.

I. THE FORESTS.

1. What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals, or glades, than you had imagined. Except the few burnt lands, the narrow intervals on the rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted.

2. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated—a damp and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and miry. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree.

3. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for; they lie up so high, exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water—so anterior, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair as they can ever be. These are not the artificial forests of an English king—a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of Nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor Nature disforested.

4. It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples—the ground dotted with insipid, small, red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks; a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, with salmon, shad, and pickerel, and other fishes.

5. The forest resounds at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue jay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fishhawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man.

6. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall

describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be midwinter, is ever in her spring; where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds, and trickling rills.

II. SHOOTING RAPIDS.

7. We reached the Dam at noon. The boatmen went through one of the log sluices in the bateau, where the fall was ten feet at the bottom, and took us in below. Here was the longest rapid in our voyage, and perhaps the running this was as dangerous and arduous a task as any.

8. In shooting rapids the boatman has this problem to solve: to choose a circuitous and safe course amid a thousand sunken rocks, scattered over a long distance, at the same time that he is moving steadily on at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Stop he can not: the only question is, Where will he go? The bowman chooses the course with all his eyes about him, striking broad off with his paddle, and drawing the boat by main force into her course. The sternsman faithfully follows the bow.

9. Down the rapids we shot at a headlong rate. If we struck a rock, we were split from end to end in an instant. Now like a bait bobbing for some river monster amid the eddies, now darting to this side of the stream, now to that, gliding swift and smooth near to our destruction, or striking broad off with the paddle and drawing the boat to right or left with all our might in order to avoid a rock, we soon ran through the mile, and floated in Quakish Lake.

10. After such a voyage, the troubled and angry waters, which once had seemed terrible and not to be trifled with, appeared tamed and subdued; they had been bearded and worried in their channels, pricked and whipped into submission with the spike pole and paddle, and all their spirit and their danger taken out of them; and the most swollen and impetuous rivers seemed but playthings henceforth.

11. I began at length to understand the boatmen's familiarity with and contempt for the rapids. "Those Fowler boys," said Mrs. M., "are perfect ducks for the water." They had run down to Lincoln, according to her, thirty or forty miles, in a bateau, in the night, for a doctor, when it was so dark that they could not see a rod before them, and the river was swollen so as to be almost a continuous rapid, so that the doctor cried, when they brought him up by daylight, "Why, Tom, how did you see to steer?" "We didn't steer much—only kept her straight." And yet they met with no accident. *Henry D. Thoreau.*

For Preparation.—I. What have you read from this author? (VI., XLV.) Describe the following animals: moose, bear, caribou, beaver, shad, trout, pickerel, chickadee. "Lincoln"—in what part of Maine? (Penobscot County.)

II. Ꞓon-tĭn′-u-oŭs-ness, un-ĭn-ter-rŭpt′-ed, ĭn′-tri-eate, çĭv′-i-līz-ing, ăm′-e-thy̆st, är-ti-fĭ′-cial (-fish′al), ăb-o-rĭġ′-i-nēş, dĭs-poş-şĕssed′, strewn (strṳn), my̆r′-i-adş, mŏs-quĭ′-tōeş (mŏs-kē′-), çĭr-ꞓū′-i-toŭs, strāight (strāt).

III. Explain the abbreviations: Mrs., Mr., Dr., Co., P. M., N. B., viz., A. D., Aug., Maj., M. D., E., W., N. E., Qr.

IV. Continuousness, glades, grim, intricate, aspect, "amethyst jewels," "jewel of the first water," anterior, superior, artificial forests, royal preserve, diversified, formidable, sluices, bateau, arduous, waters bearded.

V. What view does the author of this piece seem to take of nature? Does he seem to enjoy the wilderness for its sports (hunting and fishing), or has he the interest of a scientific explorer? (Rather, a poet's interest.)

LX.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
   The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
   Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
   In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
   As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
   Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
   Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
   In old Platæa's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
   As quick, as far as they.

3. An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;
   That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! They come—the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
   And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
Strike, for your altars and your fires!
Strike, for the green graves of your sires
God, and your native land!"

4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her firstborn's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.

7. Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
  We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

For Preparation.—I. Marco Bozzaris (bŏt′-sä-ris) (killed August 20, 1823, in an attack which he led upon the advancing Turks near Missolonghi). "Suliote" (dwellers near the fortress of Suli [so͞o′le], in the south of Turkey in Europe). "Platæa's day" (victory gained by the Greeks under Pausanias over the Persians under Mardonius, 479 B. C.). "Moslem slain"—why were the Turks called "Moslem"? (= Mussulmans = Mohammedans).

II. Sŭp′-pli-ançe, ꞓŏn̲′-quer-or (kŏn̲′kẽr-ẽr), steel, häunt′-ed, sĕn′-trieș, ꞓŏm′-rădeș, ghȧst′-ly, knĕll (nĕl), prŏph′-et, nûr′-tured.

III. Transpose the 7th stanza into prose ("Bozzaris! rest thee with the storied brave (that) Greece nurtured in her glory's time," etc.).

IV. Trophies, "signet ring," "haunted air," "banquet song," "storied brave."

V. What flowers close at set of sun? What allusion in "blessed seals that close the pestilence"? (Revelation viii.).

LXI.—GIANT DESPAIR.

1. But, by this time, the waters were greatly risen; by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out. Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and

the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times. Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night.

2. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till daybreak; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore, he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

3. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant: "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling and lying on my ground; and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault.

4. The giant drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any one to ask how they did. They were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

5. Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done: to wit, that he had taken a

couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best to do further to them? So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? and he told her. Then she counseled him that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

6. So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crabtree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distresses.

7. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

8. The next night she talked with her husband about them further; and, understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison.

9. "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go. With which he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an

end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits; for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits, and lost for a time the use of his hand. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no. And thus they began to discourse:

10. "Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable! For my part, I know not whether it is better to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?"

11. Said Hopeful: "Indeed, our present condition is dreadful; and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide. But let us consider, the lord of the country to which we are going hath said, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' no, not to another man's person. Much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves.

12. "Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither, for certain, the murderers go? For 'no murderer hath eternal life,' etc. And let us consider, again, that all law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands.

13. "Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some

time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient and endure a while.

14. "The time may come that may give us a happy release. But let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother. So they continued together in the dark that day in their sad and doleful condition.

John Bunyan.

For Preparation.—I. Have you read "The Pilgrim's Progress" (from which this extract is made)? Christian and Hopeful have strayed over the stile into the wrong path, and have lost their way.

II. Trĕs′-passed, aȼ-quāint′-ançe, griēv′-oŭs, dŭn′-ġeon (-jun), per-çēiv′-ing, a-māzed′, prĭş′-on-er (prĭz′n-er), jū-ris-dĭȼ′-tion, băde (băd), Wĕdneş′-day (wĕnz′da), ȼoun′-sel (and ȼoun′-çil), ȼoŭ′-ple (kŭp′l).

III. *What*, *whence*, and *whither*—with what two letters do these words begin? Name some other words used in asking questions that begin with the same letters (e. g., why, when, etc.). Note the relation of the sentences, "So *when* he was gone," etc., "*Then* he asked her," etc. (*then* points out, and *when* refers). Find other words beginning with the letters *th* that point out—e. g., this (which?), that (what?), thou (who?), thither (whither?)—and give the corresponding reference- or question-words.

IV. Stile, surly, condole, celestial, "in evil case."

V. This is an allegory or continued metaphor—Christian life represented as a pilgrimage; its trials, as giants, dungeons, etc. Note the fact that their bewilderment at being lost occasions despair (figured as a giant); they are filled with doubt; Diffidence (distrust in one's powers) urges on Despair (utter loss of courage and hope), which afflicts them with many blows, so that they sigh and lament. In their diffidence and despair they debate the question of suicide (8 to 13). "In sunshiny weather he fell into fits" (in sunshiny, cheerful moods of the soul, despair is powerless).

LXII.—ESCAPE FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

1. Well, toward evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all: for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

2. But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing that they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon. But, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

3. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth: "My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

4. "What hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee—a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and has also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light.

5. "But let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of

bloody death. Wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

6. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships, than to make away with themselves."

7. Then said she: "Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

8. So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go! Get you down to your den again!" And with that he beat them all the way thither.

9. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant had gone to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end.

10. And with that his wife replied: "I fear that they live in hopes that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday night they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

11. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful: "That is good news, good brother! Pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

12. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with this key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it.

13. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair; who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on and came to the king's highway, and were safe, because they were out of the giant's jurisdiction.

14. Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at the stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they con-

sented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the celestial country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

John Bunyan.

For Preparation.—I. "Apollyon" (the fiend that Christian had fought in the "Valley of Humiliation") (LXX.). "Vanity Fair" (where Christian's companion, Faithful, had been put to death, and where Hopeful had joined him). "Valley of the Shadow of Death" (wherein he had encountered fearful "hardships, terror, and amazement"). "King of the celestial country" (whose highway they had left).

II. Pā'-tiençe (-shens), prĭş'-on-erş (priz'n-), dis-pătched', a-gain' (-ḡĕn'), thêre'-fōre, crēak'-ing, pur-sūe'.

III. Write, wrote, written (these are forms of *write*). Give the similar forms of *go*, *come*, *is*, *find*, *have*, *bid*, *do*, *think*.

IV. Jurisdiction, "cut off the bread and water from my mouth."

V. When Christian and Hopeful are escaping from Doubt, note that Despair has his fit of powerlessness come over him. (When we see our way clearly, despair no longer molests us.)

LXIII.—MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

1. *Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

2. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

3. He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

4. You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

5. You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

6. *1st Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Cit. Now mark him: he begins again to speak.

7. *Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

8. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

9. *4 Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!
All. The will! the will! We will hear Cæsar's will!

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

10. *4 Cit.* Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will—Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it!
4 Cit. They were traitors!—Honorable men!
All. The will!—the testament!
2 Cit. They were villains—murderers! The will!—read the will!

11. *Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 Cit. Descend. [*He comes down.*]
3 Cit. You shall have leave.
4 Cit. A ring! Stand round!
1 Cit. Stand from the hearse! stand from the body!
2 Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! Room! Bear back!

12. *Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!

13. Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

14. This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

15. Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here:
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

16. *1 Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!
3 Cit. O woeful day!
4 Cit. O traitors! villains!
1 Cit. O most bloody sight!
All. We will be revenged! Revenge! About!—seek —burn—fire—kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen! [*They are rushing out.*]
1 Cit. Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony!
2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

17. *Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

18. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds—poor, poor dumb mouths—
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

19. *All.* We'll mutiny!
1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus!
3 Cit. Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators!
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen—yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony—most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what!
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

20. *All.* Most true; the will—let's stay, and hear the will!
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.
3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

21. *1 Cit.* Never, never! Come, away—away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body!
2 Cit. Go, fetch fire!
3 Cit. Pluck down benches!
4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows—anything!
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, *with the body.*]
Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

William Shakespeare.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. From "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2; it follows the speech of Brutus (LVII.).

II. Bur′-y (bĕr′rĭ), Çæ′-şar, in-tẽrred′, griēv′-oŭs, fū′-ner-al, rēa′-şon (rē′zn), heirş (ârz), pā′-tient (-shent), trāi′-torş, vĭl′-lainş, com-pĕl′, de-sçĕnd′, drăch′-mȧş (drăk′-).

III. The prefix *pro* means *forward; re* or *retro*, *back* or *backward*. Make a list of words with these prefixes.

IV. Ambitious, ransoms, coffers, sterner, Lupercal, refuse, disprove, brutish, reverence, parchment, testament, bequeathing, legacy, inflame, envious, ingratitude, treason, dint of pity, vesture, spectacle, revenged, mutiny, conspirators, recreate.

V. In order to gain the attention and good-will of the people who have just been moved by Brutus, he begins by disclaiming his intention to praise Cæsar. Follow out his thought from this to the end, where he comes out openly and calls Brutus and the rest "traitors": Noble Brutus says Cæsar was ambitious; if so, a grievous fault, but grievously answered for. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; however, an honorable man calls him "ambitious." ("Honorable" refers to the high tone of Brutus's speech and his "believe me, for mine honor," and "have respect to mine honor," etc.) He proceeds to call attention to the acts of Cæsar: (a) ransoms; (b) wept for the poor (this touches their interest); (c) refused a crown. Why don't you mourn for him? He pauses here to give time for the speech to have its effect. The conversation between the citizens shows how well he has calculated. He proceeds to speak of the greatness of Cæsar and his sudden downfall. Hints that he *could* stir them to mutiny, but prefers to wrong *them* and himself rather than the *honorable* men ("honorable" now begins to be ironical). Cæsar's will *would* inflame them, but he counsels patience. Hints that they are heirs of Cæsar's property. Consents to read the will. Shows the mantle of Cæsar stabbed by traitors, and particularly by Brutus, and Cæsar loved Brutus. What ingratitude! Antony's modesty: no orator as Brutus is. Reads the will, and lets the mischief work.

LXIV—SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

1. The first case that occurred was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants. "My lord," said he, "a certain manor is divided by a large river— I beg your honor will be attentive, for the case is of great consequence and some difficulty.

2. "I say, then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gibbet, together with a sort of court hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: 'Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes and whither he goes; if he swear the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswear himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite.'

3. "This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers passed, and, as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention.

4. "The judges, having considered this oath, observed: 'If we allow the man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and, therefore, ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and, by the same law, ought to be acquitted.' I beg, therefore, to know of your honor, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man? for hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and, having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to entreat your honor, in their names, to favor them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy."

5. To this address Sancho replied: "Assuredly, those judges who sent you to me might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute; nevertheless, repeat the

business so that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head?"

6. The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said: "I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of an eye; and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged on such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet, he swore the truth, and, by the enacted law, ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge; but if he is not hanged, he swore false, and for that reason he ought to suffer upon the gibbet."

7. "The case is exactly as my lord governor conceives it," said the messenger; "and, with respect to the scope and understanding of the matter, there is no further room for doubt or interrogation." "I say, then," replied Sancho, "that part of the man which swore truth ought to be allowed to pass; and that which told a lie ought to be hanged; and, in this manner, the terms or conditions of passing will be literally fulfilled."

8. "But, my lord governor," replied the questioner, "in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, namely, the false and the true; and if he is so divided, he must certainly die; therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas there is an express necessity for its being accomplished."

9. "Come hither, honest friend," said Sancho; "either I am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged and to live and pass over the bridge; for, if the truth saves him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that, as the reasons

for condemning and for acquitting the culprit are equally balanced, they shall let him freely pass; for it is always more laudable to do good than harm; and to this opinion I would subscribe, if I could write my name.

10 "Nor, indeed, have I spoken my own sentiment on this occasion; but have recollected one among the many precepts I received from my master, Don Quixote, the night before I set out for the government of this island: he said that, when justice was doubtful, I should choose and lean toward mercy; and it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which falls so pat to the present purpose."

Cervantes.

For Preparation.—I. One of the richest parts of that wonderful work of humor, "Don Quixote," is that wherein is related the history of Sancho Panza's government on the island of Barataria. The above extract is from the nineteenth chapter.

II. Măn′-or, ġĭb′-bet, rĕs′-pĭte (-pĭt), rĭg′-or-oŭs, ap-pēared′, troŭ′-ble (trŭb′l), in-tĕr′-ro-gā-tor, nĕç′-es-sa-ry, gȯv′-ern-ment, Quĭx′-ote (or *Quijote*, kē-hō′tā), Săn̲′-cho.

III. Make a list of twelve words using either *circum* or *peri* as a prefix (signifying *around*, *about*);—of twelve using the prefix *per*, or the prefix *dia* (meaning *through*), in contradistinction to *circum*;—of twelve using *con* or *syn* (meaning *together*);—and twelve with *contra* or *anti* (meaning *against* or *in opposition to*).

IV. Penalty, deposition, scope, literally, intent, frustrated, laudable, sentiment, precepts, maxim, culprit.

V. The question here involved is the old sophism of Eubulides, "The Liar or the Crocodile." "Is the man a liar who says that he tells lies? If he is, then he does not tell lies; and if he does not tell lies, is he a liar? If not, then is not his assertion a lie?" "The crocodile stole a man's child, and, on being asked by the father to return it, promised to do so on condition that the father answered truly the question he was about to ask; otherwise he would keep the child. His question was: 'Shall I return you the child?' If the father says 'Yes,' then the crocodile keeps the child, and the father answers falsely; if 'No,' then the crocodile can not keep the child, nor is the father entitled to receive it according to the conditions." It will be noticed that the perplexity comes from the fact of self-relation: the one assertion relates to another assertion of the same person; and the one assertion being conditioned upon the other, the difficulty arises. It is the question of self-contradiction—of two mutually contradictory statements; one must be false. It is a sophism, but one that continually occurs among unsophisticated reasoners. It is also a practical sophism, for it is continually being acted in the world around us (e. g., a person seeks pleasure by such means that, while he enjoys himself, he undermines his health, or sins against his conscience, and thus draws inevitably on him physical suffering and an uneasy soul). It is therefore well worthy of study in its purely logical form. All universal negative assertions (and a lie is a negation) are liable to involve the assertion itself in self-contradiction: "I never tell the truth" (if you do now, your assertion is false; if what you say is true, then it is false). Said a selfish clown: "I wish all men were dead except my family; then we would keep a hotel." Suicide is a practical application of this sophism. In the interest of pleasure, to escape physical pain, he precludes also physical pleasure. Murder incurs the punishment of death self-murder unites crime and punishment. "Killing the goose that laid the golden egg" is also another application.

LXV.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

1. Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
   Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
   Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
  Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. "Balaklava"—find it on the Black Sea. When was this "charge"? What nations were ranged against the Russians? What military object had they in capturing Sevastopol? Who had "blundered"?

II. Lēague (leeg̃), vŏl′-leyed (-lid), dis-māyed′, văl′-ley, sā′-berş.

III. Explain the meaning given by *rs* in theirs; why the change of *y* to *i*;—why *fought* instead of *fight*.

IV. Explain "Light Brigade;"—"they broke the Russian line;"—"half a league." Correct "Cannon to right of 'em."

V. "Charging an army"—why a whole army? (They rode, unsupported, into the ranks of the enemy, and thus exposed themselves to the attack of the entire Russian army. See LXVI., § 2.) "Jaws of Death" (personification). Mark the feet in the first stanza. Does the rhythm seem appropriate for the description of galloping horses? What passages describe well the soldiers' obedience to command? What moral traits did the soldiers of the Light Brigade exhibit? What nation is proud of their deed?

LXVI.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

2. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position! Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

3. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain.

4. The first line is broken!—it is joined by the second!—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks—thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy—with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but, ere they were

lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

5. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

6. To our delight, we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

7. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the Eighth Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

8. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat

of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of the Russian guns.

W. H. Russell.

For Preparation.—I. W. H. Russell (correspondent of London *Times*). At what time of day do you infer this contest took place? (§ 8.)

II. Re-doubt′ (-dout′), splĕn′-dor, be-liēve′, wound′-ed (wo͞ond′-), strewed (strụd), ob-lïque′ (-leek′), strāight (strāt), păr′-al-lel.

III.. "So-called" (explain use of hyphen). Explain use of dash before "discretion" (2).

IV. Regiment, demigods, atrocity, difference between "bodies" and "carcasses," miscreants, "grape and canister."

V. "More than we could spare"—for this purpose, or for death? Why "Alas!" (2)? For a newspaper correspondent's article, what do you think of its style? Rearrange the first sentence of 6th paragraph, so as to make it perfectly clear who were swept down by the "flank fire," and also make the sentence more forcible through contrasted clauses. Can you find any statements or comparisons which are exaggerated for effect?

◆

LXVII.—WINTER.

1. Orphan Hours, the Year is dead!
Come and sigh! come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep.
See! it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

2. As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day.
Solemn Hours, wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud!

3. As the mild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude Days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

4. January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps; but, O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

For Preparation.—I. Separate the above piece into antiphonic portions representing two voices alternating: the one mourning, the other rejoicing. Meaning of antiphonic? (Voices responding to each other.)

II. Ôr′-phan, sīgh (sī), sŏl′-emn (-em), roŭgh (rŭf), a-loud′.

III. Separate the lines of the first stanza into feet, marking the accent. Explain *'s*, *est*, and *s*, in "May's fairest flowers."

IV. Untimely, mocking, wail, shroud, corse, sexton, bier.

V. "Hours" (personified. The Greeks and Romans represented the Horæ as goddesses of the seasons). In what sense can March be said to "howl and rave," and April to "weep"? (March with winds, April with showers.) Point out the other personifications.

◆

LXVIII.—THE MOUND BUILDERS.

1. It is probable that the Mound Builders did not occupy this country till long after the last mammoth was slain. They never saw the mammoth, we may be sure, or else they would have carved or painted its likeness, as they did those of the birds and beasts they knew.

2. They did not make, unfortunately, distinct pictures of themselves, so that we do not know what they looked like. And as they wrote no books, we do not know what language they spoke. The most we know of them is what we learn from certain great mounds of earth they built. From these great works they derive their name.

3. One of the most remarkable of these mounds is to be seen in Adams County, Ohio. It represents a snake a thousand feet long and five feet thick, lying along a bluff that rises above a stream. You can trace all the curves and outlines of the snake, ending in a tail with a triple coil. In the open mouth something in the shape of an egg seems to be held; and this egg-shaped mound is one hundred and sixty feet long.

4. Other mounds have other shapes. Some are like animals, and some like men. Some are earthworks, or fortifications, inclosing in some cases one or two acres, and in others four hundred acres. In some places there are many small mounds, arranged in a straight line, at distances nearly equal, and extending many miles. In others there are single mounds sixty or ninety feet high, with steps cut in the earth upon one side, leading to the top, which is flat, and including from one to five acres of ground.

5. These mounds are scattered all down the valley of the Mississippi and along many of its tributary streams. There are thousands of them in the single State of Ohio. They are not built of earth alone, for some show brick-work and stonework here and there; yet earth is always the chief material. Some have chambers within, and the remains of wooden walls. Sometimes charred wood is found on top, as if fires had been kindled there. This is

an important fact, since it seems to show that the higher mounds were built for purposes of worship.

6. These Mound Builders must have been in some ways well advanced in civilization. Their earthworks show more or less of engineering skill. In figure they show the square, the circle, the octagon, the ellipse; and sometimes all these are combined in one series of works. The circle is always a true circle, the square a true square; and there are many squares that measure exactly one thousand and eighty feet on a side; and this shows that the builders had some definite standard of measurement.

7. Besides, there have been found in these mounds many tools and ornaments, made of copper, silver, and valuable stones. There are axes, chisels, knives, bracelets, and beads; there are pieces of thread and of cloth, and gracefully ornamented vases of pottery. The Mound Builders also knew how to model in clay a variety of objects, such as birds, quadrupeds, and human faces. They practiced farming, though they had no domestic animals to help them.

8. As they had no horses, nor oxen, nor carts, all the vast amount of earth required for the mounds must have been carried in baskets or skins. This shows that they must have been very numerous, or they never could have attempted so much.

9. They mined for copper near Lake Superior. In one of their mines, long since deserted, there was found, a few years ago, a mass of copper weighing nearly six tons, partly raised from the bottom, and supported on wooden logs, now nearly decayed. It was evidently to be raised to the surface, nearly thirty feet above. The stone and copper

tools of the miners were found lying about, as if the men had just gone away.

10. When did these Mound Builders live? There is one sure proof that they lived very long ago. At the mouth of the mine mentioned above, there are trees about four hundred years old growing on earth that was thrown out in digging the mine. Of course, the mine is older than the trees. On a mound in Ohio there are trees eight hundred years old. Nobody knows how much older the mounds are. This mysterious race may therefore have built these great works more than a thousand years ago.

11. Who were the Mound Builders? It does not seem at all likely that they were the ancestors of our present American Indians. They differed greatly in habits, and most of our Indian tribes show nothing of the skill and industry required for constructing great works. Perhaps they came from Asia, or were descendants of Asiatics accidentally cast on the American shore. Japanese vessels are sometimes driven across the Pacific and wrecked upon our western coast. This might have happened a thousand years ago. But we know neither whence the Mound Builders came nor whither they went. We only know that they came, and built wonderful works, and made way for another race, of whose origin we know almost as little.

T. W. Higginson (adapted).

FOR PREPARATION.—I. In what part of Ohio is Adams County? Have you read Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States"?

II. Lăn̲′-guaġe, trĭ′-ple (trĭp′l), mŏd′-el, ĕn-ġi-neer′-ing, vās′-eş.

III. "Brickwork." Correct "painted it's likeness." Wrote, write, written—explain these forms;—*en* in oxen.

IV. Mammoth, bluff, coil, fortifications, tributary, octagon, ellipse, standard, ornaments, quadrupeds, ruined, ancestors, origin.

V. Serpent worship existed once throughout a large part of the Eastern Continent; it is therefore not strange to find it in America. (8) How do you think they know that the Mound Builders had no horses or carts? (By the absence of the bones of the horse, as well as of traces of wheels preserved in the mounds. Even so fragile a thing as a basket or a piece of cloth may be preserved for ages under a pile of rubbish, especially where there has been a fire. In Europe such things have been found; also fragments of horn with rude pictures carved on them by the "prehistoric" inhabitants, and indicating the appearance of their wild animals—the mammoth, for instance.) (9) Would copper be esteemed a good material in our time for axes, chisels, and other sharp instruments? (The Mound Builders possessed the secret of hardening copper, not now known.)

LXIX.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

1. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

2. How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

3. How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

4. And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

5. These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

6. No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

7. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him, light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

8. But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

9. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vȧcant mind—
These, all in sweet confusion, sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

10. But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She, only, left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Oliver Goldsmith.

For Preparation.—I. Where was "Auburn"? (The village of Lishoy, or Lissoy, in Westmeath County, Ireland, six miles north of Athlone.) Whose work was its destruction? ("General Napier turned all of his tenants out of their farms, that he might inclose them in his own private domain." See note to Chapter XXVIII. of Irving's "Goldsmith.") Who afterward restored it, and why? (Captain Hogan, its present possessor, fired with an antiquarian spirit, has restored everything so as to correspond exactly to Goldsmith's description.) Where is the hawthorn bush found? "The hollow-sounding bittern."

II. Ne̱igh′-bor-ing (nā′bẽr-), sur-ve̱yed′ (-vād′), sleīghts (slīts), buş′-y (bĭz′zy), tȳ′-rant's, sĕdġ′-eş (sĕj′-), sŏf′-tened (sŏf′nd).

III. Explain *est* in loveliest; why not lovelyest? (*Y* would have a consonant sound.) What other ways of spelling *blest* (3) and *past* (9)?

IV. Swain, loitered, mistrustless, tillage, prey, peasantry, usurp, dispossess, hamlet, unwieldy, opulence, allied, "every pang that folly pays to pride," rural, fluctuate, pensive, "decent" (i. e., becoming) church.

V. What are "lingering blooms"? What contrast does the poet paint between Auburn as it was and as it is? To what does he attribute the change? What occasioned the titter of "secret laughter" (4)? Transpose into prose (adding words of your own where needed) the 7th stanza, to "supplied." Note the rhyme (9) "wind" and "mind." Name other pieces in which the nightingale (9) is spoken of. (It is not found in Ireland.)

LXX.—THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

1. Now they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana: "This is the place where Christian, your husband, met with that foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had. I know you can not but have heard thereof. But be of good courage: as long as you have here Mr. Greatheart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare the better." So, when these two had committed the pilgrims unto the conduct of their guide, he went forward, and they went after.

2. Then said Mr. Greatheart: "We need not be so afraid of this valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it ourselves. 'Tis true, Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the hill; for they that get slips there must look for combats here. And hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name; for the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of opinion that that place is haunted with some foul fiend or evil spirit; when, alas!

it is for the fruit of their own doings that such things do befall them there.

3. "This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over; and I am persuaded, if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts something that might give us an account why Christian was so hardly beset in this place."

4. Then said James to his mother: "Lo! yonder stands a pillar, and it looks as if something was written thereon; let us go and see what it is." So they went, and found there written: "Let Christian's slip, before he came hither, and the battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after." "Lo!" said their guide, "did not I tell you that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why Christian was so hard beset in this place?" Then turning himself to Christiana, he said: "No disparagement to Christian more than to many others whose hap and lot it was; for it is easier going up than down this hill; and that can be said but of a few hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man; he is at rest. He also had a brave victory over his enemy. Let Him grant, that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse when we come to be tried than he!

5. "But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is! also how beau-

tiful with lilies! I have known many laboring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation; 'for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble'; for, indeed, it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there is an end."

6. Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and as he sat by himself he sang. "Hark!" said Mr. Greatheart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith"; and so they hearkened, and he said:

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

7. Then said their guide: "Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet! But we will proceed in our discourse."

John Bunyan.

For Preparation.—I. Have you read the "Pilgrim's Progress"? (This is from "The Fifth Stage" of the Second Part.)

II. A-pŏl′-ly-ŏn, lĭl′-ieṣ, slĭp′-per-y, fiēnd (fēnd), c̶ŏm′-bat, dis-păr′-aġe-ment.

III. *On* in "thereon"; give a list of words formed in the same way—*there-to*, *there-at*, etc.

IV. Humiliation, "fruitful a place as the crow flies over," well-favored.

V. In the poem (6), see if you can find the thoughts of the prose passages before it, which are wrapped up in a story. Why is the descent steep toward humility (humbleness)? Do most people get down the hill of Pride without a fall? Did you ever hear of any people who would laugh at one whose pride had caused him to slip and fall? (Think of Apollyon.) Is humility profitable to the soul? Name some of its good results. "Shepherd's boy"—was it David?

LXXI.—THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

1. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

2. Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

3. His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

4. Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

5. But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

6. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

7. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

8. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Have you read "Dr. Primrose in Prison"? (XLVII.) Do you see any resemblance in character between Dr. Primrose and the "Village Preacher"? (Henry Goldsmith, brother of the poet, occupied the parsonage at Lissoy, and is doubtless the original of the "Vicar," and of the "Village Preacher.")

II. De-sçĕnd′-ing, bĕg′-gar, wōe, mĭd′-way.

III. E'er, wished, remembered. Difference between *bade* and *bid?*—*weep* and *wept?*—*win* and *won?*

IV. Copse, forty pounds, vagrant, scan, accents, "ran his godly race" (note the quotation of this by the author in his "Elegy on a Mad Dog").

V. Explain, "His pity gave ere charity began." Which is a higher virtue—pity, or charity? How could "his failings lean to virtue's side"? Make a list of the positions in which the "village preacher" is portrayed ((*a*) at church, (*b*) at the bedside of the dying, (*c*) as kind host, etc.). Is the metaphor of the "tall cliff" accurately expressive of the character portrayed in the preacher?

◆

LXXII.—HOW TO RENDER HUMOROUS IDEAS.

Under this head we include *good-natured* wit, raillery, pleasantry, jesting, punning, etc. They require the same "compound slide" (or "circumflex," as it is often called) that belongs to sarcasm and scorn, but with *smoother stress.*

As the spirit of this class is agreeable, the compound stress used must be free from all offensive abruptness.

EXAMPLE OF WIT AND RAILLERY.

Benedick and Beatrice are mutual friends, admirers, and finally lovers, but wittily *affect* to scorn love, and marriage, and each other.

Beatrice—I pray you, is seignior *Montanto*ˇ * returned from the wars, or noˊ? How many hath he *killed* and *eaten*ˋ in these wars? But how many hath he *killed*ˆ? For, indeed, *I*ˆ promised to *eat*ˆ all of *his*ˇ *killing*.

Messenger—He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat.—You had *musty victual*, and he hath holp to *eat*ˆ it: he is a *very valiant*ˇ TRENCHERˆ man; he hath an *excellent stomach*ˆ.

Mess.—And a *good soldier*ˋ, too, lady.

Beat.—And a good soldier to a *lady*ˇ; but what is he to a *lord*ˆ?

Mess.—A *lord*ˋ to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all *honorable virtues*ˋ.

Beat.—It is so, indeed; he is no less than a *stuffed*ˆ man: but for the STUFFINGˆ— Well, we are all mortal! Who is his *companion*ˋ now? He hath *every month*ˋ a NEWˆ *sworn*ˇ *brother*ˆ.

Mess.—Is it possible?

Beat.—Very *easily* possible: he wears his *faith*ˇ but as the *fashion* of his *hat*ˆ; it ever *changes*ˆ with the *next block*ˆ.

Mess.—I see, lady, the gentleman is not in *your*ˊ books.

Beat.—*No!* an he *were*ˇ, I would *burn*ˇ my *study*ˇ.

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* A name of ridicule for Benedick.

[BEATRICE *and* BENEDICK.]

Beatrice—I *wonder* that you will *still* be *talking*ˇ, seignior Benedick; nobody *marks*ˇ you.

Benedick— *What*ˇ, my *dear* lady DISDAINˇ!—are *you-yet-living*ˇ *?*

Beat.—Is it *possible Disdain*ˆ should *die*ˆ, while she hath such *meet*ˇ food to feed it as seignior *Benedick*ˆ *?* *Courtesy*ˆ *itself* must convert to *disdain*ˆ, if YOUˇ come in her presence.

Bene.—Then is courtesy a *turncoat*ˇ*:* but it is certain, I am *loved* of *all* ladies, only *you*ˇ excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a *hard*ˇ heart; for, truly, *I*ˇ love *none.*

Beat.—A *dear happiness*ˆ to *women*ˇ*;* they would else have been troubled with a PERNICIOUSˆ suitor. I thank God, and my *cold*ˇ *blood, I*ˇ am of *your*ˇ humor for *that*ˆ*;* I had rather hear my *dog*ˆ bark at a *crow*ˆ, than a *man*ˆ swear he *loves*ˆ me.

Bene.—God *keep* your ladyship *still*ˆ in *that*ˆ mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate *scratched*ˇ *face*ˇ.

Beat.—*Scratching* could not make it *worse*ˆ, an 'twere *such* a face as *yours*ˇ were.

Bene.—Well, you are a *rare parrot*ˆ teacher.

Beat.—A BIRDˇ of *my*ˇ tongue is better than a BEASTˆ of *yours*ˇ.

Bene.—I would my HORSEˆ had the *speed*ˆ of *your tongue ;* and so *good* a *continuer*ˆ.

Beat.—You always end with a *jade's*ˆ trick; I *know*ˇ you of *old*ˆ.

(*From "Much Ado about Nothing," Shakespeare.*)

LXXIII.—THE GRAVE.

1. There is a calm for those who weep,
   A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
   Low in the ground.

2. The storm that wrecks the winter sky
   No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
   That shuts the rose.

3. I long to lay this painful head
   And aching heart beneath the soil—
To slumber in that dreamless bed
   From all my toil.

4. For misery stole me at my birth,
   And cast me helpless on the wild.
I perish—oh, my mother Earth,
   Take home thy child!

5. On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
   Shall gently molder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
   Resembling me.

6. Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
   My pulse, my brain runs wild! I rave!
Ah, who art thou whose voice I hear?
   —"I am the Grave!

7. "The Grave, that never spoke before,
   Hath found, at last, a tongue to chide:

O listen! *I* will speak no more—
Be silent, pride!

8. "Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

9. "Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

10. "Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me!

11. "I charge thee, live—repent and pray!
In dust thine infamy deplore!
There yet is mercy. Go thy way,
And sin no more.

12. "Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

13. "A bruiséd reed He will not break:
Afflictions all His children feel;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake—
He wounds to heal!

14. "Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His providence adore.

'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

15. "Now, traveler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight!

16. "There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the moldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

17. "The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

18. "The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

James Montgomery.

For Preparation.—I. Nearly one half of the verses of the poem are omitted here. Compare this poem with "How sleep the Brave!" (XII.), of Collins, and "Virtue" (VII.), of Herbert.

II. Wrĕcks (rĕks), chās'-ten-ing (chās'n-ing), trăv'-el-er, trăn'-sient (-shent), brụişed (bruzd), pur-sūe', ŏr'-i-ġĭn.

III. Meaning of *un* and *en* in unforgiven?—of *d* in freed?

IV. Remorse, "furies of the mind," meteor.

V. Explain the expression, "storm that wrecks the winter sky" (that strews the sky with broken clouds—cloud wracks; as if he had said wracked—covered with wracks—the sky). (In the first six verses the heartsick mourner expresses his weak pining for rest, and is checked by the apparition of the Grave itself, who speaks in the last verses.) Who is referred to as "its sire" (18)? What contrast in the last stanza?

LXXIV.—THE MURDERER CAN NOT KEEP HIS SECRET.

1. I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am brought here to "hurry you against the law, and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such an attempt, I am sure that, in this court, nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence.

2. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

3. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

4. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody

drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lionlike temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

5. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly here is a new lesson for painters and poets! Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of a murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice.

6. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

7. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—

the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

8. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber; of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light.

9. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.

10. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished—the deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him; no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

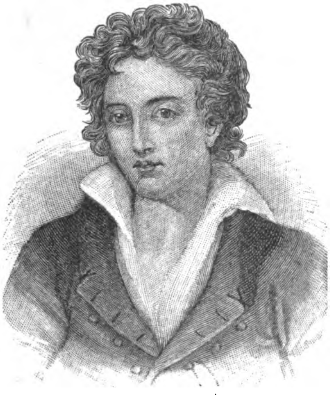
11. Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe! Not to speak of that Eye

which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out."

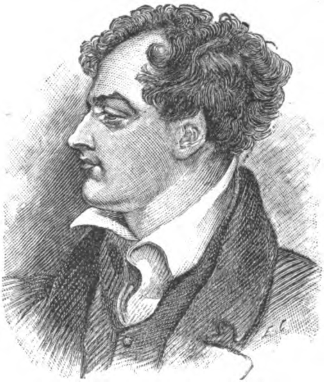
12. True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery; especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret.

13. It is false to itself—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will.

14. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence.



SHELLEY



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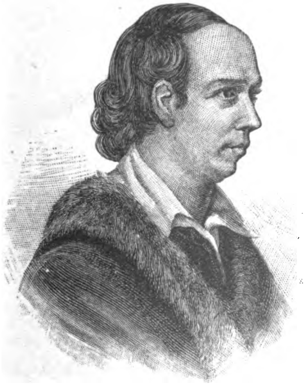
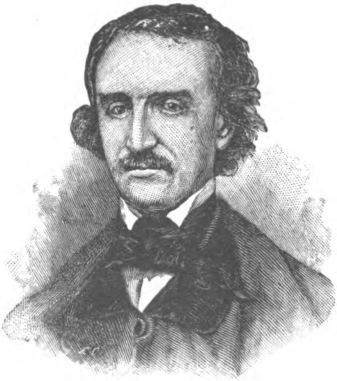


GOLDSMITH



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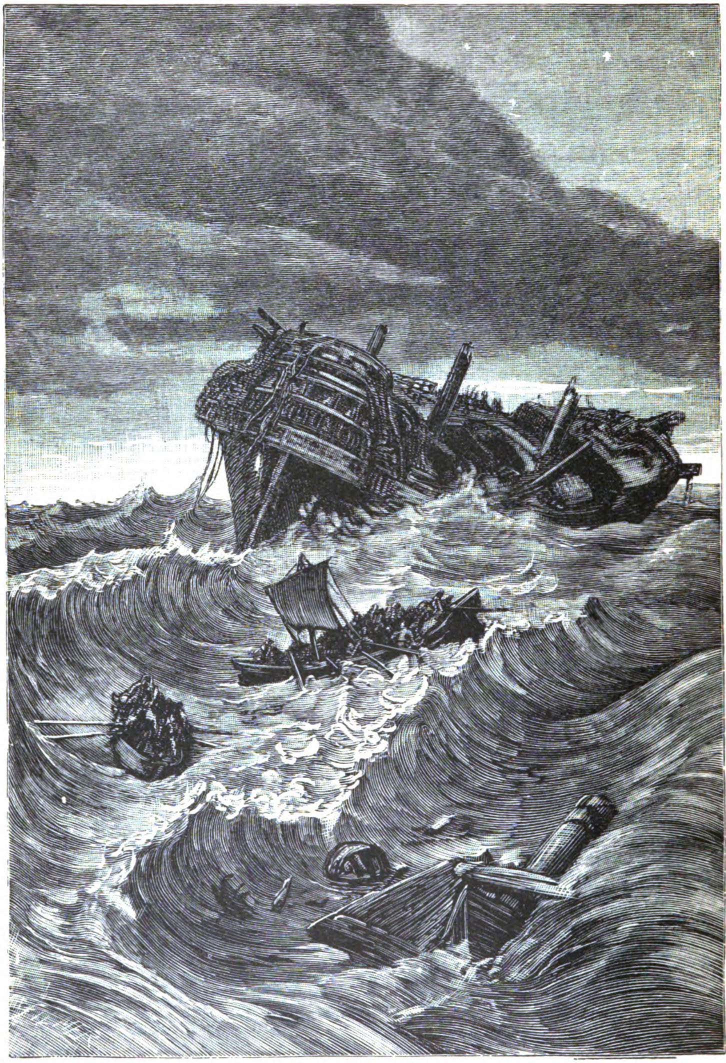

The Shipwreck.

(*Page* 219.)

When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed: it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession!

Daniel Webster.

For Preparation.—I. Webster's unsurpassed skill as a criminal lawyer appeared in the trial of Knapp, at Salem (1830), for the murder of Joseph White. The extract here given is from his opening address to the jury. "Suicide is confession"—Crowninshield, the actual murderer, committed suicide in prison. "Hurry you against the law," etc.—the point made by the opposing counsel. Note the quiet force with which Webster disposes of this; his respect for his own character, and his confidence in the court. The courtesy of Webster's manner is consummate. Note the word, "should have been thought necessary"—almost carried into irony.

II. Sçēne, em-brāçe′, blŭdġ′-eon (blŭj′-ŭn), ā′-ġed, de-stroyed′, pŏn′-iard (-yẽrd), pŭlse, as-çer-tāinş′, nēi′-ther (nē′-), guĭlt (gĭlt), ȼōn′-science (-shens), dis-ȼrĕ′-tion (-krĕsh′un), ȼoŭr′-aġe (kŭr′aj).

III. Change the following so as to express more than one: life, his, eye, man, that, discovery.

IV. Evidence, paces, obvious, preyed, impulse, torment, vulture, prudence, suspicious, fatal, suicide, assassin.

V. What is the effect of showing "self-possession and steadiness" (7) in the deed of a murderer upon the degree of punishment which is to be decreed him? Write out the thoughts of the 12th paragraph in your own words, and compare with the original. (This passage is worthy of being expanded into an essay by you, for it contains a deep insight into the method by which society unconsciously combines the partial efforts of individuals into a whole that is miraculous in its completeness and efficiency.)

◆

LXXV.—THE SHIPWRECK

1. At half past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use.

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down headforemost—sunk, in short.

2. Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

3. And first a universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Lord Byron.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Byron here paints the horrors of shipwreck. Have you read his "Waterloo"? (LXXXVIII.) Note the excellence of Byron in describing scenes of moral suffering and dread; consider this in connection with his misanthropy (see XLIV.).

II. Shriēked (shreekt), an-tĭç′-i-pāte, whĭrl′-ing (hwĭrl′-).

III. *Over*board, yawn*ed*, rush*ed*. Describe the meter of this poem.

IV. Chance, toss, remorseless, intervals, convulsive, crash, "gave a heel" (leaned over), "lurch to port" (inclined to the left).

V. In the last line of the 1st stanza, what trace of indecorous feeling? (The description that precedes uses the technical language of sailors, as if in a sort of defiance of poetic taste; and Byron sums up its verbiage by the words "sunk, in short," to betray his careless state of mind, so unaffected at the solemn nature of the event that he can be facetious with the language in which he describes it. In the next two stanzas he throws off this lack of earnestness, and is adequate to the subject.) Explain the metaphor, "like one who grapples" (2). Select the descriptive passages which you consider the most admirable.

LXXVI.—HIDDEN BEAUTIES OF CLASSIC AUTHORS

1. The hidden beauties of standard authors break upon the mind by surprise. It is like discovering a hidden spring in an old jewel.

2. You take up the book in an idle moment, as you have done a thousand times before, perhaps, wondering, as you turn over the leaves, what the world finds in it to admire; when suddenly, as you read, your fingers press close upon the covers, your frame thrills, and the passage you have chanced upon chains you like a spell, it is so vividly true and beautiful.

3. Milton's "Comus" flashed upon me in this way. I never could read the "Rape of the Lock" till a friend quoted some passages from it during a walk.

4. I know no more exquisite sensation than this warming of the heart to an old author; and it seems to me that the most delicious portion of intellectual existence is the brief period in which, one by one, the great minds of old are admitted with all their time-mellowed worth to the affections.

5. With what delight I read, for the first time, the "kind-hearted plays" of Beaumont and Fletcher! How I doted on Burton! What treasures to me were the "Faerie Queene" and the "Lyrics" of Milton!

N. P. Willis.

For Preparation.—I. Have you read Milton's "Comus"?—Pope's "Rape of the Lock"? Did you ever experience the "surprise" which the author describes, at the discovery of the depth of meaning in a piece of literature? What piece was it? Who were Beaumont and Fletcher? (Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is referred to in the next line.) Name one of Milton's "Lyrics." (See CXXXVIII. and CXL. for two of the best.) Who wrote the "Faerie Queene"?

II. Beaū′-tieş (bū′tiz), ĕx′-qui-şĭte (-kwĭ-zĭt), de-lĭ′-cious (-lĭsh′us), trĕas′-ure, wạn′-der-ing.

III. Change the following words so as to make them have reference to more than one: this, is, my, has, its, thy, box, child, man, brother, runs.

IV. Lyric, vividly, spell, quoted, "standard authors," doted.

V. What of the aptness of the metaphor "like discovering a hidden spring in an old jewel"?

LXXVII.—THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

1. Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand.
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see!—she stirs!
She starts! she moves! she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel!
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

2. And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O Bridegroom, old and gray,

Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

3. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel—
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel—
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

4. Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

H. W. Longfellow.

For Preparation.—I. Have you read "The Building of the Ship"? (from which these extracts are taken). If you have read Schiller's "Song of the Bell," make a comparison of the subjects, and methods of treatment.

II. Gĕs′-ture, fōrġe, as-sĕm′-bled (-bld), beaū′-ti-ful (bū′-), tri-ŭm′-phant, flăp′-ping, hăm′-merş. wrought (rawt), ăn′-vilş.

III. Examine the meter, and select one line of each variety of lines as a specimen.

IV. Shores, spurs, "Ship of State," "anchors of thy hope," "false lights on the shore."

V. Collect and arrange the examples of personification and metaphors of the piece.

LXXVIII.—BUILDING THE HOUSE.

1. Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an ax and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall, arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing; but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the ax, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it.

2. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark-colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but, for the most part, when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy

atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark, and pewee, and other birds, already come to commence another year with us.

3. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing, as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day, when my ax had come off, and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I staid there, or more than a quarter of an hour—perhaps because he had not yet fairly come out of the torpid state.

4. It appeared to me that, for a like reason, men remain in their present low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the first of April it rained, and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

5. I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumac and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work.

6. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar, where they store their roots as of old; and, long after the superstructure has disappeared, posterity remark its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

7. At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day. I began to occupy my house on the fourth of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding, I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cart loads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms.

8. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning; which mode, I still think, is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days when my hands were much employed, I read but little; but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or tablecloth, afforded me as much entertainment—in fact, answered the same purpose—as the "Iliad."

Henry D. Thoreau.

For Preparation.—I. From what is "the winter of man's discontent" partly quoted? ("Richard III.") What country does the description of the surroundings denote? (woodchuck, sumach, etc.). "Iliad"—who wrote it? (The author of this piece described the everyday affairs and common sights about his village in his books, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden," etc.—giving them an air of as much importance as Homer gives to the wanderings of Ulysses.) Refer to the "Battle of the Ants" (XLV.) to get his estimate of human affairs.

II. Ax, bŏr'-rowed, ĕn'-ter-prīṣe, re-lēased', hĭck'-o-rieṣ, diṣ-ṣŏlved', cȯl'-ored (kŭl'ẽrd), ăt'-mos-phēre, wĕdġe (wĕj), sōak (sōk), strīped, ĭn-ȼon-vēn'-iençe, ap-pēared', ne-çĕs'-si-ty, hīgh'-er (hī'er), çĕl'-lar, sṳ'-maȼ, po-tā'-tōeṣ, plĕas'-ure (plĕzh'ur), aȼ-quāint'-ançe, hŏn'-ored (ŏn'ẽrd), rāiṣ'-ing, chĭm'-ney, hōe'-ing, a-gree'-a-ble, ȼon-vēn'-ient, lōaf (lōf).

III. Change, so as to express present time: was, looked, said, went, came.

IV. Generous, "apple of his eye," saturated, flurried, primitive, apparently, torpid, ethereal, previously, numb, inflexible, groping, burrow, "lowest stain of vegetation," temperature, superstructure, disappeared, posterity, dent, porch, feather-edged, impervious.

V. Do you notice any traces of irony in the description of the small events of his house building? Do you think the author meant it as a satire on most literature, as much as to say, "After all, they write only about the life of man, his building, food raising, etc; and in this democratic country, why is not one man's life as good as another's?" Or does the author think that all human acts are of epic dignity when honest?

LXXIX.—BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

1. Break, break, break,
   On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
   The thoughts that arise in me.

2. Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
   That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
   That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on,
   To the haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
   And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
   At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
   Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

For Preparation.—I. Have you read Tennyson's "In Memoriam," in which he portrays his grief and consolation for the death of his friend Hallam? This poem is an expression of the same grief. Compare this with the elevation of his "Ode on the Death of Wellington" (CXLIV.), or "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (LXV.). Tennyson was a master of meter, and never allowed the rules of meter to cramp the expression of his thought.

II. Breăk, grāy, tŏngue (tŭng), a-rīṣe′, thoughts (thawts), sāil′-or, bōat, toŭch.

III. Note the meter of the first line as compared with the others. It seems as though the poet makes the expression of grief cut off all short—unaccented—syllables in that line, and merely use the final accented one—break, break, break (see XCVIII., vi.). Note the accented ones in the following lines: cold, stones, sea, would, tongue, utter, thoughts, arise, me. These are the essential words.

IV. Haven, stately, tender grace.

V. "Under the hill." Does the poet seem to locate himself in view of the sea? What is the pathos—pathetic quality—in the word "cold" (gray stones)? What contrast does the presence of shouts from the playing children and the song of the sailor lad suggest to his mind? (A voice that is still.) Also the coming in of the ship (safe return)? "Tender grace" (when he touched the vanished hand). Does the poet suggest any consolation?

LXXX.—WALDEN POND.

1. The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented

it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity, as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres—a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation.

2. The surrounding hills rise abruptly from the water to the height of forty to eighty feet, though on the southeast and east they attain to about one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet respectively, within a quarter and a third of a mile. They are exclusively woodland. All our Concord waters have two colors at least, one when viewed at a distance, and another, more proper, close at hand. The first depends more on the light, and follows the sky. In clear weather, in summer, they appear blue at a little distance, especially if agitated, and at a great distance all appear alike. In stormy weather they are sometimes of a dark slate color. The sea, however, is said to be blue one day and green another, without any perceptible change in the atmosphere.

3. I have seen our river, when, the landscape being covered with snow, both water and ice were almost as green as grass. Some consider blue "to be the color of pure water, whether liquid or solid." But, looking directly down into our waters from a boat, they are seen to be of very different colors. Walden is blue at one time and green at another, even from the same point of view. Lying between the earth and the heavens, it partakes of the color of both. Viewed from a hilltop it reflects the color of the sky, but near at hand it is of a yellowish tint next the shore where you can see the sand,

3. And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

[illegible]

[illegible] humble scale, and, [illegible] much to grandeur, [illegible] not long frequented [illegible] it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity, as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres—a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation.

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then a light green, which gradually deepens to a uniform dark green in the body of the pond. In some lights, viewed even from a hilltop, it is of a vivid green next the shore.

4. Some have referred this to the reflection of the verdure; but it is equally green there against the railroad sand bank, and in the spring, before the leaves are expanded, and it may be simply the result of the prevailing blue mixed with the yellow of the sand. Such is the color of its iris. This is that portion, also, where in the spring the ice, being warmed by the heat of the sun reflected from the bottom, and also transmitted through the earth, melts first and forms a narrow canal about the still frozen middle.

5. Like the rest of our waters, when much agitated in clear weather, so that the surface of the waves may reflect the sky at the right angle, or because there is more light mixed with it, it appears at a little distance of a darker blue than the sky itself; and at such a time, being on its surface, and looking with divided vision, so as to see the reflection, I have discerned a matchless and indescribable light blue, such as watered or changeable silks and sword blades suggest, more cerulean than the sky itself, alternating with the original dark green on the opposite sides of the waves, which last appeared but muddy in comparison.

6. It is a vitreous greenish blue, as I remember it, like those patches of the winter sky seen through cloud vistas in the west before sundown. Yet a single glass of its water held up to the light is as colorless as an equal quantity of air. It is well known that a large plate of glass will have a green tint, owing, as the makers say, to its "body," but a small piece of the same

will be colorless. How large a body of Walden water would be required to reflect a green tint, I have never proved.

7. The water of our river is black, or a very dark brown, to one looking directly down on it, and, like that of most ponds, imparts to the body of one bathing in it a yellowish tinge; but this water is of such crystalline purity that the body of the bather appears of an alabaster whiteness, still more unnatural, which, as the limbs are magnified and distorted withal, produces a monstrous effect, making fit studies for a Michaelangelo.

Henry D. Thoreau.

For Preparation.—I. Walden Pond, near the village of Concord, Mass. See Thoreau's "Battle of the Ants" (XLV.), and "Ascent of Mount Ktaadn" (VI.). Have you read any of his books relating to the Maine woods, Cape Cod, or Canada? "Our river" (3) (Concord river). "Fit studies for a Michaelangelo"—who is referred to, and what are "fit studies"? (The artist attempts a sketch from nature, either for the sake of practice, or for use in a larger work; this is called a study.)

II. Sçēn′-er-y, hŭm′-ble, s̶cāle, beaū′-ti-fụl (bū′-), grăn′-deur (-dure), fre-quĕnt′-ed, ā′-cres (-kerz), blūe, ăġ′-i-tā-ted, ap-pēar′, wĕath′-er, ăt′-mos-phēre, view (vū), lȳ′-ing, re-fẽrred′, diş·c̀ẽrned′ (dĭz-zẽrnd′), chärġe′-a-ble, c̶ry̆s′-tal-līne.

III. Correct "It is like them patches"; "An single glass of it's waters' are colorless as air."

IV. Concern, circumference, perennial, inlet, evaporation, abruptly, respectively, exclusively, landscape, gradually, uniform, "body of the pond," vivid, reflection, verdure, expanded, prevailing, iris, transmitted, agitated, "right angle," "divided vision," reflection, cerulean, alternating, original, opposite, comparison, vitreous, vistas, alabaster, magnified, distorted, monstrous.

V. Why call the lake a "well" (1)? (Because of its depth.) Does the author seem to you in earnest in his description of minute details? Do not these details seem trivial? (See LXXVII., notes.) Are there not just as important details about every pond in the world? (The great interest in Walden Pond is due almost solely to Thoreau.)

LXXXI.—LOCHINVAR.

1. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long wooed your daughter—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

5. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. From "Marmion" (sung by Lady Heron to King James IV.) (V.). (See XXVI for the beginning of "Marmion.") **Find, on your map, the Esk River (empties into the Solway Firth);—Cannobie (on the south bank of the Esk, near the English border).**

II. **Lŏch-in-vär′, wĕap′-onş, dăunt′-less, knīght (nīt), găl′-lant (and gal-lănt′), mĕas′-ure (mĕzh′-ur), coŭş′-in (kŭz′n), māid′-enş (mād′nz), trĕad, sīgh, Græmes (grāmz).**

III. Dauntless (*less?*), faithful (*ful?*), boldly (*ly?*). What is omitted in *they'll?*

IV. Border, broadsword, brake, consented, laggard, dastard, craven, denied, "bonnet and plume," charger, quoth, clan, quaffed.

V. "Over bank, bush, and scäur" (or "scar," a precipice), galliard (gay dance). Mark the feet and the accented syllables in the 1st stanza.

LXXXII.—HOW TO RENDER IMPASSIONED IDEAS.

These include such strong passions as anger, defiance, revenge, hatred, terror, intense scorn, remorse and shame, and the extreme degree of the better feelings of courage, joy, grief, etc.

The reading of this class is characterized by no *new* vocal elements, but by the *extreme degree* of all the elements of speech: "*very loud force*," "*very long slides*," "*very abrupt stress*," "*very long quantity*," "*very wide compass* of voice." The "volume" and "quality" of voice change to suit the dignity or meanness of the passion.

IMPASSIONED EARNESTNESS.

"Suffer not yourselves to be *betrayed*ˋ with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this *gracious*ˇ reception of our petition comports with those WARLIKEˋ preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are ***fleets***ˇ and **ARMIES**ˇ necessary to a work of *love*ˇ and *reconciliation*ˇ? Have we shown ourselves so *unwilling*ˇ to be **reconciled, that**

FORCEˇ must be called in to win back our love? Let us not be *deceived*ˋ, sir. These are the implements of WARˋ and SUBJUGATIONˋ—the *last*ˋ arguments to which *kings*ˋ resort."

(*Patrick Henry.*)

INDIGNATION AND SCORN.

"Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

"Oh, shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the history of ages, when, had you but hurled
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world—

"That then—oh, disgrace upon manhood!—e'en then
You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath;
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!"

(*From "To the Neapolitans," by Thomas Moore*)

IMPASSIONED GRIEF.

In impassioned expression, not pathetic, the slides are very long, rising and falling through the wide interval of "*the octave.*" These slides, shortened a *semitone*, express impassioned *grief* and *tenderness.* The most emphatic words require also the "*tremulous vanishing stress.*"

EXAMPLE.

Arthur is rightful heir to the English throne, and King John, his uncle, has induced Hubert, his chamberlain, to murder the little prince in the most cruel way, by burning out his eyes with hot irons.

Arthur—An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hubert (*to attendants*)—Come forth! Do as I bid you do.

Arthur—Oh, save me, Hubert—save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert—Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur—Alas! What need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

(*From " King John," Shakespeare.*)

IMPASSIONED JOY.

In addition to "very loud force" and "very long slides," and the usual "*pure* tone," the extreme degree of joy requires the "quick swelling" and rapidly "*tremulous* stress" to give it passionate fervor. The pitch is high.

EXAMPLE.

When officers and men have given up all hope of relief, and are bravely awaiting a horrible death, Jessie Brown, a corporal's wife, made doubly sensitive to sound by sickness, hears the far-off music of the Scotch regiments sent to their succor, and shouts:

"'The Highlanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'?
The McGregors! Oh, I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a'.

"'God bless the bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!' she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood tide."

(*From " The Relief of Lucknow," by Robert T. S. Lowell.*)

LXXXIII.—HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE PROSE.

1. From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy Burton's "Historical Collections."

2. "Plutarch's Lives" I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal events of my life.

3. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an incli-

nation, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother.

4. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books.

5. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

6. After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads.

7. One was called the "Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad style; and, when they were printed, he sent me about town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event, being recent, having made a great noise.

8. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet—most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

9. About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand.

10. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

11. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original, I discovered many faults, and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly, in time, come to be a tolerable English writer—of which I was extremely ambitious.

12. My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant.* He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us.

13. Hearing their conversation, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing house.

14. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us

for learning and ingenuity. I suppose, now, that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that, perhaps, they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Benjamin Franklin.

For Preparation.—I. This extract is taken from "Franklin's Autobiography." The method here described has been followed by many who have "learned to write prose." Dr. Johnson, the celebrated critic, said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The best of Addison's essays appeared in the *Spectator*, a daily periodical edited by himself and Steele, and the most famous that ever appeared in England. "Plutarch's Lives" (of the great men of Greece and Rome). "De Foe"—have you read his "Robinson Crusoe"? "Grub Street" (in London, inhabited by writers of popular ballads, histories, etc.; any low production was called "Grub Street").

II. De-līght′-ed, sūit′-a-ble, rĕad′-i-ness, ac-quīred′, făn′-çy-ing, dis-guīṣe′, prĭnt′-ing house, bo͝ok′-sĕll-erṣ, bĕg′-garṣ, rhyme (rīm).

III. Explain the use of capitals in the words *New England Courant*, "Essays to do Good," Boston, English, Dr. Măth′-er'ṣ.

IV. What is the difference in meaning between *principal* and *principle?* Explain the meaning, in your own words, of hankering, apprehended, indentures, proficiency, frequented, occasional (for occasions), tolerable, ingenious, commented.

V. Dr. Franklin's style is famous for its simplicity, directness, and idiomatic strength. It is, however, possible to find many slight blemishes, as, for example, where he sits up "the greatest (greater?) part of the night."

LXXXIV.—TRANSLATION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall feel no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison.

For Preparation.—I. A paraphrase, rather than a "translation," of the Twenty-third Psalm. The 1st verse corresponds to the first as numbered in King James's version of the Bible; the 2d to the second and third; the 3d to the fourth; the 4th to the fifth and sixth. Is the imagery of this psalm suggestive of the city or of the country? What employment and surroundings?

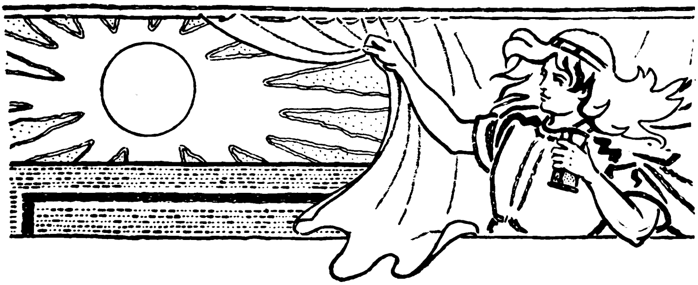
II. Shĕp′-herd (-ẽrd), guärd (gärd), guīde (gīd).

III. Mark off into feet the lines of the 1st stanza, showing the syllables where the accent falls.

IV. Glebe, meads, crook, beguile, sultry, "sudden greens," "the barren wilderness shall smile."

V. Compare this translation with King James's version, and make note of the expression wherein the latter is stronger or more vivid than the former; also wherein the former is more systematic. Contrast the force of expression in "Though in the paths of death I tread" and "Though I

walk through the valley of the shadow of death." What thoughts in either version are not expressed at all in the other? A distinguished preacher says of this psalm: "David has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but, as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eye, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen; so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the seashore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illuminated; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again."



LXXXV.—A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

1. Noon by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble

and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a rough time of it! And among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health.

3. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

4. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

5. At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall, at muster day I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, "Here it is,

gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen! walk up, and help yourselves!"

6. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat! You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jellyfish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations—which he drained from no cup of mine.

7. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

9. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

10. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire water burst upon the red men, and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt

down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark.

11. Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meetinghouse which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets.

12. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings.

And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

13. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Note.—In cases where a long and difficult lesson is met with, it is suggested that the piece be treated as a whole, but considered, first, in regard to its words (spelling and pronunciation); second, in regard to forms and technicalities (language lessons); third, in regard to the meaning of the words *as they are used in the piece;* fourth, the historical, biographical, and other allusions; fifth, the style and thought of the piece; sixth, its elocution. In this way a piece like the one here given may profitably occupy the time of six recitations, and the pupil learn more from it than from a dozen easy pieces.

For Preparation.—I. The author of this piece ranks as the first of American prose writers. Explain the allusions to "March meeting" (1) (for choosing town officers); "town treasurer" (2); "dramseller on the mall at muster day" (măll, a public shaded walk); "Cognac" (5); "Endicott" and "Winthrop" (11); "Sagamore" (12). Locate Salem on your map (the scene of this "stream of eloquence"), and the other places mentioned.

II. Explain spelling and pronunciation of trough (trawf), phy-şĭ′-cian (fĭ-zĭsh′un), Ꞓo′-gnaꞓ (kōn′yȧk), fī′-er-y, fĕr′-ule (fĕr′rĭl), lēaf-strewn (-strụn), prĕ′-cious (prĕsh′us), buşi′-ness (bĭz′nes), çĕl′-larş, o͞ozed, rĕm-i-nĭs′-çen-çeş.

III. Explain the composition of the words tiptop, manifold, rightfully, outcry, darksome, immemorial.

IV. Give, in your own words, the meaning of perpetuity, guardian, promulgating, municipality, trudged, potations, rubicund, miniature, Tophet, hospitality, titillation of the gout (see XLVIII., note I.), vicinity, consecrated, interrupt, replenish.

V. Who is talking in this piece? Explain the metaphors, "birthplace of waters, now their grave" (12); "stream of eloquence" (13). Explain the assertions in verses 2, 3, 4, and 5, showing in what sense the Pump can boast of being "the head of the fire department," "physician of the board of health," etc., etc. Follow out the personification of the Pump in each verse. Note the style of the piece, and account for its liveliness. Change one of the paragraphs into a dull, monotonous one, expressing the same ideas.

LXXXVI.—THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

5. And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

6. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

7. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife—
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

For Preparation.—I. An extract from "Childe Harold," Canto III. Locate on the map the scenes of this poem. How far from Belgium's capital? (LXXXVIII.). "Lochiel"; "Albyn's hills, and her Saxon foes"; "Cameron's Gathering"; "pibroch"; "Evan's, Donald's fame"—explain these allusions. This forest of Ardennes (probably the same as Shakespeare's forest of Arden) is the wood of Soignies. Have you read, in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," the description he gives of this night in Brussels? (The occasion was the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. Wellington told his officers to be present, as he wished to conceal from the people of Brussels the near approach of the battle.)

II. Chĭv′-al-ry (shĭv′-), vo-lŭp′-tu-oŭs, glōw′-ing, squa̤d′-ron, Lŏch-iēl′, Al′-byn (ăl′bin), pi̤′-broch, Ar-dĕnnes′ (-dĕn′), griēv′-ing, vẽr′-dure, bur′-i-al (bĕr′rĭ-al).

III. Explain the effect of the dashes and exclamation points in this piece.

IV. Revelry, chivalry, squadron, impetuous, clansman, blent (blended).

V. Note the coloring of the picture: first, the revelry; beauty and chivalry; happy hearts; music and merry social intercourse; each one absorbed in the pleasure of the moment, thoughtless of the welfare of the country or of the affairs of the nation; then, the sudden warning sound; the anxious questioning; the thoughtless and gay ridicule the alarm that is caused, resist the serious feeling that arises, and urge the renewal of the dance; but the sound grows nearer and clearer, and all become aware of the fact that the French army has attacked the forces of Wellington, posted within ten miles of the capital. The overwhelming interest of the occasion: all Europe looking on the last struggle with Napoleon; Napoleon, the great military genius of the age, and the French nation enthusiastic and devoted in his cause; his soldiers inspired with confidence by a hundred victories. On the other hand, the proud and stubborn English arrayed under their always successful leader, Wellington, "he that gained a hundred fights, nor ever lost an English gun" (from Tennyson's *Ode*—CXLIV.); who had defeated, one after another, Napoleon's best generals in the Spanish peninsula; the only man who had proved himself able to cope with the forces of Napoleon. Now, for the first time, Napoleon and Wellington meet face to face, and the solemn attention of the civilized world is fixed on the issue. If Napoleon is victorious, he will crush the English army, and then the German army, and no further opposition can be made to his power, which will then be supreme in Western Europe. In the 3d stanza (as here arranged—one being omitted because it breaks the connection by introducing a biographical item regarding Brunswick's chieftain), note private griefs caused, and in the next observe the contrast: all minds concentrated on the one great object, forgetful now of private interests and pleasure, fully aware of the immense importance of the battle now begun. In the 5th stanza, the martial music of the Scotch is described, to give coloring to the picture. Then, Ardennes' green leaves, and Nature's tear-drops, and the closing scene. The poem lays more stress on the private interest than on the national; it is more pathetic than patriotic; but, on the whole, it is the greatest of martial poems.

LXXXVII.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1. Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain; and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

2. The battle of Waterloo—and this gave Blücher time to come up—could not be commenced before half past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness, so that the artillery could maneuver.

3. Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

4. How much fault is there on the part of Napoleon in the loss of this battle? His plan of battle was, all confess, a masterpiece. To march straight to the center of the allied line, pierce the enemy, cut them in two, push the British half upon Hal and the Prussian half upon Tongres, make of Wellington and Blücher two fragments, carry Mont-Saint-Jean, seize Brussels, throw the German into the Rhine and the Englishman into the sea—all this, for Napoleon, was in this battle. What would follow, anybody can see.

5. Those who would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo, have only to lay down upon the ground, in their mind, a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles; the right stroke is the road from Genappe; the cross of the A is the sunken road from Ohain to Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont-Saint-Jean—Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougomont—Reille is there, with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is La Belle Alliance—Napoleon is there.

6. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets and cuts the right stroke, is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this cross is the precise point where the

final battle word was spoken. There the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the supreme heroism of the Imperial Guard. The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle.

7. Both generals had carefully studied the plain of Mont-Saint-Jean, now called the plain of Waterloo. Already, in the preceding year, Wellington, with the sagacity of prescience, had examined it as a possible site for a great battle. On this ground, and for this contest, Wellington had the favorable side, Napoleon the unfavorable. The English army was above, the French army below.

8. Toward four o'clock the situation of the English army was serious. Hougomont yielding, La Haie Sainte taken, there was but one knot left—the center. That still held. Wellington reënforced it. He called thither Hill, who was at Merbe-Braine, and Chassé, who was at Braine-l'Alleud.

The center of the English army, slightly concave, very dense, and very compact, held a strong position. It occupied the plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean, with the village behind it, and in front the declivity, which at that time was steep.

9. Wellington, anxious but impassible, was on horseback, and remained there the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont-Saint-Jean, which is still standing, under an elm, which an Englishman, an enthusiastic vandal, has since bought for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried away.

10. Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aid-de-camp, Gordon, had just fallen at his

side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: "My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?" "*To follow my example*," answered Wellington. To Clinton he said, laconically, "*Hold this spot to the last man!*" The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria, and Salamanca: "*Boys, we must not be beat! What would they say of us in England?*"

11. About four o'clock the English line staggered backward. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared. The regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley, now crossed by the cow path of the farm of Mont-Saint-Jean; a retrograde movement took place; the battle front of the English was slipping away. Wellington gave ground. "Beginning retreat!" cried Napoleon.

12. At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flush of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignies, and destroyed—that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

13. The Emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

14. Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

15. Aid-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabers drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

16. An odd numerical coincidence—twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable.

17. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

18. There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers ap-

peared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

Victor Hugo.

For Preparation.—I. From "Les Misérables." The extracts are from Book II., "Cosette," Chapters III. to XIII. What battle is referred to by Austerlitz? Read some account of Blücher and Wellington;—of Ney. Find Hal and Tongres on the map (the one ten miles to the west, and the other forty-five miles to the east, of Waterloo).

II. Ma-neū′-ver (-nū′-), çĕn′-ter, sy̆m′-bol, plȧ-teau′ (-tō′), yiēld′-ing, ġĕn′-ius-es, lĭs′-tened (lĭs′nd), in-crēas′-ing, ăl-tĕr′-nate, mĕas′-ured (mĕzh′urd), fiērce (feers), cȧsques (cȧsks), mus-tȧch′-eş (-tȧsh′-), suf′-fīced′ (-fīzd′). (For the names, see page 263.)

III. Unseasonable (*un?*); overthrow (*over?*); crossing (*ing?*).

IV. Prostrated, sufficed, "scale of fortune," allied, fragments, precise, involuntary, supreme, triangle, preceding, sagacity, prescience, serious, re-enforced, concave, dense, compact, declivity, enthusiastic, Vandal, frigidly, laconically, retrograde, rallied, concealed, repulse, abruptly, courier, thunderbolt, enormous, squadrons, precision, battering-ram, coincidence, crest, standards.

V. "Allied line" (4): who were in alliance against Napoleon? Explain the allusions to Talavera, Vittoria, Salamanca (locations of Wellington's victories in Spain);—to Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, etc. (English victories in France, the two former by Edward the Black Prince, and the latter by Henry V.—Malplaquet and Ramillies by the Duke of Marlborough).

LXXXVIII.—THE DEFEAT AT WATERLOO.

1. All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the

English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

2. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French.

3. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pellmell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois's brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

4. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprised all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

5. Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

6. At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannon and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in numbers, grew greater in heart.

7. Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster. Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabers in their teeth and their pistols in their hands, the attack began.

8. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all his flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful. All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them.

9. This frigid infantry remained impassable. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank, the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again.

10. The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls

made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers; the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet.

11. The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

12. Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset—Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Domberg, with his German light horse; and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

13. The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

14. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these somber words, "Blücher,

or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frichemont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama.

15. The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments; the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling.

16. Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There is nothing more touching in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

17. Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

18. The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag fluttering about our eagles; all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout; they heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*" which had replaced the

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster, at every step. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

19. The rout behind the Guard was dismal. The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. The cry, "Treachery!" was followed by the cry, "*Sauve qui peut!*" A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Mysterious disintegration! Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" are now agape. He is hardly recognized.

20. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

21. They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

22. In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and

stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

Victor Hugo.

For Preparation.—I. The road from Brussels runs south nine miles to Waterloo village, then five miles farther to Mont-Saint-Jean, where it divides; one fork goes to the southwest through Hougomont, three miles distant, to Nivelles, five more; the other fork runs southerly two miles to La Haie Sainte; two more to La Belle Alliance; three more to Genappe; three more to Quatre-Bras. *Vive l'Empereur* (vēv lŏng-pĕr-ûr′).

II. Blü′-cher (German, nearly blụ′ker), Häl, Tongres (tonggr̄), Mont-Saint-Jean (mŏng-sȧng-zhŏng), Nivelles (nē-vĕll′), Genappe (zhŭh-năp′), Ohain (ō-hȧng′), Braine-l'Alleud (brān lăl lûh′), Hougomont (o͞o-go-mŏng′), Reille (rāl), La Belle Alliance (la bĕl ăl-le-ŏngs′), La Haie Sainte (la ā sȧngt), Merbe-Braine (mĕrb-brān), Chassé (shăs-sā′), Tā-lä-vẹ′-rȧ, Soignies (swȧn-yē′), Poi-tiērş′ (French, pwȧ-tī-ā′), Malplaquet (măl-plă-kā′), Milhaud (mē-yō′), Ney (nā), Bĕ̃r-närd′ (French, bĕr-när′), Du-bois′ (French, dụ-bwä′), Delord (deh-lôr′), Wathier (vä-te-ā′), Bĕ̃r-trănd′ (French, bĕr-trŏng′), c̶uï-rȧs-siērş′ (kwē-), çhȧs′-sẽurş (shȧs′sẽrz), aid-de-camp (ād′-deh-kăng).

III. Symmetrical (*sym ?*); unmanageable (*un* and *able ?*).

IV. Tragic, culminating, extermination, ravine, fathoms, projectile, inexorable, abyss, contingency, artillery, decimated, diminished, presentiment, battalion, infantry, breaches, cavalry, annihilated, spiked, colossal, dismantled, extermination, acclamations, "tricolored flag," carnage, disbanding, disintegration, caissons, "somnambulist of a vanished dream."

V. "*Sauve qui peut!*" (sōv kē pûh) ("Save himself who can!").

LXXXIX.—THE SUBLIMITY OF GOD.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

2. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

3. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

4. Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

5. Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

6. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

7. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

8. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

9. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

10. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

11. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

12. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

13. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

15. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

17. Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.

19. He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

20. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

21. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

22. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

23. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

25. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

27. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

28. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

29. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

30. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

31. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

Psalm CIV.

For Preparation.—I. This is the most sublime description in literature; it represents the greatest possible contrast between visible things and the power that moves and sustains them, and it portrays this power not as an abstract force, but as a person with human form.

II. Măj′-es-ty, foun-dā′-tions̤, moun′-tains̤ (-tĭnz), văl′-leys̤, cȯv′-er-edst, in-nū′-mer-a-ble, çē′-dars̤.

III. Select the words in which *st* or *est* indicates that a person is addressed, and present time;—in which *th* or *eth* indicates a person spoken of, in the present time;—in which *dst* indicates a person addressed, and past time.

IV. Chariots, quench, manifold, habitation, leviathan.

V. What allusion to the deluge, in the 6th verse? Make a list of things mentioned as caused by the Lord in this psalm. "Cedars of Lebanon"—grew on what mountains? Why the change in verses 10 to 19 from "thou" to "he"? (for the sake of variety in the music of the words—*est* for *eth?* or for agreement with the other clauses that describe the objects created and which use *eth*—referring to things spoken of?) What allusion to volcanoes, in the 32d verse?

XC.—POETIC READING.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

Poetry is the union of speech and music. It combines the logical worth of prose with the metric form of song; and though the logical part may predominate in some poems, and the musical in others, yet, in all the best poetry, these two elements blend in perfect harmony.

No reading is tolerable which habitually violates either the sense or the measure. For if the meter alone is marked, without regard to the thoughts, the reading becomes senseless "singsong"; and if the ideas are given with no observance of the measure, poetry is degraded to mere prose.

Good reading, then, must give THE MEANING and THE MEASURE in unison, so far as the poet has harmonized them.

Now, that part of poetry which it possesses in common with prose—viz., the *sense*—must be read precisely as it should be in prose. The same principles of logical and emotional analysis, and the same lights and shades of vocal expression, must be used. The distinctive ideas must be read with the same emphatic force and slides which individuate the important points in good prose speaking or reading. This will go far to break up the "false gallop of verse," and preserve the logical side of poetry.

But the *metric form* of poetry shows its kinship to music also. The lights and shades of accent and time, which make but irregular rhythm even in the most poetic prose, are molded into *equable measure* and *regular recurrence* in poetry. Rhythm is thus raised to *law.*

Now, this *musical* side of poetry, with its great variety of metric and rhythmic forms, can not be well read without some intelligent appreciation of the special *meter* and *rhythm* in which a given poem has been written.

II.—METER AND RHYTHM.

The *metric unit* by which poetry is measured is called a "FOOT." Each perfect line is composed of a certain number of *equal parts*, or "FEET." Each *standard foot* has *one accented* syllable and *one* or *two unaccented* syllables. The accented syllable may be the *first* or the *last* in a foot.

In time, the accented syllables are long and the unaccented are short.

We have thus *four feet*, differing from each other in accent or in time, and alike only in this, that each has *one* accented long syllable. These four are the "regular" or standard *feet* in English verse: two dissyllabic, and two trisyllabic.

Meter, as we use the term, more strictly refers to the *number* of feet in the respective lines, and varies with the number of the *accented* syllables.

Rhythm refers to the *kind* of feet, and varies with the *number* and *time* of the *unaccented* syllables and the *place* of the *accent* in the feet.

III.—REGULAR FEET.

The Regular Dissyllabic Feet.

FIRST KIND.

"The way′ | was long′, | the wind′ | was cold′."

In this line, from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the four accents give the meaning, and the meter also, of *four feet.* This foot of two syllables, with the accent on the last, is called, in prosody, an "*iam′bus*," and the rhythm of such feet "*iambic.*"

SECOND KIND.

"Tell′ me | not′, in | mourn′ful | num′bers."

In this line, from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," the same number of accents as in the line above give the *same* meter of "*four feet*"; but the *accent* falls on the *first* of the two syllables in each foot, and thus the *rhythm* is *changed.*

This foot is named, in prosody, a "*trochee*" (trō′kē), and the rhythm of such feet "*trochā′ic.*"

The Regular Trisyllabic Feet.

FIRST KIND.

"Like the leaves′ | of the for′- | est when Sum′- | mer
is green′."

In this line, from "The Destruction of Sennacherib," by Lord Byron, we have twelve syllables, but the same number of natural accents as in the lines of only eight syllables above, and so the same *number* of feet, or "meter." But the *rhythm* and the *measure* are greatly *changed* by the *double number* of *unaccented short* syllables in these "four feet."

This trisyllabic foot, with the accent on the *last* syllable, is commonly named an "*anapest,*" and the rhythm of such feet "*anapestic.*"

SECOND KIND.

"Bird′ of the | wil′derness,
Blithe′some and | cum′berless,
Sweet′ be thy | mat′in o'er | moor′land and | lea′!
Em′blem of | hap′piness,
Blest′ is thy | dwell′ing place!
Oh′, to a- | bide′ in the | des′ert with | thee′!"

In these lines, from "The Lark," by James Hogg, the *meter changes* from two feet to four in every third line; while the *rhythm* is the *same*, except in the *last* foot of the longer lines. Note, in reading, how pleasantly the one long syllable, "*lea,*" "*thee,*" breaks the monotony of the regular foot.

This foot of three syllables, with the *accent* on the *first*, is called a "*dactyl,*" and the rhythm of such feet "*dactylic.*"

IV.—IRREGULAR FEET.

Used for Rhythmic Variety.

Every poem in the English language of any character, whatever the meter, is founded on one or another of the *four* "*regular feet*" illustrated above, and on one of the two kinds of standard measure, viz., "the dissyllabic" or "the trisyllabic."

In the regular lines of any poem, every foot has the same *number* of syllables, and the *same place* of the *accent*, as well as the same time.

But this perfect *regularity* of any standard measure, which so pleases the ear for a while, becomes disagreeable *sameness* if not in some way varied now and then. Hence the frequent use of *irregular feet* in the place of the regular, as substitutes, having the *same standard time*, but varying in the number of their syllables, or in the place of the accent, from the regular foot.

First, *the monosyllabic foot*, as "*lea*" and "*thee*," in the lines above. This foot of one long emphatic syllable is a very important one, used as a substitute in both regular measures. Its time varies to suit the measure in which it occurs. Here, in "The Lark," it fills the time of the *three syllables* in the regular foot; while in the alternate lines of the "Psalm of Life" it fills the *dissyllabic* measure:

> "Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
> Life′ is | but′ an | emp′ty | *dream′*."

Second, *the dissyllabic foot*, used for the trisyllabic, as in the following line from the same poem, "The Lark":

> "*Thy lay′* | is in heaven′, | *thy love′* | is on earth′."

Observe the changes in the grouping and in the accent of the syllables, and note, by the ear, how perfectly the *meter* and *measure* are *preserved*, while the *rhythm* is thus happily *varied.*

In the trisyllabic measure quoted from Byron, the same foot of *two syllables* comes in, at intervals, to change the rhythm, and give relief from the dancing measure of the "regular feet":

"Like the leaves′ of the for′est when Au′tumn hath
blown′,
That host′ on the mor′row lay with′ered and strown′."

"For the an′gel of Death′ spread his wings′ on the blast′,
And breathed′ in the face′ of the foe′ as he passed′!"

The rhythm is still further varied, within the same measure, by accenting the *middle* syllable of the trisyllabic foot, and again by adding a fourth, when the four syllables can be read in the same metric time as the ordinary three, as in the "Cataract of Lodore," by Southey, or in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." The meter of the latter is *two feet*, trisyllabic, with the accent on the *first* syllable in the *standard foot*, as in the first and third lines:

"Take′ her up | ten′derly!
Lift′ her with | care′!
Fash′ioned so | slen′derly,
Young′, and so | fair′."

"Own′ing her | weak′ness,
Her e′vil | behav′ior."

"The bleak′ | winds of March′
Made her trem′- | ble and shiv′er."

"Alas′! for the | rar′ity
Of Chris′tian | char′ity
Un′der the | sun′."

Yet we have, in these few lines of the *same meter* and *measure*, almost *every variety* of the metric foot (in form) known in English verse, from *one* syllable to *four*, with the accent on each in turn except the fourth; and it might as well have been given to a fourth, as it actually is in the same metric time in the second foot of Byron's line:

"The Assyr′- | *ian came down′* | like the wolf′ | on the fold′."

In *dissyllabic measure*, the irregular feet are the *monosyllabic* and the *trisyllabic;* while the changes from the one dissyllabic foot to the other—that is, the changes in the place of the accent—are so frequent that it is not always easy to tell which is the regular foot.

While, in Milton's "L'Allegro," the prevalent foot is the "trochee," *two syllables* with *accent* on the *first*, in *four-feet* meter, yet about *one half* of the lines have seven syllables, with one *monosyllabic foot;* as,

"Haste′ thee, | nymph′, and | bring′ with | thee′;"

and nearly a *third* of the feet have the accent on the *last* syllable instead of the first syllable in the foot.

"Then′ to | come′ in | spite′ of | sor′row,
And′ at my | win′dow | bid′ good- | mor′row."

The first line in the last couplet is regular. The four feet have each the number of syllables and the accent of the *prevalent foot.* In the second line, note the irregular foot of *three* syllables—"And′ at my"—and how smoothly it flows into the dissyllabic measure.

"Then′ to the | well′-trod | stage′ | anon′,
If Jon′- | son's learn′- | ed sock′ | be on′,
Or sweet′- | est Shake′- | speare, Fan′- | cy's child′,
War′ble | his na′- | tive wood′- | notes wild′."

In the first line we have *both substitutes*—the foot of *three syllables*, and the foot of *one emphatic* syllable—and a change of the accent on the *last* foot; and in the last line the change of the accent on the *first* foot.

These irregular feet, and the changes in the place of the accent in the regular measure, are valuable for the larger freedom they give to the poet in his choice of words, as well as for their rhythmic variety. Shakespeare's "heroic measure" is so often varied by these changes to suit the infinite variety of his thoughts and language, that his poetry reads with all the freedom of rhythmic prose, as well as with the smoothness which only perfect measure can give.

The regular meter is five dissyllabic feet, with the accent on the last syllable (iambic), as in these lines from "Henry V.":

> "If *we′* are marked′ to *die′*, we are′ enough′
> To do′ our *coun′try loss′;* and if′ to *live′*,
> The *few′er* men′ the *great′er* share′ of *hon′or*."

Only the last foot is irregular, having an extra syllable. But take the opening of Mark Antony's oration:

> "Friends′, | Ro′mans, | coun′trymen, | lend′ me | your ears′!
> I come′ to bur′y Cæ′sar, not′ to praise′ him.
> The e′vil that′ men do′ lives aft′er them′."

The last line is regular. In the first line only the last foot—"your ears′"—is regular. The first foot is *monosyllabic;* the second has the *accent* on the *first* syllable; the third foot has *three* syllables, and the *accent* on the *first;* and the fourth has the accent of the "trochee" also. In the second line the last foot has an extra syllable.

XCI.—MAN'S PHYSICAL AND MENTAL SUPERIORITY.

1. Man's grand distinction is his intellect—his mental capacity. It is this which renders him highly and peculiarly responsible to his Creator.

2. It is on account of this that the rule over other animals is established in his hands; and it is this, mainly, which enables him to exercise dominion over the powers of nature, and to subdue them to himself.

3. But it is true, also, that his own animal organization gives him superiority, and is among the most wonderful of the works of God on earth. It contributes to cause, as well as prove, his elevated rank in creation.

4. His port is erect, his face toward heaven, and he is furnished with limbs which are not absolutely necessary to his support or locomotion, and which are at once powerful, flexible, capable of innumerable modes and varieties of action, and terminated by an instrument of wonderful, heavenly workmanship—the human hand.

5. This marvelous physical conformation gives man the power of acting with great effect upon external objects in pursuance of the suggestions of his understanding, and of applying the results of his reasoning power to his own purposes. Without this particular formation he would not be a man, with whatever sagacity he might have been endowed.

6. No bounteous grant of intellect, were it the pleasure of Heaven to make such grant, could raise any of the brute creation to an equality with the human race.

7. Were it bestowed on the leviathan, he must remain, nevertheless, in the element where alone he could maintain his physical existence; he would still be but the in-

elegant, misshapen inhabitant of the ocean, "wallowing, unwieldy, enormous in his gait."

8. Were the elephant made to possess it, it would but teach him the deformity of his own structure, the unsightliness of his frame, though "the hugest of things," his disability to act on external matter, and the degrading nature of his own physical wants, which led him to the desert, and gave him for his favorite home the torrid flames of the tropics.

9. It was placing the king of Babylon sufficiently out of the rank of human beings, though he carried all his reasoning faculties with him, when he was sent away to eat grass like an ox.

Daniel Webster.

For Preparation.—I. "King of Babylon"—what king is referred to?

II. Phy̆ş′-ie-al (fĭz′-), sug-ġĕs′-tionş (-jes′chŭnz), un-wiēld′-y, ĕl′-e-phant, suf-fĭ′-cient-ly (-fish′ent-), fā′-vȯr-ĭte.

III. Innumerable (*in*, *ble?*); wonderful (*ful?*); bounteous (*ous?*); misshapen (*mis*, *en?*); inelegant (*in?*); disability (*dis?*).

IV. Distinction, intellect, capacity, peculiarly, responsible, established, dominion, subdue, organization, superiority, contributes, elevated, furnished, absolutely, locomotion, flexible, innumerable, varieties, terminated, instrument, marvelous, conformation, pursuance, applying, sagacity, bounteous, leviathan, maintain, inelegant, enormous, gait, deformity, unsightliness, degrading.

V. "Though 'the hugest of things'" (an intended quotation from Milton's description of the leviathan, "which God of all his works created hugest that swim the ocean stream").

XCII.—EACH AND ALL.

1. Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
While his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

2. All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

3. I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

4. The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.

5. I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

6. The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.

At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

7. Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—

8. As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;

9. Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

For Preparation.—I. The poems of Emerson are so elevated in their tone, and are so far removed from the jingle of rhyme and rhythm, and express such subtleties of thought, that a beginner makes very little "rhyme or reason" out of them. They belong to the class of literature called "oracles." Like the hymns of the Veda, the lyrics of Orpheus and of Pindar, or the Zoroastrian scriptures, they belong to a serene height, and will grow more and more in honor.

II. Hĕif′-er (hĕf′-), yiĕld′-ed, bŭb′-bleş, trĕas′-ureş (trĕzh′urz), vī′-o-let's brĕath (brĕth).

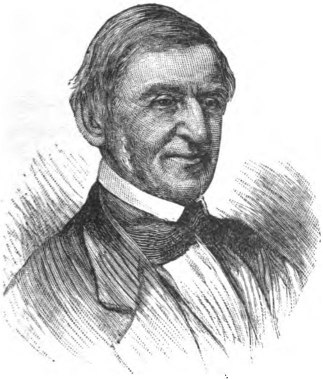
III. Make a list of twelve words with the prefixes *super* or *hyper* (meaning *over*); also a list of twelve words with the prefixes *sub* and *hypo* (meaning *under*); and a list of twelve, with *ante* or *pre* (meaning *before*), or with *post* (meaning *after*).

IV. Lows, deems, lists, argument, creed, enamel, hermitage, covet, inhaled, soared, enchantment, noisome.

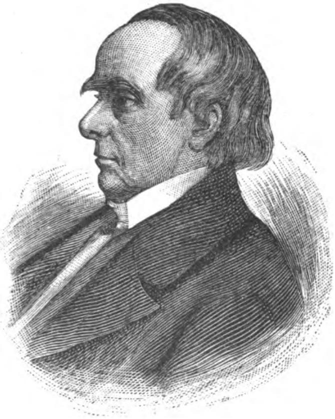
V. The thought of "Each and All" is that of the relation of dependence of the part upon the whole—a relation extending far beyond the knowledge of the individual; and the difference in degrees of insight or wisdom that people possess, lies just in their different powers of seeing things in their relation to the whole, and of seeing the whole itself. Standing on a hill, you see clown and heifer, unconscious that they add a charm to the landscape seen by you, as the sexton was unconscious of the delight given to Napoleon. A good life is a silent argument to strengthen your neighbor's good principles. *Each lives for all and all live for each*, whether we see the connecting links of it or not. As all the parts of the landscape contribute to the beauty of the whole (6 and 7), but no one is beautiful by itself, so it is with the individuals of society. The bird's song is just in place in the field or forest; the shell is prettier on the shore.—"The savage sea greeted"—as though the sea bellowed when it saw the shells escaping from its waves into my hands. "Woven still by the snow-white choir"—she looked more beautiful among the other maidens. "I covet truth"—i. e., in preference to all this *seeming* or *appearance* which is *lent* to things by their surroundings, and does not *belong* to them in reality; truth is their *reality*, in contrast to their *seeming*. But then (14) the question arose in the poet's mind, "Are these things true and real in their separate existence, or only in this very relation to other things which makes them *seem?*" The pine, the moss, the violet, oaks, firs, rivers, birds—all are necessary to the landscape, and each is dependent on something external to itself—dependent on its surroundings: the plants depend on the ground, and the water, and the air; the animals depend on the plants, water, and air; and the poet depends on them all, and likewise poetically enjoys the whole landscape, which would not be the delightful thing it is if you took away a single one of its elements: *Each is for all.*

XCIII.—RIP VAN WINKLE'S SLEEP.

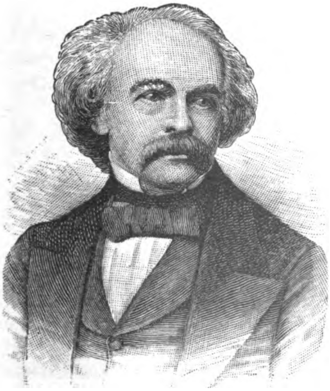
1. In a long ramble, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun.



EMERSON



WEBSTER



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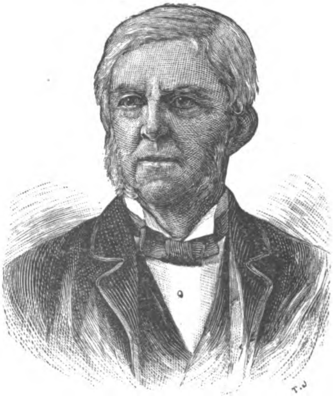

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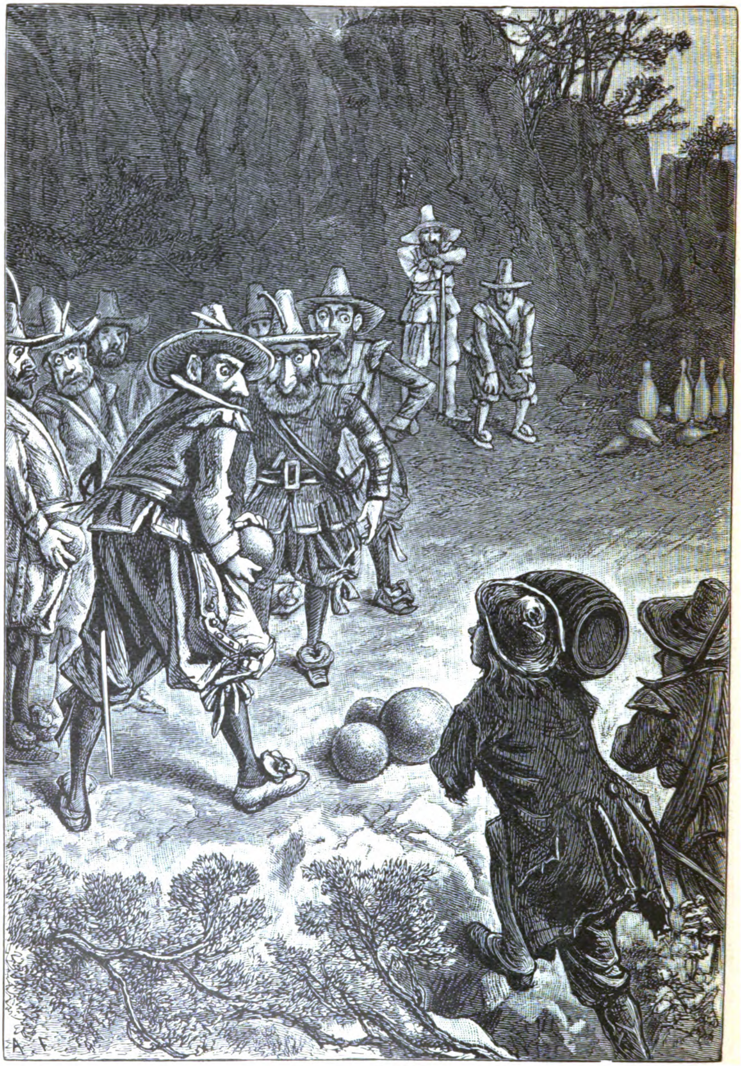

Rip Van Winkle.

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Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of the precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

2. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

3. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountains. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down the glen.

4. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and

bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

5. On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

6. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant; but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded.

7. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what

could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

8. On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail.

9. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

10. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

11. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

12. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Washington Irving.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Have you read Irving's "Sketch-Book" (famous for its beautiful style)? Where is the scene of this piece laid?—tell by the river and mountains. In what period of history? (Old colonial times, after the accession of George III., in 1760.) What are the "Highlands"?

II. Squir′-rel (skwĕr′-rel or skwĭr′rel), fa-tĭgued′ (-teēgd′), hal-lōō′-ing, as-çĕnd′-ed, dråught (dråft).

III. Meaning of *re* and *ed* in *re*ëcho*ed?*—of *in* and *ible* in *in*compre-hens*ible?*

IV. Explain knoll, skulked, grizzled, jerkin, alacrity, transient, amphitheater, doublets, hanger, uncouth, lackluster, flagons, "eyes swam in his head."

V. What connection between Rip's habit of drinking and the occurrences in the mountain is hinted at? Is a popular explanation of the thunder in the mountains intended in verse 10? "Excellent Hollands" (gin). Compare a verse of this piece with verses selected from XIII., LII., and LXXXV., and make a note of the differences in style, and in the mode of viewing the subject on the part of the author.

XCIV.—RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN.

1. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep: the strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon. "Oh! that flagon—that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

2. He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying beside him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

3. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some

difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up and entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

4. At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliff to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

5. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of

a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

6. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

7. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was

an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

8. He entered the house—which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

9. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

FOR PREPARATION.—I. The sleep of Rip Van Winkle had lasted from a few years before the war of the Revolution to a period after the formation of the Constitution—say from 1770 to 1790. Collect the expressions in the piece which determine the date.

II. Lĭq′-uor (lĭk′ẽr), wōe′-be-gŏne, găm′-bol, rheu̥′-ma-tĭşm (rü̥′-), mûr′-mur, sçĕp′-ter, ra-vïne′.

III. Why is the form *an* used before *old acquaintance* (6), and *a* before *foot long* (5)?

IV. Incrusted, roisters, tendrils, forlorn, abandoned, desolateness, metamorphosed. Paraphrase in your own words: "The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same."

V. Point out the passages of the piece which you think most notable for a graceful style.

XCV.—RIP VAN WINKLE'S RECOGNITION.

1. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity.

2. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village." "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I

am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king—God bless him!"

3. Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

4. "Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

5. "Oh! he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know. He never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too—was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

6. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by

treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does anybody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

7. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

8. "God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountains, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

9. The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

10. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool! the old man

won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

11. "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

12. There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

13. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors

stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

Washington Irving.

For Preparation.—I. Point out, on the map of New York, Stony Point (fortified by the Americans, but taken from them by the British, and again retaken by the Americans led by Wayne); Anthony's Nose (north entrance of the Highlands, fifty-seven miles above New York). "Cocked hat" (the American patriots turned up the brims of their hats). "Tory" (an American who adhered to the cause of Great Britain during the revolutionary struggle).

II. Tọmb′-stōne (tōōm′-), pŭz′-zled (-zld), pĕd′-dler.

III. Find in the above piece the examples of the use of a hyphen at the end of a line when it became necessary to divide a word, and explain in each case the reason for the division of the word at the letter selected.

IV. Austere, culprit, penetrating, enormous, counterpart, apparently, confounded. Paraphrase, in your own words, "He doubted his own identity." "Wink significantly," bewilderment, precipitation, comely, akimbo, faltering.

V. What is the attitude assumed by the author in this story—that of simple narrator, that of critical or skeptical historian, or that of the humorist who enjoys his silent laugh at the expense of the characters he describes? Characterize the author as well as you can from the specimens of his style given in these extracts. Compare him with Swift (Lessons L., LIII., LVII., in the Fourth Reader) and De Foe (Lessons XIX. and XXV. in the same).

XCVI.—BANNOCKBURN.

1. At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

2. But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:

3. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

4. "Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

5. "Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!

6. "Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

7. "By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

8. "Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!"

Robert Burns.

For Preparation.—I. "Bannockburn" (the site of Bruce's great victory over Edward II., 1314). Find this place on the map. Robert Burns composed this celebrated ode in 1793. Speaking of a tradition to the effect that the air to which he composed it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn, he says: "This thought in my yesternight's evening walk warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

II. Hēath (notice, in stanza 2, that *dĕath* and *brĕath* are made to rhyme with it; *die*, in 8, is pronounced *dee*), ve̱inş, u-şûrp′-er (*s* for *z*), tȳ′-rants, fōe, swōrd (sōrd). Hāe (hā); wha̤ (aw); fa̤.

III. Make a list of the Scotch words and contractions, and write opposite each its English equivalent (e. g., na = no; glinted = peeped; saul = soul; o' = of, etc.).

IV. Gory, servile, heralds, usurper.

V. Note the rhyme of the last words in the stanzas: east, addressed; victorie, slaverie; flee, me; free, die. Note also the alliteration: do, die; lay, low; fall, foe; wha, wi'; wham, welcome, etc. Carlyle says of this poem: "As long as there is blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode—the best, we believe, that ever was written by any pen."

XCVII.—THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

1. When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it hath not only wherewithal to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us, not degenerated nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again; entering the glorious ways of truth and virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.

2. Methinks I see, in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and

shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

3. Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength.

4. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?

5. She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious: those are the shifts and defenses that Error uses against her power.

6. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps; for then she speaks not true, but then, rather, she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the tune, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

John Milton.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Milton's prose style is esteemed for its strength, grace, and intellectual solidity. "Micaiah before Ahab" (1 Kings xxii.).

II. In-jū′-ri-oŭs-ly, fa̤lse′-ho͝od, vic-tō′-ri-oŭs, ĕr′-ror, cheer′-fu̇l-ness, whêre-with-a̤l′ (hwêr-), wrĭn̲′-kled (rĭn̲′kld), en-dăz′-zled (-zld), tĭm′-or-oŭs, twī′-līght (-līt).

III. Write a *receipt in full*, after the following form:

New York, *August* 22, 1877.

Received of John Murray, Agent of the Atlantic Insurance Company, Three Hundred and Twenty-five $\frac{31}{100}$ Dollars, in full of balance on settlement.

325\frac{31}{100}$. Theodore Harris.

IV. Discussion, "winds of doctrine," "licensing and prohibiting," encounter, policies, stratagems, adjured, controversy, betokens, puissant, "shaking her invincible locks," prognosticate, "sects and schisms."

V. "By licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength," etc. (i. e., by prohibiting free discussion, or by requiring licenses for it, we act as if we doubted the ability of Truth to stand free discussion, and thus we do harm). "So sprightly up" (spirited).

XCVIII.—POETIC READING.

V.—IMPERFECT OR UNACCENTED FEET.

Used to accommodate the Sense.

"The min′- | strel was | infirm′ | and old′."

The second foot in this line has no natural accent (that is, would have none in prose reading), and, as it has no long syllable, is wanting in metric time also. The pause after "minstrel," called the "cæsura," separates the two short syllables of this foot; and it should be passed over lightly in reading, with only a very delicate metric accent, if any, on "was." Such feet are measured, so far as they are measured at all, by time in the form of *rest* after the short syllables, as in music.

To attempt to make this foot equal in *accent* to the other feet would be offensive singsong; as,

"The min′- | strel *was′* | infirm′ | and old′."

"The last′ | of all′ | the bards′ | was he′
To sing′ | of bor′- | der chiv′- | alry."

"Untwist′- | ing all′ | the chains′ | that tie′
The hid′- | den soul′ | of har′- | mony."

The last feet in these couplets from Scott and Milton are wanting in accent and time, as well as in perfect rhyme, and the reader must not attempt to mend them by changing the words to "chival*rē*" and "harmo*nī*." We may find the same defective foot in Shakespeare occasionally, as in the second foot of the opening line of Portia's speech in "The Merchant of Venice":

"The qual′- | *ity* | of mer′- | cy is′ | not strained′";

or in the third foot of this line from Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of Wellington":

"In′ his | simplic′- | *ity* | sublime′."

Such feet are used for the sake of the words which best express the poet's thoughts, as the idea is more important than the measure; and the reader is not called on to show more wit in rendering, than the author has in writing, such lines.

But these unaccented feet are the rare exceptions, remember, and when read as they are written, to accommodate the sense, may serve, like the irregular feet, to break the monotony of the full measure.

VI.—EXAMPLES OF DIFFERENT METERS.

"The Skylark," by Shelley, is written in stanzas of five lines. Four have the meter of *three feet*, and the fifth is a double line of *six feet*. The standard measure is "*dissyllabic*," with the accent on the *first* syllable in the foot (*trochāic*), which changes to the *last* syllable in most of the longer lines, and elsewhere often enough to give rhythmic variety.

"Hail′ to thee, | blithe′ | spir′it—
Bird′ thou | nev′er | wert′—
That′ from | heaven′, or | near′ it,
Pour′est thy | full′ | heart′
In′ pro- | fuse′ strains | of un′- | premed′- | itat′- | ed art′!"

The feet in the third line only are regular, with *two syllables* in each foot, and the *accent* on the *first.*

Note the feet in the first and fourth lines. The first foot has *three syllables*, and the second, *one.* Mark how the accent brings *two* long *accented* syllables together (in separate feet), and thus gives a *peculiar dignity* to the rhythm. This occurs in several other lines in the poem; as,

"The *blue′* | *deep′* thou | wing′est."
"The *pale′* | *pur′*ple | *e′*ven."
"In′ the | *broad′* | *day′*light."
"From *one′* | *lone′*ly cloud′."
"Bet′ter | than *all′* | *meas′*ures."
"The *moon′* | *rains′* out | her beams′."

A whole line is sometimes made of the monosyllabic foot, as in Hood's "Song of the Shirt":

"Work′, | work′, | work′,
Till the brain′ | begins′ | to swim′."

The line has the three regular accents of the line following it, and should be read in the same time. The meter is *three feet*, dissyllabic measure. When such monosyllabic feet are made of a syllable which can not, in good taste, be prolonged, the time of the standard measure must be filled out by a *rest* after the word. Its unrelieved monotony fitly "echoes the sense" of the dolorous song. So, too, in Tennyson's

"Break′, | break′, | break′,
On thy cold′, | gray stones′, | O sea′!"—

the three emphatic syllables must fill, by *quantity* and *rest*, the metric time of the line which follows them. The *monotone* of the recurring waves, and of the poet's tender grief, is most effectively expressed by this repeated "monosyllabic foot."

Lines of more than *five feet* are usually but combinations of *two shorter* lines; as in Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry,"

"Now glo'ry to' the Lord' of hosts', from whom' all glo'-
ries are',"

of *seven* dissyllabic feet, with the accent on the *last* syllable. It might as well have been printed in lines of *four* and *three feet;* as,

"And glo'ry to' our sov'reign liege',
King Hen'ry of' Navarre'!"

Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" is written in long lines of fifteen syllables, with *seven* "dissyllabic feet" and *one* "monosyllabic foot," *accent* on the *first* (trochaic):

"Com'rades, leave' me here' a lit'tle, while' as yet' 'tis
ear'ly morn'."

But this is the same measure as *two lines* of *four-feet* meter; as thus,

"Yet' I doubt' not through' the a'ges
One' increas'ing pur'pose runs',
And' the thoughts' of men' are wi'dened
With' the pro'cess of' the suns'."

In this same rhythm and meter "The Raven," by Poe, is written, except that the long lines (or two short ones) have sixteen syllables.

As an example of a pleasing VARIETY OF METER, read "Ye Mariners of England," by Campbell. It is composed in stanzas of ten lines. *Six* of them are in *three-feet* meter, *three* of them in *four-feet*, and *one* line—the seventh—is in the meter of *two feet*. This seventh line has the trisyllabic measure, and rhythm also; while the standard measure is dissyllabic, with the accent on the *last* syllable:

"Ye mar′iners′ of Eng′land,
  That guard′ ′our na′tive seas′,
Whose flag′ has braved′, a thou′sand years′,
  The bat′tle and′ the breeze′,
Your glo′rious stand′ard launch′ again′,
  To match′ anoth′er foe′!
    And sweep′ through the deep′,
  While the storm′y winds′ do blow′;
While the bat′tle ra′ges loud′ and long′,
  And the storm′y winds′ do blow′."

VII.—THE CÆSURAL PAUSE.

The *pause* which usually separates one line from another, and which often comes in the middle of a line, is not an arbitrary part of verse, but simply the natural pause, used in prose as well, which *separates* important ideas. This pause, called "*the cæsura*" (the break, or rest), is not to be counted in the metric time of the feet. Its length depends on the emphasis and the independence of the ideas.

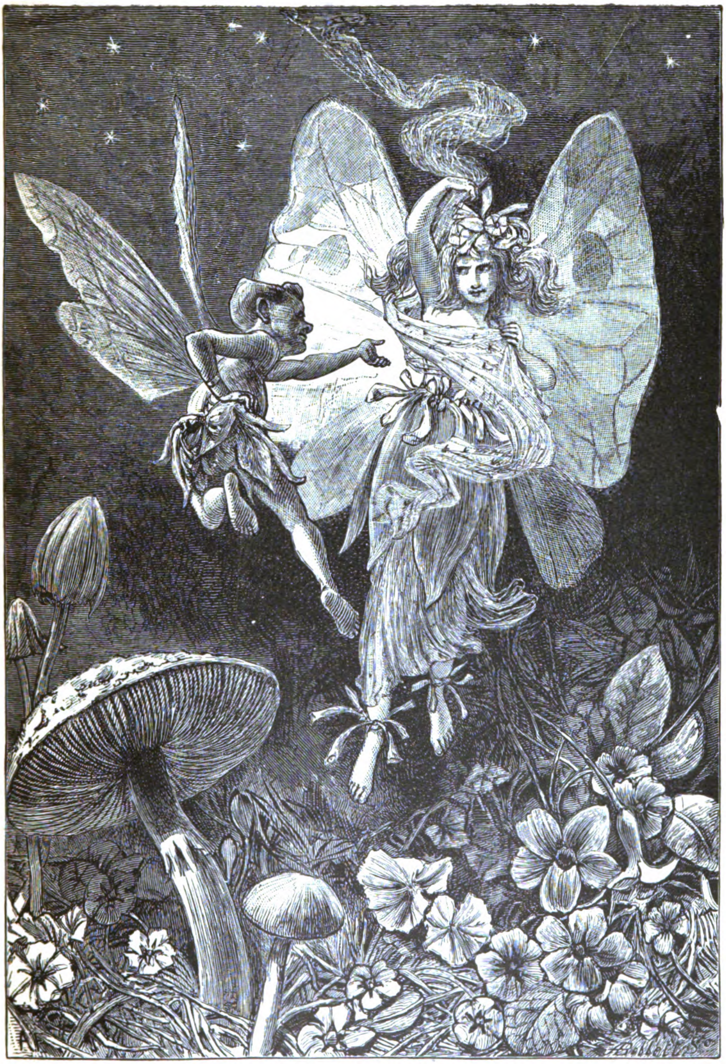
When a poem is very regular in rhythm, as "The Raven" and "Locksley Hall" are (that is, when the number of syllables and the accent of the feet are but rarely changed), this *pause* after the emphatic ideas is of very great use in calling the attention away from the too regular measure, and fixing it on the SENSE.

XCIX.—PUCK AND THE FAIRY.

Puck—How now, spirit—whither wander you?

Fairy—Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonés sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits! I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck—The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the lovéd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.



Puck and the Fairy.

(*Page* 300.)

Fairy—Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,
Misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are you not he?
Puck— Fairy, thou speak'st aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night. . . .
But room, Fairy—here comes Oberon!
Fairy—And here my mistress!—Would that he were
gone!

William Shakespeare.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. From the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act II., Scene 1. Puck serves the king, and the Fairy serves the queen of fairies. The king and queen are quarreling, and separate; Puck and the Fairy meet suddenly, as they are on errands for their superiors. "Cowslip's ear" (cow's-lip). The English cowslip differs how from the American?

II. Wạn′-der, spăṉ′-gled (spăng′-gld).

III. Note the old English *thorough* for *through*, *moonés* for *moon's*. (Here is an example of the use of the *es* denoting possession, which we always write '*s*, omitting the *e*.) Note, the meter requires two syllables in *moon-es*, and also in *lov-ed* (*és* and *éd* marked with ′ to show that they are to be pronounced as separate syllables).

IV. Pensioners, rubies, savors, "lob of spirits" (clown of spirits), "passing fell" (surpassingly malicious).

V. "Cowslips tall"—are cowslips tall flowers? One editor of Shakespeare has suggested that we read *all* for *tall*. "Gold coats"—an editor suggests, "In their gold cups spots you see." The original words that Shakespeare wrote are doubtful in many places; it is so easy for mistakes to be made in copying manuscripts, or in printing them. "They do square" (i. e., draw up in opposite lines to quarrel). "Labors in the quern" (in the hand mill, when it does not grind well). "No barm" (no yeast; i. e., does not ferment well).

C.—THE WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

1. The great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system—the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power. How grand the conception of the ages on ages required for several of the secular equations of the solar system; of distances from which the light of a fixed star will not reach us in twenty millions of years; of magnitudes, compared with which the earth is but a football; of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore; of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces, with a velocity compared with which the cannon ball is a wayworn, heavy-paced traveler!

2. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south; the steady

pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

3. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

6. But it is when we turn our observation and our thoughts from our own system to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces, that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the center of a system, as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns—centers of planetary systems—thousands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope.

7. Sir John Herschel, in the account of his operations at the Cape of Good Hope, calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be *distinctly counted* in a twenty-foot reflector in both hemispheres. He adds, "That the actual number is much greater, there can be little doubt." His illustrious father estimated, on one occasion, that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens, in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed into suns.

8. These stupendous calculations, however, form but the first column of the inventory of the universe. Faint white specks are visible even to the naked eye of a practiced observer in different parts of the heavens. Under high magnifying powers, several thousands of such spots are visible—no longer, however, faint white specks, but many of them resolved by powerful telescopes into vast aggregations of stars, each of which may with propriety be compared with the Milky Way of our system.

9. It may be thought that conceptions like these are calculated rather to depress than to elevate us in the scale of being; that, banished as he is by these contemplations to a corner of creation, and there reduced to an atom, man sinks to nothingness in this infinity of worlds. But a second thought corrects the impression. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire awe, but not abasement. Mind and matter are incommensurable. An immortal soul, even while clothed in this "muddy vesture of decay," is, in the eye of God and reason, a purer essence than the brightest sun that lights the depths of heaven. The organized human eye, instinct with life and spirit, which, gazing through the telescope, travels up to the cloudy speck in the handle of Orion's sword, and bids it blaze forth into a galaxy as vast as ours, stands higher in the order of being than all that host of luminaries. The intellect of Newton, which discovered the law that holds the revolving worlds together, is a nobler work of God than a universe of universes of unthinking matter.

10. If we adopt the supposition that the countless planetary worlds which attend these countless suns are the abodes of rational beings like man, instead of bringing back from this exalted conception a feeling of insignificance, as if the individuals of our race were but poor atoms in the infinity of being, I regard it, on the contrary, as a glory of our human nature that it belongs to a family, which no man can number, of rational natures like itself. In the order of being they may stand beneath us, or they may stand above us; *he* may well be content with his place who is made "a little lower than the angels."

Edward Everett.

For Preparation.—I. From a discourse delivered at Albany on occasion of the inauguration of Dudley Observatory, August 28, 1856. "Pointers" (the two stars in the so-called "Dipper" that point to the north star);

Plē′-ia-dēş (the so-called "Seven Stars"); **Jū′-pĭ-ter** (the largest planet of our system, ten times the diameter of the earth); **Lȳ′-rȧ** (the group or constellation of "the Harp," containing the brightest fixed star in the northern hemisphere of the heavens); An-drŏm′-e-dȧ (a northern constellation, known by three bright stars nearly in a line); **Mā′-ġi-anş** (the Persian wise men); O-rī′-on’ş sword (Orion is the most noteworthy constellation of the heavens on a winter's evening).

II. Pre-çēd′-ençe, as-tr̮ŏn′-o-my, çĭr′-cuĭt, ĭn-ꞓom-mĕn′-su-ra-ble, trans-fĭg-u-rā′-tion, A′-sĭ-a (-shi-), lŭs′-ter, il-lŭs′-tri-oŭs, fĭr′-ma-ment.

III. Make a list of the compound words in the piece, and explain the use and omission of the hyphen in such words.

IV. Palpable, intellectual, velocity, constellation, "stellar fires," "subordinate luminaries" (i. e., planets that revolve round central suns), telescope reflector (a telescope using a mirror instead of a glass lens to collect the light from distant objects—the one used by Herschel being two feet in diameter and twenty feet long), inventory, aggregations, "stupendous calculations," "telescopic zone" (the zone taken in by the field of the telescope—the strip of the sky that passes through the field of vision when the telescope is fixed permanently to one point of observation), atom, abasement, galaxy (the so-called "Milky Way"), equilibrium.

V. This piece is an elegant specimen of the literary treatment of a scientific subject, but it contains too many words used in a technical sense for the style of a popular article. "The Milky Way of our system." (If all the stars that we can see on a clear night were removed to the distance of the "faint white specks" spoken of, no one of them could be distinguished separately, but the whole would appear only as a faint patch of light.)

CI.—POETIC READING.

VIII.—METRIC REGULARITY AND RHYTHMIC VARIETY.

The poems which have charmed the most and the longest have great rhythmic variety, such as is found in "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by Charles Wolfe.

While the meter of four and three feet, in alternate lines, is never broken, or even marred, the rhythm changes to almost every form the metric time will allow.

The standard measure is "trisyllabic." The prevalent foot has the accent on the *last* of the three syllables.

"Not a drum′ | was heard′, | nor a fu′- | neral note′,
As his corse′ | to the ram′- | part we hur′ried;
Not a sol′- | dier discharged′ | his fare′- | well shot′
O'er the grave′ | where our he′- | ro we bur′ied."

Yet the second foot of the first line has but two syllables; the second and fourth lines end with a foot of *four* syllables; and the third line ends with *two* dissyllabic feet.

"We bur′ied him dark′ly at dead′ of night′,
The sod′ with our bay′onets turn′ing,
By the strug′gling moon′beam's mist′y light′,
And the lan′tern dim′ly burn′ing."

In the second verse, the first line begins and ends with a foot of *two* syllables. The second line begins with a foot of *two* syllables, has the *regular foot* in the middle, and ends with a foot of *four* syllables. The third line has *three* of its four feet *dissyllabic.* The fourth line has two syllables for its second foot, and its last has the middle accent.

"Few′ | and short′ | were the prayers′ | we said′."

In this line, but one foot—the third—keeps to the *eye* the *standard* form and "trisyllabic measure." But poetry must be measured by the *ear*, and the natural emphasis of time required by the monosyllabic foot "*few*" fills the measure to the ear.

"Light′ly | they'll talk′ | of the spir′- | it that's gone′,
And o'er′ his | cold ash′es | upbraid′ him;
But lit′tle | he'll reck′, | if they let′ | him sleep on′,
In the grave′ | where a Brit′on | has laid′ him."

In the first foot of this verse—"*Lightly*"—we have a double change from the "standard foot." It has but *two syllables*, and the accent is on the *first*. The second syllable of this first foot is very short, yet, as this is the *emphatic* word of the line, the sense requires the lengthened time on "*Light-*" which fills the measure. In the second foot—"*they'll talk*"—the two syllables are both *long*, and so naturally equal in time to the ordinary three (*one long* and *two short*).

In the second line,

> "And o'er′ his | cold ash′es | upbraid′ him,"

the three feet are regular in the *number* and *length* of their syllables, but the *accent* falls on the *middle* one of the three. The first foot of the third line also has the middle accent, and the second foot—"*he'll reck*"—is another of *two long* syllables in place of the "regular three." The second foot of the last line—"*where a Briton*"—has *four* syllables, and the last foot has the middle accent.

Yet, through all these changes, the same faultless measure flows. Indeed, in nearly every line of this famous poem we may find some felicitous changes of rhythm, which never fail to accord the *sense* and the *metric time.*

It is from this happy union of METRIC REGULARITY and RHYTHMIC VARIETY that such poems derive their double charm. In this *rhythmic union* of the *sense* and the *measure* lies the "open secret" of good poetic reading.

IX.—SINGSONG AND ITS REMEDY.

"*Machine poetry*," as it is called, is written with regard for "*meter*" only, and is therefore painfully regular. *Singsong* in reading does what it can to turn good poetry into this same mechanical verse, by making the *metric* *accent* too *prominent*, too *uniform*, and too *regular*, regardless of the varying sense and rhythm.

But accent, as we have seen, is not the only or the most prominent part of poetic measure.* Nor is accent uniform in its degree of force. It must vary in loudness with every degree of *emphasis*, to suit the sense, and with the *word* accent, and has but the very lightest degree of force when it is *merely* metric.

Nor is accent always regular—that is, on the first, or last, or middle syllable of the successive feet—but, as we have seen in the quotations given, often *varies*, in part to accommodate the sense and language, and in part for the pleasure of rhythmic variety itself.

TO AVOID SINGSONG.

1. The *metric* accent must be subordinate to the *logical* accent (the emphasis) and to the *verbal* accent; that is, the *sense* must be made more prominent than the *meter*.

2. The *rhythm*, or *kind* of regular feet, with their equivalents and substitutes, must be minded more than the mere *number* of feet.

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* I know it has been so often written and repeated, "that accent alone marks the genius of English verse," and that quantity belongs exclusively to the classic poetry of Greece and Rome, that it is generally assumed to be true. But from this merely traditional authority we may safely appeal to the intrinsic *nature* of poetry as *metric composition*, and, still better, to any one with a good ear who will read aloud a few melodious lines, and prove for himself that the accent does not distinguish a "monosyllabic" from a "dissyllabic" or a "trisyllabic foot"—that it does not even *measure* the accented syllable itself, only so far as *time* is a part of accent.

It is true, of course, that we can not apply to English syllables the definite *rule* of "*long* and *short quantity*"; but we can and do measure our "poetic feet" by *time* in its double character, as *quantity and rest*, and by making the several "*groups*" of syllables in the different feet of the same measure *equal* to *each other*, as a whole, in *time*.—M. B.

3. *Equal* and *regular time* must be given to the measure of "equivalent feet," rather than equal or regular accent.

4. The *imperfect* or *unaccented* feet must be partially suppressed in reading.

5. The *general time* and movement must be changed with the spirit of the lines, as in this line from "The Battle of Waterloo":

"Since′ upon night′ so sweet′ such aw′ful morn′ could
rise′."

The *faster* movement of *joy*, in the first half of the "hexameter," changes to the *slow time* of *dread* and *awe*, in the last half.

But this need not disturb the metric regularity of associated feet, any more than the change of a march in music to faster or slower time disturbs the equable steps before or after it.

Read a stanza from "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Campbell. First, as it should *not* be, with uniform and regular accent. The meter is of "four" and "three" feet, in alternate lines; dissyllabic measure, with accent in the regular foot on the *last* syllable:

"A *chief*tain, *to* the *High*lands *bound*,
Cries, '*Boat*man, *do* not *tar*ry,
And *I'll* give *thee* a *sil*ver *pound*,
To *row* us *o'er* the *fer*ry!'"

Second, as it *should* be read—with the emphatic accent on "*chieftain*" and "*Highlands*" only, in the first line. Give "bound" only a very light metric accent, as it is not an emphatic word, and linger on "to," in the unaccented foot, "*-tain, to*," just long enough to show the attentive ear that the meter is not wholly lost.

Note that the accent is changed in the first and second feet of the third line to the *first* syllable, and how agreeably this varies the rhythm. The only other emphatic idea is the uncommon sum offered—" a *silver pound.*" To row people o'er the ferry was the boatman's common task, and so is not a differential or emphatic idea, and should receive, therefore, only the delicate metric accent; as,

" A *chief'*- | tain, to | the *High'*- | lands bound',
Cries, ' *Boat'*- | man, do' | not *tar'*ry,
And' I'll | give' thee | a *sil'*- | ver POUND',
To row' | us o'er' | the fer'ry.' "

Study the measure in Tennyson's great " Ode on the Death of Wellington." The standard foot is dissyllabic, with the meter of four feet in most of the lines, varying to five feet in a part of the after verses. The first line has but three feet. Mark the frequent use of the monosyllabic foot in the opening verse, and the simple dignity it gives, when read with slow time, to the rhythm. Note the long trisyllabic foot used in the fourth line (with one foot of four syllables), and the change of the accent in the fourth and seventh lines, and how naturally these rhythmic changes seem to wed the sense to the measure everywhere with that rare " art which conceals art."

" Bur'y the | Great' | Duke'
With' an | *em'pire's* | lam'en- | ta'tion!
Let' us | bur'y the | Great' | Duke'
To the noise' | of the mourn'ing | of a might'- | y na'tion—
Mourn'ing | when' their | lead'ers | fall'.
War'riors | car'ry the | war'rior's | pall',
And sor'- | row dark'- | ens ham'- | let and hall'."

X.—SUMMARY DIRECTIONS.

I. Keep in mind, that poetry must be read with the natural *speaking* tones.

II. The *ideas*, the *sense*, must be made to stand out as distinctly as in prose.

III. The *meter* may be determined by the number of accented syllables in a line (except there be an unaccented foot in the line).

IV. The *rhythm* (with the same exception) may be determined by the number of the unaccented syllables, and the place of the accent in the feet. (*a.*) The "prevalent foot," which gives the "standard measure." (*b.*) The "irregular feet," used as substitutes. (*c.*) The "unaccented feet," if any, to be read as written. (*d.*) The "changes of accent."

V. That the *sense*, with all its rhythmic changes, must be read in the "*metric time*" of the "standard measure." That, when this can not be done, the meter is *poor*, and may wisely be sacrificed to the sense.

VI. In lines of doubtful rhythm or meter, follow the "standard."

VII. Keep in mind, above all, that this special study of the "musical part" of poetry is only *one* of *many preparatory* steps toward good poetic reading; that to this must be added all the elements of *good prose* reading; and that these elements, though mastered separately, can be fused, at last, into the living whole of eloquent prose or poetic *expression* only by the *imagination* and *sympathy* of the READER.

CII.—THE CORAL GROVE.

1. Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove;
Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

2. The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, when the tides and billows flow.

3. The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

4. There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

5. There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

6. And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.

7. And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,

When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

8. Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

James G. Percival.

For Preparation.—I. The manners and habits of the coral insect (or polyp rather; it is not an insect): Does it build its "groves" in the frigid zone? (It is incorrect to say "build," for it merely leaves its skeleton when it dies, and this skeleton is the "coral formation.") What temperature must the water be for the coral insect to flourish? What is the mullet?—dulse? (reddish seaweed, sometimes used for food.) Have you seen the "fan coral"?

II. Ȼŏr′-al, boughş (bouz), pẽarl (pẽrl). sla̤ugh′-ter (slaw′-), wrăth′-fụl (răth′-), chānġe′-fụl (why not changful?), pēaçe′-fụl (why not peacful?), trăn̲′-quil-ly (trăn̲′kwil-) (n = ng).

III. Correct: "I seen the animal who done it"; "The lady which gave me my dinner has did me a kindness"; "He warn't there"; "You won't do it."

IV. Spangle, lea, myriad, murky, brine, "pearl shells," "sea flower," "bowers of stone."

V. "Flinty snow" (the deposit of flint sand on the bottom of the ocean, resembling snow). "Scarlet tufts of ocean" (tuft = head of flowers). How deep down (5) do the largest waves affect the ocean? (A wave twenty feet high, according to theory, should produce slight effects two hundred feet deep.) "Wind god" (6) (Æolus). Note the return to the lines, "The purple mullet," etc. (7), near the end, and the last line brings us back to "coral grove," the ending of the first. Repetition of the same, or of the like, is the principle of poetic form. Repetition of time and accent and their combinations = rhythm, meter, and stanzas; repetition of sound = rhyme; repetition of a phrase or line = refrain; repetition of sense is the Hebraic rhythm. (See CIII., note.) What is the tone of this piece—gay, or solemn? Is there anything human about it? or is it only inanimate matter—vegetable and brute life, and that, too, a low order of brute life—that is spoken of? Is not the beauty described by the poet as existing in the deep sea, and the peace and tranquillity there, a very melancholy affair, without human beings, or even their semblance in the form of mermaids or sea nymphs?

CIII.—THE GLORY OF GOD.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5. Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8. The statutes of the Lord *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12. Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm XIX.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. The words in italics in this piece are printed as they are in King James's version of the Bible, and were supplied by the translators to make the sense complete.

II. Hănd′-y-work = handiwo̱rk, knŏwl′-edġe (nŏl′ej), çĭr′-cuit (-kĭt).

III. The prefix *dis* (*di*) denotes movement *asunder* or *apart ; mis*, moral divergence, error, or defect. Make a list of words with these prefixes. *Mult* (or *multi*) means *many ; semi, demi*, mean *half of*, or *in part ; bi* (and *bis*), *twice*. Form a list of words having these prefixes.

IV. Declare, uttereth, line, tabernacle, converting, testimony, statutes, enduring, desired, warned, reward, errors, presumptuous, dominion, transgression, meditation, acceptable, redeemer.

V. "The fear of the Lord is clean" (free from corrupt ceremonies). Note the rhythm of Hebrew poetry. It has no rhyme, nor rhythm of syllabic feet, like European poetry. The poetic form consists in the rhythm of thoughts, or a *parallelism of stanzas*, which produces symmetry, and answers in the place of the rhythmical beat which we enjoy in our poetry. Tautology (repetition of the same word, or of the same idea in different words) and synonyms are frequently used to produce this species of internal rhythm. The English translation of the Bible accordingly presents the poetic aroma of the Hebrew poetry better than the versification of Addison (see II.) or Watts. Note the parallelism which constitutes the rhythm: (1.) Synonyms: heavens—firmament. (2.) Tautology: glory of God—his handiwork; day unto day—night unto night. (3.) Correspondence of expression and thing expressed: uttereth—sheweth; speech—knowledge. Apply this rhythmical analysis to the remaining verses of this psalm. (See CII., note, and CXLV., note. Later English poetry, and also German poetry, has caught the spirit of this rhythm of sense from the Bible, and betrays

its influence in the use of parallelisms, of tautology, synonyms, and correspondence, especially in compositions of a stately and elevated character. See *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, CXLIV.; also CXXIV., CXXX., CXIX., CXV., and even in the prose piece of Tyndall, C., and Bunyan's writings, LXX., LXI., LXII.)

CIV.—THE HAPPY VALLEY.

1. The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry.

2. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

3. From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

4. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with

flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them.

5. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

6. The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of the time.

7. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

8. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as

those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

Samuel Johnson.

For Preparation.—I. From "Rasselas," Chapter I. Johnson's first literary work was a translation of Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia." About twenty-five years later appeared "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," his most celebrated work. The object of the book is to show that, if all the physical wants of man were supplied as fast as they arose, still he would be unhappy, because of a spiritual want. He investigates different occupations of man, and discusses them with a profound insight.

II. Ꞓon-çēaled′, ar-tĭf′-i-çerş, fōrġed, ĕn′-e-mieş, de-scĕnd′-ed, spē′-ciēs (-shēz), fre-quĕnt′-ed, çĭr′-ꞓuit (-kit), sŭb′-tĭle, sŏl′-emn (-em), ĕl′-e-phant, ăn′-nu-al, tē′-di-oŭs-ness, frụit′-fụl (frụt′-), mu-şĭ′-cian (-zish′an).

III. All words are derived from roots (radicals, or simple uncompounded bases) by modifications through prefixes, suffixes, or internal changes. The prefixes and suffixes, and internal changes, modify or change the original meaning of the root, so as to make it an action-word, a describing-word, name-word, relation-word, manner-word, etc. For example: the prefix *wo* changes *man* to *woman* (wife-man—fe-min-ine); the suffix *ly* changes *man* to *manly* (manlike—a describing-word); and the internal change of *a* to *e* changes *man* to *men* (singular to plural). To show what possibilities of varied use a root has, let us present the following etymological fancies, which have at least a basis of fact: Take the root *gr* (*cr* or *kr*)—the throat sounds *g* and *k* appear to express cause or origin most frequently; the liquids, *l*, *r*, *m*, and *n*, express more readily different kinds of *moving effect;* the dentals, *d*, *t*, oftenest a dead result or external limitation, hence occurring in demonstratives or pointing-out words, as *this*, *that*, etc. What could be more appropriate than to express by *gr*, *kr*, a cause or origin which had a moving effect (i. e., *growth* of living beings, animal or vegetable)?—*gr*ow, *gr*owth, *gr*owing, *gr*own, *gr*ass, *gr*een (*gr*o-en—hence *green*, the color of growing plants, and *grass*, which once meant all plants), *gr*and and *gr*eat (that which has grown to a result), *gr*ain, *gr*anary, *ger*m; then, from the other form of its root, *cr* (*kr*), in*cr*ease, *cr*escent, *ker*nel, *cor*n (the kernel of the body is the *heart* = *cor*, *cordis* in Latin, *kardia* in Greek—*k* becomes *h*, and our word *heart* has the same derivation as the Latin and Greek words), *heart*, *cor*dial, *acorn* (oak-corn?), (the grain or corn has a hard, horny covering, and *cornu* in Latin, and *keras*, Greek, mean "horn"), *horn*, *cor*nute (horn is *hard* = Greek *kartos*, which may be from the same root, through *kratos*, meaning *strong*, as growth is also the source of strength), *cre*ate, and its derivatives. In studying language, one is apt to be misled by similarity of sound and meaning. The only scientific certainty that can be reached in this study is by tracing derivation historically, step by step, back through the earlier stages of the languages, to the parent language. Hence we call this study of the root *gr* an "etymological fancy." It is not presented historically.

IV. Policy, antiquity, destined, spacious, cavern, dispute, massy, rivulets, verdure, superfluities, precipice, browse, secured, pastures, frolicking, diversities, resided, seclusion, vacancies, artificers, festivity, harmony, perpetual, competitors.

V. Notice the lack of simplicity in the style—the use of long, unusual words to describe very ordinary things. It is an elevation of language rather than of thought. It was considered a mark of elegance and refinement, in Johnson's time, to reject the pithy and strong colloquial phrases as vulgarisms, and to use a stilted vocabulary of semi-Latin words. The sentences, too, must not be short and with single subject and predicate, but long and symmetrical, so as to sound rhythmical. Instead of "made by the smiths of past ages, heavy and difficult to move," he says "forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them" (2). Note, too, the alliteration in this semi-rhythmical prose: in the 3d paragraph count the f's and v's that occur (a dozen or more in the first sentence). See how (last sentence of paragraph 3) he tells us the simple fact of a river forming the outlet of the lake, passing north through a narrow gorge in the mountains, and descending in cataracts till it reached the plain. Select other examples similar to these, and give the thoughts and ideas in your own language. (For learning to write a good style yourself, and for getting the power to understand readily the style of another, there is no other method so good as this one of paraphrasing.)

CV.—THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

Brakenbury—Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence—Oh, I have passed a miserable night—
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak.—What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar.—Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak.—Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar.—Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak.—Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar.—No, no! my dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownéd Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury!
Seize on him, Furies! Take him to your torments!"
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak.—No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you!
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar.—Ah! Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers can not appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak.—I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakespeare.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Richard III.: date of his reign, and sketch of its chief events. Story of Clarence, as given by Shakespeare in the drama from which this extract is taken. ("King Richard III.," Act I., Scene 4.) Explain "the wars of York and Lancaster" (called the "Wars of the Roses"). Who is meant by "Gloster"?—by "Warwick"? (the king maker)—in "for Edward's sake"? (Edward IV., of York, his brother.) What "perjury" is referred to? (Clarence, though son-in-law of Warwick, had deserted him, and thus broken his oath, when Warwick took the field against Edward IV.) Who was stabbed by Clarence at Tewksbury? (Young Edward of Lancaster, the prince.) What is the "Tower"? Where is Burgundy, and why going thither? (Richard III., here called Gloster, and George, called Clarence, had been placed by their mother under the protection of the Duke of Burgundy when youths—their father, the Duke of York, having been beheaded. It is quite natural that in his dream he should direct his flight thither.)

II. Lēi′-sure (lē′zhur), yiēld, sc̶oûrġe (skûrj), nŏtch′-eş, howled.

III. 'Twere, looked, "were crept," father-in-law, prithee.

IV. Define hatches, cited, "melancholy flood," "grim ferryman," perjury, Furies, requites, inestimable, unvalued (invaluable).

V. Why "*dark* monarchy"? Does any part of the dream ("struck me overboard") suggest Richard's (Gloster's) subsequent treatment of his brother George (Clarence)? Who was the elder, Clarence or Gloster? (Clarence.) Compare this dream with Byron's "Dream of Darkness," in point of style.

CVI.—THE TIME FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

1. The flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings seems more rapid; and the flight startles us, like guilty things, with a more affecting sense of rapidity, when a distant church clock strikes in the nighttime; or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight.

2. The record of our loss, in such a case, seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable, until it is announced to us that already they have perished. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries—a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside—seems also as in part a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion.

3. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time. That is true, and so far the blame is not ours: but the particular degree in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the

weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts.

4. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent rope of pearl necklace by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down in the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case.

5. That particular pearl which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably while she was yet sleeping, and of many beside that must follow before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewelly hemorrhage.

6. A constant hemorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days, and that we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days—days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means—viz., the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own concurrence.

7. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor.—My friend, you make very free with your days! Pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental as regards the total harvest of days

which this life is likely to yield? Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days; to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a bonus on account of leap years.

8. Now, out of this total, one third must be deducted at a blow for a single item—viz., sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect, also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life—viz., above seven thousand days—before you can have attained any skill of system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time.

9. Lastly, for tendance on the animal necessities—viz., eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise—deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundred, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor.

10. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After that, the night comes, when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

Thomas De Quincey.

For Preparation.—I. From what are the words quoted, "The night cometh, when no man can work"? (John ix. 4.) "Startles us like guilty things"? ("Hamlet," Act I.)

II. Flīght (flīt), ŏf′-ten-tīmeş (ŏf′n-), stär′-tleş (-lz), sŏl′-emn (-em), hŏr-i-zŏn′-tal, rāyş, sīght (sīt), pŏs-si-bĭl′-i-ty, a̤l-rĕad′-y, per-plĕx′-i-ty, c̶on-spĭr′-a-çy, wrŏng (rŏng), re-şĭst′, pẽarl (pẽrl), ăc̶′-çi-dent, fȧs′-ten-ingş (fȧs′n-), rōll′-ing, sĕp′-a-rate, c̶ăl′-en-dar, yiēld, sûr′-façe, văl′-ūe, a̤u-gŭst′.

III. Explain *est* in "cruelest";—*ies* in "injuries." Select the personifications and metaphors in the piece, and arrange them separately.

IV. Disk, record, intimation, sensible, perished, sanctioned, collusion (2), irrecoverable, "jewelly hemorrhage," reiteration, usages, ratified, concurrence, upbraiding, monitor, rental, total, "threescore and ten years," "leap years," bonus, deducted, item, recreation, "serious occupation," propriety, appropriations, "Father Time," vital, "notions in advance."

V. Write out in your own words the thought of a paragraph of this piece; then study the effect of the expressions used by De Quincey, and see whether they add to the thought, or merely to its embellishment.

CVII.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

1. "How does the water
   Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
   Thus, once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
   To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
   And then came another,
To second and third
   The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,

As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme—
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

2. From its sources, which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence, at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
In tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race
  On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
  Of its steep descent

3. The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

4. Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,

5. And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

6. Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And chattering and battering and shattering;

7. Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,

Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

For Preparation.—I. "Lodore"—can you find this cataract? (On Derwent River, in Cumberland. See p. 48.) "Laureate"—what does this mean? Have you read the author's poem, "The March to Moscow"?

II. Pro-çeeds̤′, mĕad′-ow, flŭr′-ry, skŭr′-ry-ing, grōan′-ing (grōn′-), de-sçĕnt′.

III. Note the rhymes: (*a*) at end of line; (*b*) on second syllable from the end; (*c*) of one syllable with another within the same line. Note the change of rhyme and rhythm as we descend from the source of the stream to the foot of the cataract.

IV. Tarn, fell, cataract, helter-skelter, hurry-skurry.

V. What object could a poet have in writing such a piece as this? (Humorous—amusement of children? To display his command of descriptive words? To portray in a genuine manner the impression which the cataract makes upon the sympathetic beholder?) Are there any metaphors or personifications in this poem?

VI. Use this piece as an exercise in articulation.

CVIII.—MY ORATORICAL EXPERIENCE.

1. While I was occupied in criticising my fellow-guests, the mayor had got up to propose another toast; and, listening rather inattentively to the first sentence or two, I became sensible of a drift in his worship's remarks that made me glance apprehensively toward Sergeant Wilkins. "Yes," grumbled that gruff personage, "it is your turn next"; and seeing in my face, I suppose, the consternation of a wholly unpracticed orator, he added, "It is nothing. A mere acknowledgment will answer the purpose. The less you say, the better they will like it."

2. That being the case, I suggested that perhaps they would like it best if I said nothing at all. But the sergeant shook his head. Now, on first receiving the mayor's invitation to dinner, it had occurred to me that I might possibly be brought into my present predicament, but I had dismissed the idea from my mind as too disagreeable to be entertained; and, moreover, as so alien from my disposition and character, that Fate surely could not keep such a misfortune in store for me.

3. If nothing prevented, an earthquake, or the crack of doom, would certainly interfere before I need rise to speak. Yet here was the mayor getting on inexorably; and, indeed, I heartily wished that he might get on and on forever, and of his wordy wanderings find no end. If the gentle reader, my kindest friend and closest confidant, deigns to desire it, I can impart to him my own experience as a public speaker quite as indifferently as if it concerned another person. Indeed, it does concern another, or a mere spectral phenomenon; for it was not I, in my proper and natural self, that sat there at table, or subsequently rose to speak.

4. At the moment, then, if the choice had been offered to me whether the mayor should let off a speech at my head, or a pistol, I should unhesitatingly have taken the latter alternative. I had really nothing to say, not an idea in my head, nor—which was a good deal worse—any flowing words or embroidered sentences in which to dress out that empty nothing, and give it a cunning aspect of intelligence, such as might last the poor vacuity the little time it had to live.

5. But time pressed; the mayor brought his remarks, affectionately eulogistic of the United States, and complimentary to their distinguished representative at that table, to a close, amid a vast deal of cheering; and the band struck up "Hail Columbia," I believe—though it might have been "Old Hundred," or "God Save the Queen" over again, for anything that I should have known or cared.

6. When the music ceased, there was an intensely disagreeable instant, during which I seemed to rend away and fling off the habit of a lifetime, and rose, still void of ideas, but with preternatural composure, to make a speech. The guests rattled on the table, and cried, "Hear!" most vociferously; as if now, at length, in this foolish and idly garrulous world, had come the long-expected moment when one golden word was to be spoken; and in that imminent crisis I caught a glimpse of a little bit of an effusion of international sentiment which it might, and must, and should do to utter.

7. Well, it was "nothing," as the sergeant had said. What surprised me most was the sound of my own voice, which I had never before heard at a declamatory pitch, and which impressed me as belonging to some other person, who—and not myself—would be responsible for the

speech: a prodigious consolation and encouragement under the circumstances!

8. I went on without the slightest embarrassment, and sat down amid great applause, wholly undeserved by anything that I had spoken, but well won from Englishmen, methought, by the new development of pluck that alone had enabled me to speak at all. "It was handsomely done!" quoth Sergeant Wilkins; and I felt like a recruit who had been for the first time under fire.

9. I would gladly have ended my oratorical career then and there forever; but was often placed in a similar or worse position, and compelled to meet it as I best might; for this was one of the necessities of an office which I had voluntarily taken on my shoulders, and beneath which I might be crushed by no moral delinquency on my own part, but could not shirk without cowardice and shame. My subsequent fortune was various.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

For Preraration.—I. In what country is the mayor called "his worship" (worth-ship)? Of what country was this mayor probably, judging by his allusions? (5, 8.)

II. Lĭs′-ten-ing (lĭs′n-), ser′-ġeant (sär′jent), dẹigns̤ (dānz), al-tẽr′-na-tĭve, mis-fôr′-tune, re-ȼrṳit′ (-krṳt′).

III. Fellow-guests, methought, long-expected. Correct the following expressions: "The mayor have got up"; "His worships remarks." Difference in meaning between *good* and *best* and *better*. Why "Fate" with a capital?

IV. Consternation, predicament, alien, phenomenon, subsequently, vacuity, eulogistic, preternatural, vociferously, garrulous, crisis, effusion, voluntarily, delinquency, "crack of doom," shirk.

V. "Getting on inexorably." Do you think the description (3, 4, and 5) of the feelings of the author on this occasion would apply to other cases that you know of? "Had come the long-expected moment" (6)—is this ironical? What is irony? Write out at length in your own language the 6th paragraph.

CIX.—CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

1. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the death of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

2. I now purchased an estate in the country, and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretense of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

3. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's at Friendly Hall.

4. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance"; and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in

teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the center of gravity to the five positions.

5. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice!

6. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family.

7. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

8. The cheerfulness of her ladyship and the familiar chat of the young ladies insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of liter-

ature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

9. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I never before had heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and, unluckily, pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it.

10. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

11. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me—spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a saltcellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, when fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

12. I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing

what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

13. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness. But, oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

14. Whether the butler by accident mistook or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor spurted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

15. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in

despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

For Preparation.—I. "Pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand" (the famous earthenware invented by Josiah Wedgwood). "Saltcellar" (11) (bad omen ?).

II. Ꞓom-plĕx′-ion (-plĕk′shun), ꞓôr′-dial (-jal), o-pĭn′-ion (-yun), Xĕn′-o-phon, pĭ′-ġeon (pĭj′un), oꞓ-ꞓā′-şioned (-zhund).

III. Change "their gates" so that each word will refer to one object. Meaning of *ward* in "homeward" ? Should we say "rose up" (9) ?

IV. Enamored, courted, timidity, estate, prodigious, equilibrium, intrepidity, theory, punctuality, fortitude, editions, classics, fomentation, caldron, palate, flayed, intolerable, poignant, nomenclator, "ardent spirits."

V. How much is thirty thousand pounds in our money ? "Wondrous difficulty" and "prodigious use"—are these expressions accurate and elegant here ? What is there ridiculous in the assertion that his knowledge of mathematics helped him in learning to dance ? and in the fact that the baronet's opinion coincided exactly with his (8) ? Relate the several steps by which these adventures reach the climax of absurdity.

CX.—CURRAN'S REPLY TO THREATS OF VIOLENCE.

1. We have been told this night, in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this house may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge or an absurd vindication; but, without connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is—the bayonet. And this is stated in the fullest house, and the most crowded audience, I ever saw.

2. We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retainers of administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

3. For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall; it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but, should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and, if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice.

4. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor; and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual.

John Philpot Curran.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. This is an extract from a speech made by Curran in the Irish Parliament, of which he was a member, in 1790. Curran (1750–1817) was the greatest barrister of his time. He had overcome an impediment in his speech (stuttering), and had acquired a slow, distinct utterance. His powers of mimicry, ridicule, and sarcasm gave him great success in the cross examination of witnesses. In the Irish Parliament, which he entered in 1783, he took the side of the opposition, which was headed by Grattan.

II. Thrĕats, ex-traôr′-di-na-ry (eks-trôr′-), bāy′-o-net, dis-ăp-pro-bā′-tion, măl′-a-dy, ĭm′-mo-lāte, il-lŭs′-tri-oŭs, c̶ŏn′-se-quen-çes, a̤l′-tar.

III. "Fullest house and most crowded audience"—what is the force of *est* in full*est?* Why is *most crowded* used instead of crowded*est?* Is *to* properly used after *dares* in such an expression as "dares to do his duty"?

IV. Attributable, vindication, quelled, retainers, bench, immolated, menaces, dissent.

V. What does "express" mean in the phrase "express words"? Notice the expression of contrasted points: "do his duty in this house"—"attacked without [outside] these walls"; "silenced by corruption within"—"quelled by force of arms without"; "if strength of numbers and corruption should fail"—"be backed by assassination." Apply this principle to the other sentences, and see how many contain contrasts, and how the form of the contrast is varied. "Administration"—of what king?

CXI.—BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying.
Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes—answer! dying, dying, dying

Tennyson.

For Preparation.—I. From the Third Part of Tennyson's "Princess." What is meant by Elfland?

II. Splĕn′-dor, c̶ȧs′-tle (kȧs′l), ĕc̶h′-ōeş (ĕk′ōz), dȳ′-ing, fiēld, bū′-gle̶ (-gl), sŭm′-mits.

III. Measure off a stanza of this poem into feet, and mark the accents.

IV. Elfland, glens, cataract, scar.

V. How do the echoes of one thought to another differ from the echoes of the bugle (3), as described in the metaphor of the third stanza? "Our echoes" (i. e., our thoughts go from mind to mind, and thought grows more clear and comprehensive by transmission and re-thinking). What is meant by "summits old in story"?—by "long light shakes"? (The level sun shines on the water between us and it, making a long track of light trembling with the movement of the waves on the lake.) Is there anything in this meter, and the sounds of the words, that reminds you of the sound of the bugle itself? If so, point it out.

CXII.—THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY.

1. "When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old turtle; we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise, because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle, angrily. "Really, you are very dull.

2. "Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it—"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did!" said the Mock Turtle. "We had the best of educations; in fact, we went to school every day—"

"I've been to a day school too," said Alice. "You needn't be so proud as all that!"

3. "With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice; "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice, indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle, in a tone of great relief. "Now, at *ours*, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and *washing*, extra!'"

4. "You couldn't have needed it much," said Alice, "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "then the different branches of arithmetic—ambition, distraction, uglification, and derision."

5. "What else did you learn?"

"Well, there was mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"mystery, ancient and modern, with seaography; then drawling. The drawling master was an old conger eel, that used to come once a week; he taught us drawling, stretching, and fainting in coils."

6. "What was that like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff, and the Gryphon never learned it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon, in a low, gruff voice. "I went to the classical master, though he was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said, with a sigh; "he taught laughing and grief, they used to say."

"So he did! so he did!" said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

7. "And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked—"because they *lessen* from day to day."

8. This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark.

"Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday."

"Of course it was!" said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on, eagerly.

9. "That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted, in a very decided tone. "Tell her something about the games now."

"Oh! a song, please—if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone:

"H'm! no accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Turtle Soup'—will you, old fellow?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing the song commencing:

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!"

Lewis Carroll.

For Preparation.—I. From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Chapters IX. and X. "Mock-turtle soup" is made from veal, instead of real turtle. The humor of this piece consists partly in introducing an animal shaped like a turtle, but having a calf's head, hind legs, and tail, instead of a turtle's head, flippers, and tail.

II. Tôr′-toise (-tis), be-liēve′, re-liēf′, wrīth′-ing (rīth′-), ān′-cient (-shent), Grȳph′-on.

III. Would you say, Dare *to* write, or, Dare write?—Bid him *to* come, or, Bid him come?—Let him *to* go, or, Let him go? Correct the following: "Make him to write"; "I heard him to call"; "See him to write"; "Feel the pulse to beat"; "I wish him go"; "It is best walk"; "We had better to walk."

IV. "Classical master," tureen, dainties.

V. "Tortoise (pronounced tôr′tis) . . . taught us!" (this pun is worthy of a mock turtle). "Mystery" (for history). "Drawling, stretching, and fainting in coils" (drawing, sketching, and painting in oils). "Laughing and grief" (Latin and Greek). "Beautiful Soup" (sung to the tune of "Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star," gives frequent opportunity for the "voice choked with sobs" to relieve itself). The following is the first verse of this song as sung by the Mock Turtle:

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!
Beau-oo-tiful soo-oop!
Beau-oo-tiful soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beautiful soup!"

CXIII.—EVENING.

1. Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.

Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of Night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

2. Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is! it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

3. Is that a swan, that rides upon the water?
Oh, no! it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire—all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose; it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me, oh, most fearfully!

4. It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,

Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom. I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's green mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. What other pieces of this author have you read? (LIV.) Were they humorous, or serious? Note the character of wit that turns on two meanings of the same word (ambiguity), and that which turns on a non-agreement between intention and accomplishment (the antics of a drunkard, or a weak-headed man). This piece represents a tailor writing a poem on Evening, and drawing all of his poetic figures from the objects familiar to his vocation. Whereas poetry should use figures that ennoble the subject by relieving it of narrow limitations and vulgar associations, to connect it with the instruments of a trade or appliances of an industry is to rob it entirely of the ideal element which poetry should have. The effect of such an attempt is shown in this poem with the happiest strokes of humor. Of course any other trade or occupation would do as well as that of the tailor for an illustration of the absurdity of drawing poetic imagery from it.

II. Mēa′-ḡer, ꞓom-mūn′-ion, ꞓụsh′-ion (ko͝osh′un), hūeş, ĕs′-sen-çeş, ꞓhrŏn′-i-ꞓleş (krŏn′i-klz), tāi′-lorş, ān′-cient (-shent), strāight′-en (strāt′n), griēv′-an-çeş.

III. Explain *th* for *s* in bath;—'*s* in earth's, and *s* in ribs;—"about me," instead of "about I";—*their* threads for *they* threads;—*deeply* injured for *deep* injured;—*us* for *we*;—*thee* for *thou*.

IV. Quivering, "downy nap," injured, flout, surtout, gaudy, portly, patron, ambition, race, elastic, petty, din, pensive.

V. Explain the allusions to the objects familiar to a tailor in jacket, buttoned, velvet, padding, braid, skirt, robe, silken threads, satin, nap, etc. In what sense is "cabbage" used by a tailor? Why a "deeply injured flower"? What is the witty point in calling it a flower, and "giant rose wrapped in a green surtout"? What "puny brethren" are referred to? Double meaning of "goose"? Why "a joy to straighten out his limbs"? Why does the continued sitting in one position make any other position seem unnatural?

CXIV.—BENEFITS OF INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

1. All these have led to important results. Through the invention of the mariner's compass, the globe has been circumnavigated and explored, and all who inhabit it, with but few exceptions, brought within the sphere of an all-pervading commerce, which is daily diffusing over its surface the light and blessings of civilization.

2. Through that of the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and inventions, with all the accumulated store of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. The application of gunpowder to the art of war has forever settled the long conflict for ascendency between civilization and barbarism, in favor of the former, and thereby guaranteed that whatever knowledge is now accumulated, or may hereafter be added, shall never again be lost.

3. The numerous discoveries and inventions, chemical and mechanical, and the application of steam to machinery, have increased manifold the productive powers of labor and capital, and have thereby greatly increased the number who may devote themselves to study and improvement, and the amount of means necessary for commercial exchanges, especially between the more and

the less advanced and civilized portions of the globe, to the great advantage of both, but particularly of the latter.

4. The application of steam to the purposes of travel and transportation, by land and water, has vastly increased the facility, cheapness, and rapidity of both, diffusing, with them, information and intelligence almost as quickly and as freely as if borne by the winds; while the electrical wires outstrip them in velocity, rivaling in rapidity even thought itself.

5. The joint effect of all has been a great increase and diffusion of knowledge; and with this, an impulse to progress and civilization heretofore unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied by a mental energy and activity unprecedented.

6. To all these causes public opinion and its organ, the press, owe their origin and great influence. Already they have attained a force in the more civilized portions of the globe sufficient to be felt by all governments, even the most absolute and despotic. But, as great as they now are, they have as yet attained nothing like their maximum force.

7. It is probable that not one of the causes which have contributed to their formation and influence has yet produced its full effect; while several of the most powerful have just begun to operate; and many others, probably of equal or even greater force, yet remain to be brought to light.

8. When the causes now in operation have produced their full effect, and inventions and discoveries shall have been exhausted—if that may ever be—they will give a

force to public opinion, and cause changes, political and social, difficult to be anticipated. What will be their final bearing, time only can decide with any certainty.

9. That they will, however, greatly improve the condition of man ultimately, it would be impious to doubt; it would be to suppose that the all-wise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man, as that the employment of the high intellectual faculties with which he has been pleased to endow him, in order that he might develop the laws that control the great agents of the material world, and make them subservient to his use, would prove to him the cause of permanent evil, and not of permanent good.

10. If, then, such supposition be inadmissible, they must, in their orderly and full development, end in his permanent good. But this can not be, unless the ultimate effect of their action, politically, shall be to give ascendency to that form of government best calculated to fulfill the ends for which government is ordained.

11. For so completely does the well-being of our race depend on good government, that it is hardly possible any change, the ultimate effect of which should be otherwise, could prove to be a permanent good.

John C. Calhoun.

For Preparation.—I. In what centuries were the following inventions or discoveries made?—the mariner's compass (12th century); gunpowder (13th century); printing (15th century); the steam engine (18th century); the telegraph (19th century).

II. Sphēre, aȼ-quīred′, me-ȼhăn′-i-ȼal, ma-çhĭn′-er-y (-sheen′-), ĭn-ad-mĭs′-si-ble.

III. Write a letter to a friend, placing correctly the ***date***, ***address***, ***subscription***, and *superscription*. Thus:

New York, *August* 25, 1902.

My dear James:

Since I received your last, etc.

Sincerely your friend,

William.

The superscription should be in this form:

Mr. James Blair,
Care of Rev. John Blair,
17 North Third Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

IV. Despotic, ultimate, faculties, permanent, ordained.

V. Make a list of the inventions named in the piece, and opposite each itemize (write in the form of items) the benefits that have resulted from it (e.g.: Printing—preservation and diffusion of (*a*) fruits of observation and (*b*) reflection; (*c*) discoveries; (*d*) inventions; (*e*) accumulated store of acquired knowledge). "Labor and capital" ("capital" is the money invested in a business).

CXV.—THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

1. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

3. Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

5. Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory, or death!"

6. Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

7. Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from War its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

8. Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

9. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

10. Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

For Preparation.—I. Written on the occasion of the removal of the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista to their native State. The poet had served in the Mexican war (he died in Alabama in 1867). "Angostura" (a pass occupied by a detachment of the American army at the commencement of the engagement, situated one or two miles northeast of Buena Vista). "Dark and Bloody Ground"—the name given to Kentucky, on account of the many Indian massacres there. "Borne on a shield," etc. (8)—what allusion here? (XLV., note.) Compare stanza 9 with Collins's ode, "How sleep the Brave!" (XII.)

II. Bĭv′-ouac (bĭv′wăk), sŏl′-emn (-em), wīnd, häunts, vĭ′-sion (vizh′un), swōrdş (sōrdz), ha̤ugh′-ty (haw′-), mär′-tial (-shal), ăn̲′-guish (ăng′gwish), nẹigh′-ing (nā′-), plȧ-teau′ (-tō′), sĕp′-ul-cher, em-bälmed′ (-bämd′), tọmb (to͞om).

III. "Heroes'"—explain *es'* (8). Change *has* so as to make it refer to more than one;—*left* and *loved* so as to express present time;—*eagle's* so as to refer to more than one.

IV. Tattoo, parade, rumor, cannonade, pensive, heedless, Spartan, marble, gory, "minstrel's voiceless stone," serried.

V. What personification in the first stanza? "Martial shroud"—note the frequency with which this image recurs in poems on war (burial without the usual forms being connected with battles). Simile in 5th stanza? (The hurricane that sweeps the Mexican plateau.) Is "herbage" (9) a good word in the place where it is used? What is "Time's remorseless doom" (10)?

CXVI.—INFLUENCE OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE UPON LITERATURE.

1. The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people, by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling.

2. It cemented their union of character and sentiment; it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive, in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

3. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety, a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervor and enthusiasm, in their method of handling almost every subject.

4. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were, besides, confined to a few; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night."

5. I can not think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age.

William Hazlitt.

For Preparation.—I. The translation called "King James's Version" was made in 1611, by a commission of fifty-four learned men. "Debates of the schoolmen wanted interest and grandeur" (i. e., to us and our times. History shows that the people of the Middle Ages were intensely interested in these debates; and well they might be, for the subtle distinctions made in them related to the questions of human freedom and immortality, and to God's existence). Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night"—have you read it?

II. Trĕas′-ureş (trĕzh′urz), ēa′-ğer-ness, pur-sūit′ (-sūt′), main-tāin′-ĭng, sŭb′-tle-ty (sŭt′l-), ꞓŏn-sçi-ĕn′-tious (-shĭ-ĕn′shus), se-vĕr′-i-ty, grăn′-deur, prŏph′-ets (and prŏf′-its).

III. What is the abbreviation for William?—for manuscript? Tell three cases where you would begin a word with a capital.

IV. Translation, engine, shrine, revealed, visions, conveyed, inspired, cemented, created, diversity, collision, opinion, faculties, motive, magnitude, consequences, utmost, intrepidity, controversy, remoteness, topics, infinite, period, nervous, intellect, levity, relaxation, intense, gravity, piety, seriousness, argument, habitual, fervor, enthusiasm, community, literature.

V. The effects of the translation of the Bible upon the minds of common people—name these in order, numbering them 1, 2, 3, etc., stating them in your own words. Tell how "remoteness of the topics" discussed sharpens the understanding (far removed from our bodily wants and immediate necessities, which are so apt to absorb the mind; the power to turn the mind from the consideration of bodily wants and desires, and fasten it on "remote subjects," being a power necessary to the scientific as well as the religious faculty).

CXVII.—SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

1. Into the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

2. Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

3. O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed—
Into the Silent Land!

Johann Gaudenz von Salis (H. W. Longfellow's Trans.).

For Preparation.—I. This translation, and "The Castle by the Sea" (Fourth Reader, 207), were introduced by Longfellow in the course of his prose romance "Hyperion." The excellence of translation before noted, which makes Longfellow's translations read like original poems, may be observed here.

II. Shăt′-tered, bound′-less, blŏs′-somş, hĕr′-ald, plĕdġe (plĕj), beaū′-te-oŭs (bū′-), al-lŏt′-ted.

III. What personifications in this piece? What metaphors? Divide the lines of the first stanza into feet.

IV. Thither, morning visions, inverted, beckons.

V. "Who in life's battle firm . . . shall bear" (the subject of "shall bear" is the whole clause from "who" to "doth stand"). "Inverted torch" (the symbol of death). "Herald . . . beckons for all the broken-hearted, and . . . doth stand to lead us with a gentle hand."

CXVIII.—BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

1. It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly.

"Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

2. It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

3. "You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

4. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

5. The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?"

6. There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fräulein—"

7. He paused, and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Brühl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

8. She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

9. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the

end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

10. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

11. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!"

12. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

13. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

14. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the Fräulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

For Preparation.—I. Where is Bonn?—Cologne?—Brühl? The sonata in C sharp minor, popularly called the "Moonlight Sonata," because its first movement suggests the moon gliding through fleecy clouds. Like all works of art, it bears other interpretations, which, however, agree internally. The moonlight has a certain correspondence to memory—reflected light—reflection of the past; and it is certain that Beethoven portrays in this movement his memory of happy hours with a friend, and in the latter part of the sonata his grief at parting, and his attempt to drown his sorrow by hard work at his vocation. The sonata in F (minor) is considered his greatest.

II. Hăp′-pened (-pnd), Be̱e′-tho-ven (bā′tō-), wa̤lk (wa̤k), sŭd′-den-ly, sȳm′-pho-ny, ēa′-ḡer-ly, lĭs′-tened (lĭs′nd), fi-nä′-le̱ (fe-nä′la), breāk, voiçe, Ꞓo-lōgne′ (ko-lōn′), ꞓom-păn′-ion (-yun), sho̤eş (shōōz), ōld-făsh′-

ioned, Fräu′-lein (froi′līn), per-çēived′, Brühl (nearly breel), fre-quĕnt′, c̶hôrd, ē′-qual, brĭl′-liant, pĭ-ȧ′-no, (pe), gro-tĕsque′ (tĕsk′).

III. Explain the use of the dash wherever it occurs in this piece; also of the quotation marks.

IV. Regrets, remedy, harpsichord, annoyed, pardon, magical, absorbed, recognition, sward, improvise, elfin, sprites, eloquent, *agitato finale*, Fräulein (miss, or maiden).

V. The second movement is called a "grotesque interlude." Explain this phrase. Explain "triple time." Do you know any pieces of music which (without words) call up feelings and emotions that may be expressed in words, or suggest images that may be described like scenes and events? To what extent do you consider this to be possible? Have you ever heard any of Richard Wagner's compositions?—Rossini's overture to "William Tell"?

CXIX.—DARKNESS—A DREAM.

1. I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:

2. And they did live by watch fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crownéd kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face.
Happy were they who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope was all the world contained.
Forests were set on fire; but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.

3. The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinchéd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled.

4. The wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled,
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing but stingless—they were slain for food;
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom.

5. No love was left;
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meager by the meager were devoured.

E'en dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress, he died.

6. The crowd was famished by degrees: but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written "Fiend."

7 The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge:
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

Lord Byron.

For Preparation.—I. What other poems of Byron have you read? (XXI., XLIV., LXXV., LXXXVI.) Name some of the characteristics in them common to this poem. (See notes to the previous extracts from Byron; mark also the passages in this piece that describe human hate and loneliness, lack of sympathy, the contrast with the faithfulness of a dog. Byron excelled most in this species of poetry.)

II. Ex-tĭn̲′-guished (eks-tĭng′gwisht), bēa′-ȼonş (bē̆′knz), vol-ȼā′-nōeş, gnăshed (năsht), shriēked (shreekt), făm′-ĭne (-in), mēa′-ğer, pĭt′-e-oŭs, ȼhā′-os, a-bÿss′.

III. Mark off the feet in the 3d paragraph. Crownéd, clinchéd (the accent shows that *ed* is to be pronounced as a separate syllable in these places).

IV. Desolation, despairing, aspects, hideousness, void, surge, expired, stagnant, perished, universe, "pang of famine fed" (hunger gnawed).

V. What intimation in the words, "not all a dream"? Give, in your own words, the sense of "swung blind and blackening." How could "morn come" without bringing day? "Forgot their passions"—explain. Explain "within the eye of volcanoes." "Funeral piles"—what is referred to? Why "useless wings"? "Their bones were tombless as their flesh" (because even bones were consumed for food). Show how the incident of the one faithful dog (6) heightens the pathos of the piece. "Dying embers of an altar place"—what addition of horror from the place? Explain "the moon their mistress."

CXX.—GOD'S MIGHTINESS AND TENDERNESS.

1. Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

2. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

3. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

4. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

5. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

6. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

7. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

8. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

9. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

10. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

11. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

12. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

13. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

From Psalms CII. and CIII.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. For examples of sublimity in literature, one must turn first of all to the Bible. The beautiful charms and attracts us, but the sublime fills us with awe. The attempt to express the elevation of the soul above finite things—visible and tangible realities—produces the sublime; the infinite is described to us as being incapable of finding adequate expression or representation in the visible world. In Hebrew poetry, the grandeur of the real world, with all its splendor, pomp, and magnificence, is a mere accident, an instrument, a "transient meteor," in compari-

son with the eternal and immutable Being. For the best example of sublime language, see Psalm civ. (Lesson LXXXIX.). For an explanation of the rhythm and rhyme of Hebrew poetry, see CIII., note. Apply that theory to this piece, and show the parallelism—e. g.: § 1, *laid* foundation of *earth vs. heavens*, *work* of thy hand; § 2, *perish vs. endure; garment*, synonym of *vesture; wax old*, *change*, *be changed* (synonyms and tautology); *the same*, repeated in *years have no end.* Here is rhyme of ideas, but not of words.

II. Earth (ẽrth), hĕav′-enş (hĕv′nz), c̶on-tĭn′-ue, mẽr′-çi-fụl, plĕn′-te-oŭs, nēi′-ther, pĭt′-i-eth, fiēld.

III. Correct "you art," "thou are," "ye is," "I are," "we hath." What is peculiar to the "solemn style" of the Bible?

IV. Endure, wax, vesture, established, gracious, chide, iniquities, transgressions, flourisheth, "everlasting covenant."

V. Explain the phrase "after our sins." In what sense, "removed our transgressions"? Explain "knoweth our frame";—"we are dust";—"everlasting to everlasting" (endless past to endless future).

CXXI.—WASHINGTON

1. His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.

2. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously.

3. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against

an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

4. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence: never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.

5. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

6. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

7. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words.

8. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

9. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said, that never did Nature and Fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance; for his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military: of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

Thomas Jefferson.

For Preparation.—I. Give an account of the author of this piece. Was he similar, in cast of mind and occupation in life, to Washington? (The opposite rather: while the latter was almost wholly practical, the life of the Will, the former was theoretical, the life of the Intellect. To Washington we owe the victories of the Revolution; to Jefferson, the framing of that sublime composition, the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of which by the American Congress created a nation, and will always be celebrated as one of the greatest events of human history.) Does this make his

praise more or less valuable? Who were Newton, Bacon, Locke? What great papers of state were prepared by Jefferson?

II. Aid′-ed, ȼälm′-est (käm′-), fēa′-ture (fē′tur), ȼhăr′-aȼ-ter, wẹighed (wād), doubt (dout), as-çĕnd′-en-çy, un-yiēld′-ing, çĭr′-ȼle, nĕç′-es-sa-ri-ly, pro-çeed′-ingş, lēi′-sure (lē′zhur), är′-du-oŭs, ȼoun′-çilş.

III. Difference between "statue," "statute," and "stature"?—copious, fluent, and diffuse?

IV. Penetration, acute, invention, suggestions, judiciously, dislocated, incapable, maturely, refraining, integrity, inflexible, consanguinity, bias, irritable, utility, "visionary projects," copiousness.

V. Which feature of Washington's character does he consider the strongest? Can you relate an event that will support this view? "Wise, good, and great man" (5)—excluding wisdom and goodness, what other qualities are included under "great," do you think? Do "irritable" and "high-toned" harmonize, or *contrast* in meaning, as the author intended them? Should we not say "high-strung" for "high-toned"? Is "most tremendous" a good expression? Note the use of "copiousness" (of ideas) and "fluency" (of words). Name the points mentioned as making Washington's a singular destiny and without a parallel.

CXXII.—THE NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT.

1. Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. The political, then, is man's natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and the only one in which his race can exist and all his faculties be fully developed.

2. It follows that even the worst form of government is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without.

3. Just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger

without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty becomes extinct.

4. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.

John C. Calhoun.

For Preparation.—I. From a speech in the Senate, June 27, 1848.
II. De-vĕl′-oped, vī′-o-lençe, pā′-tri-ot-ĭşm.
III. Explain the force of *er* and *est* in "greater," "lowest."
IV. Anarchy, despotic, extinct, faculties.
V. Name the conditions that conduce to despotism; to liberty.

CXXIII.—THE WAY TO WEALTH.

1. Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you.

2. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the coun-

try? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

3. Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for 'a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering around him, he proceeded as follows: "Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us.

4. "We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and of these taxes the commissioners can not ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. 'Heaven helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

5. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave.

6. "'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Drive

thy business, and let not that drive thee;' and 'early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

7. "So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands.' 'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor;' but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.'

8. "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'little strokes fell great oaks.'

9. "I think I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell you, my friends, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man

will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.'

10. "But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.'

11. "A man's own care is profitable, for 'if you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' 'A little neglect may breed great mischief.' 'For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy —all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.

12. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat at last. 'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.' 'The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

13. "Away with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for 'what maintains one vice would bring up two children.' Beware of

little expenses. 'Many a little makes a mickle;' 'A small leak will sink a great ship.' Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them goods, but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you.

14. "You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may be, for less than cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' 'Silks, satins, scarlet, and velvets put out the kitchen fire.' These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them!

15. "By these and other extravagances, the greatest are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing;' and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

16. "It is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox. After all, this pride of appearance can not promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortunes.

17. "But what madness it must be to run in debt for superfluities! Think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you can not pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him;

you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Lying rides upon debt's back.'

18. "When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but 'creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.' If you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.'

19. "This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but industry, and frugality, and prudence may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven. Therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them."

20. The old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanac, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

21. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, although I had at first determined to buy stuff

for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Benjamin Franklin.

For Preparation.—I. From "Poor Richard's Almanac" for the year 1758. Dr. Franklin wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Richard Saunders," called also "Poor Richard." In this piece he makes a sort of collection of his rules of economy. The maxims contained in it are the key to thrift, and perhaps exercised more influence upon the American people belonging to the two generations succeeding the Revolution than any other writing.

II. Griēv′-oŭs, busi′-ness (bĭz′nes), prŏf′-it-a-ble, suc-çĕss′-fụl, nĕç′-es-sa-rieş, dĭl′-i-ġençe, mĭn′-ute (-ĭt).

III. What is the *root* or *radical* of a word? (See CIV., where is given an illustration by means of the root *gr.*) From *raj*, the Sanskrit (old Hindoo) for shine, or blaze out, come *rajata*, = silver, = shining metal (Lat. argentum); and *rajah*, = ruler, = one who is ar*ray*ed in glittering dress. (*Rage* = to blaze with anger.) So *rays* shine out from a center, and whatever shoots out from a center may be named in the same way; hence *radii* (Latin for spokes of a wheel, raying out from the hub); *rota*, a wheel; *radix*, a root, Greek *rhiza* (raying out into the ground); Greek *rhadix* (the shoot or branch of a tree), a *rod*. So, for *rajah*, the Romans said *rex* (regs), meaning king, and *rego* = to rule; whence *reg*al, *reg*ulate, *reg*ular, right, rectitude, erect, direct, etc. (The *g* drops out, and then we have rule, ruler, royal, etc.)

IV. Quote, auction, frugality, chargeable, leisure.

V. Make a list of the kinds of taxation mentioned in the piece besides government taxation. "Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times" (humorously called "superstitious," because, like superstitious people, they are very particular about demanding the money due them at the exact time—a business necessity, of course).

CXXIV.—THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

1. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
   And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
   And the flowers that grow between.

2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. What pieces of this author have you read?

II. Na̤ught (nawt), păr′-a-dīse, shēaveş, fiēldş, wrăth (răth).

III. Explain the capitals used in the first stanza. Mark the feet and accented syllables in the first stanza.

IV. Sickle, "bearded grain," sheaves, tokens.

V. What allegory is intended by the Reaper, the grain, and the flowers? Who is the Lord referred to, that needs "tokens of the earth, where he was once a child"? "And the mother gave (6), in tears and pain" (here he drops the allegory, and makes a personal application of it).

CXXV.—THE VISION OF MIRZA.

1. When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

2. On the fifth day of the moon—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

3. While I was musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are

played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

4. I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

5. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

6. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is

that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

7. "Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

8. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

9. There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling

march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

10. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimiters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

11. The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

12. I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

13. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

14. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and

green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

15. "These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

16. At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Joseph Addison.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Where is Grand Cairo?—Bagdat? Why does the author pretend to give us the contents of a manuscript he has found? (Think of the pleasure an author has in half concealing, half revealing his

thought; of the intellectual activity it calls forth in his reader, and of the pleasure in discovery which the latter feels.) Contrast this allegory with that of the "Valley of Humiliation" and "Doubting Castle" of Bunyan. Which is more simple and natural? Which is told with an air of the greater probability?

II. Ȼaī′-ro, vĭ′-sionş (vĭzh′unz), pŭb′-liȼ, sçim′-i-terş, tō′-ward (tō′ērd), shĕp′-herd (-erd), wrought (rawt), păr′-a-dīse, weâr (wâr), häunt, ġēn′-ius, mu-şĭ′-ȼian (-zĭsh′an), âirş, ap-prōach′, dis-pĕlled′ (-pĕld′), plā′-çing, sē′-est, rēa′-şon (rē′zn), ex̱-ăm′-ĭne, brĭdge, lēi′-sure-ly (lē′zhur-), sûr′-vey, ărch′-eş, pēo′-ple (pē′pl), păs′sen-ġerş, ȼon-çēaled′, mĕl′-an-ȼhŏl-y, pur-sūit′ (-sūt′), dȧnçed, ȼrēa′-tureş, trăp′-dōōr, to-ḡĕth′-er.

III. Explain the use of capitals in § 11. Collect the samples of "ancient" or "sacred" style (use of *thou*, *-est*, etc.).

IV. Oriental, manuscripts, translated (1), "fifth day of the moon," forefathers, devotions, profound, contemplation, musing, instrument, qualify, raptures, visible, astonished, transporting, subdued, strains, compassion, affability, familiarized, imagination, apprehensions, soliloquies, pinnacle, prodigious, consummation, pitfalls, multiplied, speculation, multitudes, scimiters, cormorants, envy, avarice, superstition, despair, infest, mortality, tortured, supernatural, dissipated, garlands, myriads, mansions, excelled, relishes, opportunity, adamant.

V. Is there any imitation of the style of the "Arabian Nights" in this article? (Recently discovered when this was written. The allusions to Bagdat, paradise, genius—the name Mirza, too—suggest that work.) Explain, in the allegory, the "threescore and ten arches," and the "thousand" which it once had (with the earliest patriarchs). "Dropping through the bridge" means what? What are some of the "trapdoors"? (Pestilence, murder, accident, etc.) "Pitfalls"—why very thick at the entrance (infancy) and toward the end (old age)? Why "hobbling march," "gates of death"? (the "gates" called "trapdoors" and "pitfalls" before). Is this a Christian or a Mohammedan vision? or does the author attempt to conceal the differences?

CXXVI.—THE LAST MAN.

1. All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

2. The Sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The Earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

3. Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying: "We are twins in death, proud Sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run;
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

4. "This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,

By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!

5. "Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

Thomas Campbell.

For Preparation.—I. What pieces of Campbell have you read? (XLVI., and "Hohenlinden," in the Fourth Reader.) Can you describe their general character? (There are three stanzas omitted from the middle of this piece.) Compare with Byron's "Dream," CXIX.

II. Plāgue (plāḡ), făm′-ĭne (-ĭn), cĭt′-ieş, prŏph′-et, **a-gain′ (-ḡĕn′),** se-pŭl′-c̶hral.

III. Him, Sun, Victory, Death (4)—why capitals?

IV. Assume, mold, prime, expired, clod, brands.

V. Explain the expression, "saw a vision";—the metaphor, "adown the gulf of Time";—the personification, "Creation's death";—"skeletons of nations." "Ten thousand thousand"—object of expressing the number in that way?

CXXVII.—GOOD MANNERS AT THE TABLE.

1. Family reunions at meals should always be rendered pleasant and agreeable. The occasion is a proper one for the observance of all the social amenities, and

should be marked by the most kindly interchange of thought and feeling. The minor etiquette of the table must always be remembered and observed. Overhaste in eating is as rude and vulgar as it is unhealthful.

2. No family is too poor to have the table covered with a clean white cloth, ornamented with flowers in their season, and made inviting with refined manners and cheerful intercourse.

3. As soon as you are seated, place your table napkin across your knees and put your roll or bread on the left side of your plate. As soon as you are helped, begin to eat; or, if the viands are too hot, take up your knife and fork and prepare to begin. Never wait for others, and never offer to pass on the plate to which you have been helped—at least, unless there should be no servant in attendance. The lady of the house who sends your plate to you is the best judge of precedence at her own table. Soup and fish should never be partaken of a second time. Whenever there is a servant to help you, never help yourself or others, unless requested to do so; when the servant is near, catch his eye and ask for what you want.

4. To make a noise with the mouth or lips while eating or drinking, to breathe hard, to cough or sneeze without covering the face with the napkin, to drink a whole glassful at once, or to drain a glass to the last drop, is inexpressibly vulgar. The knife must never be carried to the mouth; nor should the spoon be, unless the nature of the food absolutely requires it.

5. The bread by your plate is to be broken, never cut. Mustard, salt, etc., are put at the side of the plate, and one vegetable should never be heaped on the top of the other. The wineglass, if used, is held by the stem, and

never by the bowl; and the plate must never be tilted on any occasion. In eating, one must not bend the head voraciously over the plate, extend the elbows, rattle the knife and fork, or soil the tablecloth; but he must be quiet and gentle in all his movements.

6. Anything like greediness, haste, or indecision is ill-bred. Never take the choicest piece, nor take up one piece and lay it down in favor of another, nor hesitate as to which piece you will take, or whether you will take one at all. To be particular about such trifles shows a degree of selfishness which is inconsistent with good manners.

7. There are different ways of disposing of the stones and seeds of fruit, such as cherries, plums, raisins, etc. They should be conveyed from the mouth and deposited upon the side of the plate in the least offensive manner. Very dainty feeders press out the stones with the fork in the first instance, and thus get rid of the difficulty. This is the safest way for ladies.

8. In the best regulated households meals will be served at regular hours, and every member of the family should be prompt in attendance, remaining in his seat, if possible, until the repast is finished. It is considered a mark of grossness to discuss the quality of the food upon the table, whether good or bad, or to handle or touch with the fingers the food that others are to eat.

9. To remain long in the dining room after the ladies have left is a poor compliment to both the hostess and her fair visitors. Still worse is it to rejoin them with a flushed face and impaired powers of thought. A refined gentleman is always temperate.

10. If you should unfortunately be so awkward as to overturn or break anything, never apologize for it;

for there is simply no possible excuse for such a blunder.

11. If you send your plate to be helped a second time, it is well to hold your knife and fork in the left hand.

12. The lady of the house should never send away her plate, nor appear to have done eating, till all her guests have finished. Nor should she reprove her servants before guests, nor make excuses for anything that may go wrong.

13. All well-ordered dinners begin with soup, whether in summer or winter. The lady of the house should help to it, and send it round without asking each individual in turn. It is as much an understood thing as the bread beside each plate; and those who do not choose it are always at liberty to leave it untasted.

14. A finger glass containing water slightly warmed and perfumed is placed before each person at dessert. In this you dip your fingers, wiping them afterward on your table napkin. If the finger glass and doily are placed on your dessert plate, you should immediately remove the doily to the left hand, and place the finger glass upon it.

15. It need hardly be said that the proper place for eating is at the table, and that fruit or other food should not be eaten in the streets, or at public assemblies where it is not provided for all. Well-bred persons will always observe the proprieties of time and place.

16. Never play with any of the things upon the table, or handle them idly; nor make a grating noise with your chair on taking or leaving your place.

17. Avoid hasty movements, and be sure that the food never falls from your plate upon the tablecloth.

18. However poor or scanty the fare, let it be partaken of with a cheerful disposition and a proper observance of forms.

For Preparation.—I. General John W. Phelps, feeling the importance of teaching the general precepts of good behavior in our schools, published a small manual (Cheney & Clapp, Brattleboro', Vt.), from which the above chapter is taken by permission. In America, wealth, rank, and condition in life depend so much on the talent and energy of the individual, that any child of good ability and industry, who starts from the humblest position in life, may one day rise to stations of influence, or at least come into contact with what is called "polite society." He will sometimes find himself in circumstances where it will be a matter of extreme mortification to himself or to his friends if he exhibits ignorance of the usual customs. This may happen on a visit to his relatives in the city, or at a hotel, or at a private or public dinner party, or at his own home when receiving a visit of friendship or business, etc. If one rises to official rank from a low station in life, he will be subject to this embarrassment constantly until he has learned the proprieties by bitter experience. In the foregoing article, of course, not all of the habits and customs of refined society are mentioned, nor is it true that all that is there prescribed is always followed in polite circles of this country or of Europe. Enough is given to make the boy or girl who studies it thoughtful and observant of the manners of the company in which he happens to be. Good breeding requires that we conform to the habits—if not immoral—of those with whom we are placed. It is mentioned of an English countess, as an exquisite act of courtesy, that on seeing a young, inexperienced girl, whom she had invited to dine with her, drink from the finger bowl placed at the side of her plate, she, the countess, at once did the same, to save the poor girl from embarrassment.

II. Plĕaş′-ant, pre-çēd′-ençe, ĭn-de-cĭ′-sion (-sĭzh′un), doi′-ly (from D'Oyley, its first maker), Chrĭs′-ten-dȯm (krĭs′n-dum), săe′-ra-ment.

III. Explain *re* in reunions;—*est* in choicest;—*in* in inexpressibly;—*en* in eaten. Correct "should not be ate."

IV. Define rendered, occasion, amenities, etiquette, vulgar, refined, voraciously, inconsistent, compliment, apologize, sacrament, viands.

V. Classify the maxims above given under a few heads, as, for example, (*a*) the position while eating; (*b*) care of finger glasses and napkins; (*c*) disposition of parts that can not be eaten; (*d*) soup and fish; (*e*) hasty movements, etc. Make from the above a list of ten maxims which you consider specially of importance. Compare these maxims with those collected by Washington (VIII.).

CXXVIII.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
   The flying cloud, the frosty light!
   The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new;
   Ring, happy bells, across the snow!
   The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
   For those that here we see no more;
   Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
   And ancient forms of party strife;
   Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
   The civic slander and the spite;
   Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

6. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
   Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
   Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

7. Ring in the valiant man and free,
   The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
   Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

For Preparation.—I. Where is it the custom to ring the bells at midnight when the New Year begins?

II. Feūd (fūd), ăn′-cient (-shent), măn′-ners̤, văl′-iant (-yant).

III. Some suffixes are used to denote small objects of their kind: e. g., *kin* in lambkin (little lamb), *ling* in duckling (little duck), *let* in rivulet (little river), driblet (drop- or drip-let); also, *ie* in such words as *laddie*, and in many pet names of persons which are spelled this way to mean little or delicate (e. g., Katie = little Kate), or with *y* instead of *ie* (e. g., Johnny, Nancy = little Ann, etc.). Compare the suffix *let* with the syllable *lit* in little. *Kin* is the same as in kindred, and (like the German word *Kind*) means child. Words formed in this way are called "diminutives." Make a list of twenty diminutives.

IV. Redress, "saps the mind," feud, "party strife."

V. What personification is continued through the poem? "For those that here we see no more" (3) (*what* is "for those"?) What is meant by "narrowing lust of gold"? Give an example to illustrate it. "Thousand years of peace" (the "millennium"; see Revelation xx.). "False pride in place and blood" (pride on account of office, rank, or family connection). "Civic slander" (the slander used in political contests).

CXXIX.—MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

1. The Virginians thronged toward the Ohio. An ax, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipment of the man who, with his family, removed to the new State; assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants.

2. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants must at once have proved the vigor of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground.

3. They had to cross numberless streams on rafts with their wives and children, their cattle, and their luggage; often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stray amid the rich pasturages of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days.

4. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoyed was doubtless well merited.

5. Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families; their way was cut through the woods by their axmen the day before their advance; and, when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply; the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well.

6. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer soon hung in large and delicious steaks in front of the embers; the cakes, already prepared, were deposited in their proper places, and, under the rich drip of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding; and, while the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods, some perhaps hoppled, but the greater number merely with a bell hung to their neck, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they may have

rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

7. In anticipation, all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed toward the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio; when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

8. Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with portholes, and glided on the gentle current; more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attack of Indians, who watched their motions.

9. Many travelers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named flatboats; but have they told you that in those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric?—that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds?

10. The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farmyard, being covered with hay, plows, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with

numerous others, among which the spinning wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof.

11. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians, moved about in darkness when night came on, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, and denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No; such things have not been related to you before.

12. I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio, because I have never been very fond of battles, and, indeed, have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and I shall merely add that, in one way or another, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil.

John James Audubon.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Over what mountains did these emigrants travel from Virginia? "Guiding themselves by the sun alone"—how?

II. In′-dianş (ind′yanz), lōad′-ed, yiēld′-ed, un-tĭl′, vē′-hi-cleş (-hi-klz), măs′-sa-creş (-kerz), wrĕst′-ed (rĕst′-), fa-tīgue′ (-teeg′).

III. What are the forms denoting present time of *crept*, *struck*, *were*, *did?* The other forms are said to be "derived" from the forms denoting present time. What is "attacked" derived from?

IV. Ammunition, equipment, exuberant, amply, emigrants, luxuriant, anticipation, horizon, magnificent, permanent, stupendous, conspicuous, implements, veteran, massacres.

V. What are portholes used for?

CXXX.—THE PROBLEM.

1. I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowléd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

2. Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,

3. Up from the burning core below—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

4. Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?

Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
While love and terror laid the tiles.

5. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

6. These temples grew as grows the grass:
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;
And the same Power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.

7. Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

8. I know what say the fathers wise—
The book itself before me lies—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger golden lips or mines—
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear—
I see his cowléd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

For Preparation.—I. Who was Phidias? (His greatness lies chiefly in the fact that he invented and fixed for all later artists the features by which the gods of the Greek Olympus are recognized.) "Delphic oracle"? Parthenon (adorned by Phidias)? Chrysostom (meaning "golden mouthed")? Jeremy Taylor, who is alluded to below, resembled Chrysostom in his eloquence. Coleridge pronounced him "the most eloquent of divines." This poem is made on the portrait of Taylor (1613–67), the "cowléd churchman" spoken of, and celebrates the inspiration of the prophet, priest, poet, and artist.

II. Aīsle (īl), wrought (rawt), fĕath′-erş (fĕth′-), mўr′-i-adş, pōr′-trait, prŏph′-et (and prŏf′it).

III. "Wrought"—explain its derivation from "work."

IV. Problem, cowl, pensive, allure, endure, monastic, litanies, canticles, dome, sincerity, piles, sibyls, fanes, groined.

V. "Burdens of the Bible"—in what sense is the word *burden* used here? ("Burden of a song.") "Conscious stone" (metaphor for a conscious purpose which moved the architect who made the plan of the church). Have you seen the colors on the inside of a seashell? "Painted with morn" (colors of the dawn, caused by the succession of narrow seams or furrows where the layers of annual growth join). "Granted them an equal date with Andes," etc. (i. e., accepted them as works of equal merit and authority). What is the allusion in "Pentecost"? "Tables yet unbroken" (tables of the soul—not to be broken, like the stone ones of Moses).

CXXXI.—THE GREATNESS OF NAPOLEON.

1. There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour; and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

2. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition.

3. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived—to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

4. Next to moral comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we

mean that sublime capacity of thought through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting; frames to itself, from its own fullness, lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds; discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master spirits in poetry and the fine arts.

5. Next comes the greatness of *action;* and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects.

6. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte; and that he possessed it we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who changed the face of the world; who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations; who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans; whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny; whose donatives were crowns; whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes; who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway; and whose fame was spread beyond the boun-

daries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack and the deserts of the Arab—a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action—an energy equal to great effects.

W. E. Channing.

For Preparation.—I. Give a brief account of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte;—of his passage of the Alps. What of his early obscurity? Where did he fight the Arabs? "Cossack" alludes to his campaign against Moscow.

II. In dĭs′-so-lu-bly, knŏwl′-edġe (nŏl′ej), tȳpes, stĕppes (stĕps), ȼon çēde′.

III. Correct (and give your reasons for it) "who sent the terror of his name across sea's and ocean's; who'se will was pronounced as destiny."

IV. Espouses, obscurity, consecrating, era, unostentatious, universe, anticipates, affinities, donatives, "barrier of the Alps," "penetrates the earth."

V. Discriminate "greatness of intellect" from "greatness of action," and give an example to illustrate the difference. Name the chief traits of "moral greatness."

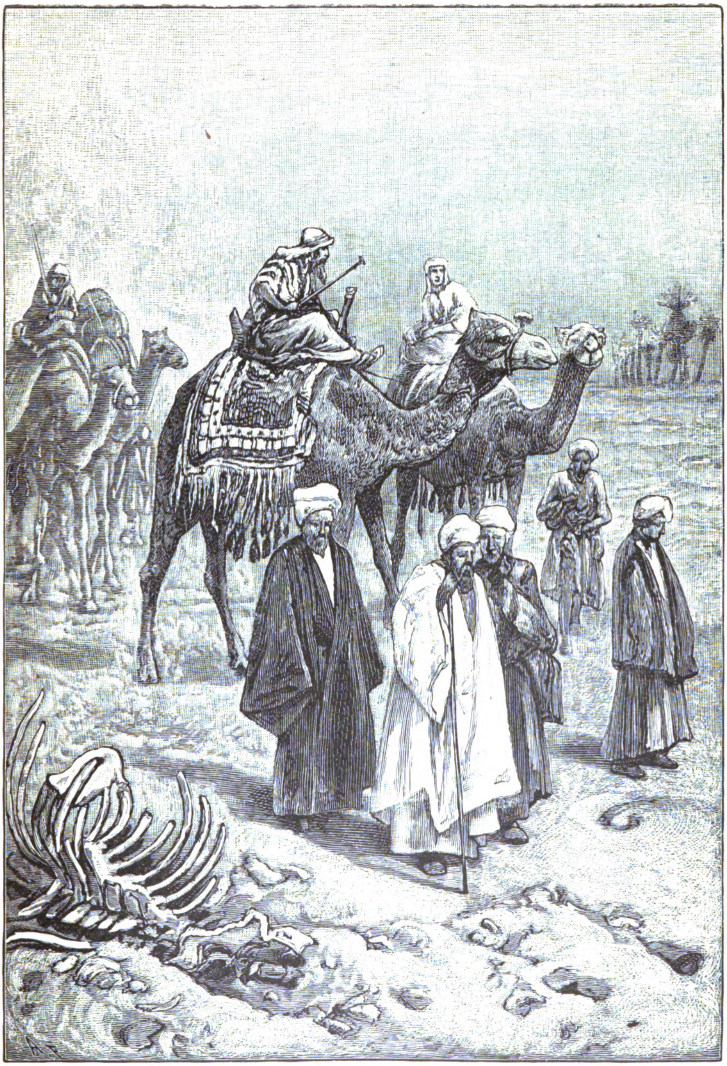
CXXXII.—THE DESERT.

FIRST VOICE.

"Ah me—the scorching sand!
The cloudless, burned-out blue!
The choking air on every hand,
That the raindrops never through!"

SECOND VOICE.

"The oasis was fair,
The green palm tree with its dates,
And the breath of the far-off ocean air,
Where the restful harbor waits."



The Desert.

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FIRST VOICE.

"Ah me—the weary way!
The burden heavy to bear!
The short, swift nights that die to day,
The silence everywhere!"

SECOND VOICE.

"The oasis will rise
Over the sand-swept ring;
In music under cool, starry skies
Will ripple the running spring."

FIRST VOICE.

"Ah me—the scorching sand!
The cloudless, burned-out blue!
The choking air on every hand,
That the raindrops never through!"

Anna C. Brackett.

For Preparation.—I. What deserts in Asia?—Africa?—America? What mountains surround each in such a way as to prevent the rain clouds from visiting them? (The clouds are so chilled when they reach the mountain ranges, on their way from the sea, that they lose all their moisture; consequently the air that passes over to the other side is very dry. The soil can not support vegetation without moisture. The prevailing winds blow eastwardly in the temperate zones, and westwardly in the torrid; hence the deserts of the temperate zones are caused by mountain chains to the west of them, and the deserts of the torrid zones are caused by mountains on the east. The Sahara desert and the deserts of Arabia and of Western Asia get no winds direct from the ocean, but only the winds that have lost their moisture in passing the immense stretch of mountainous land in Asia.)

II. Chōk′-ing, ō′-ȧ-sĭs, rŭn′-ning, stär′-ry.

III. Change the first stanza into the order of prose.

IV. "Swift nights that die to day" (into day).

V. The song of two travelers in a caravan. "The burden heavy to bear"—what goods do people carry across deserts? "Burned-out blue" (after a rain, when the air is clear of smoke and vapors, the air looks bluest). Note the repetition of the first verse, and its poetic effect.

CXXXIII.—CANDLES NOT USED BY THE ANCIENTS.

1. With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Not that the earliest lark rises so early in Latium as the earliest lark in England—that is, during summer; but then, on the other hand, neither does it ever rise so late. The Roman citizen was stirring with the dawn, which, allowing for the shorter longest day and longer shortest day of Rome, you may call about four in summer and about seven in winter.

2. Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that?—By backing in this way we shall surely back into the very well of truth. Always, if it is possible, let us have the why of the wherefore.—The Roman went to bed early for two special reasons: First, because in Rome, which had been built for a martial destiny, every habit of life had reference to the usages of war.

3. Every citizen, if he were not a mere animal kept at public cost, held himself a sort of soldier elect. The more noble he was, the more was his liability to military service. Now, it was a principle of ancient warfare, that every hour of daylight had a triple worth if valued against hours of darkness. That was one reason—a reason suggested by the understanding.

4. But there was a second reason far more remarkable, and this was a reason dictated by a blind necessity. It is an important fact that this planet on which we

live, this little, industrious earth of ours, has developed her wealth by slow stages of increase. She was far from being the rich little globe in Cæsar's days that she is at present.

5. The earth, in our days, is incalculably richer, as a whole, than in the time of Charlemagne. At that time she was richer by many a million of acres than in the era of Augustus. In that Augustan era we descry a clear belt of cultivation, averaging about six hundred miles in depth, running in a ring fence about the Mediterranean. This belt, and no more, was in decent cultivation.

6. Beyond that belt there was only a wild Indian cultivation. At present, what a difference! Such being the case, our mother, the Earth, being as a whole so incomparably poorer, could not in the pagan era support the expense of maintaining great empires in cold latitudes; her purse would not reach that cost.

7. Man, therefore, went to bed early in those ages, simply because his worthy mother Earth could not afford him candles. She, good old lady (or good young lady, for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to a "certain age"), would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. "Candles!" she would have said; "who ever heard of such a thing?—and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next?"

8. The daylight, furnished gratis, was certainly neat and undeniable in its quality, and quite sufficient for all purposes that were honest. Seneca, even in his own luxu-

rious period, called those men "*lucifugæ*" (light shunners), and by other ugly names, who lived chiefly by candlelight. None but rich and luxurious men—nay, even among these, none but idlers—did live much by candlelight.

9. An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks, and other people who have succeeded to the stations and habits of the ancients, do so to this day.

10. The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round the table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight; and, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men: both parties were in the dark.

Thomas De Quincey.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. "Latium" (the old name of that part of Italy in which Rome is situated). Date of Augustus Cæsar's death? (A. D. 14);—of Charlemagne's? (A. D. 814). Who were Seneca (died A. D. 65) and Numa Pompilius? (died B. C. 672);—Tarquinius? (called "Superbus"—not "superb" in our sense, but because he was haughty).

II. Ne-çĕs′si-ty, căn′-dleş (-dlz), suf-fĭ′-cient (-fish′ent), **floŭr′-ish** (flŭr′-), trĭ′-ple (trĭp′l), Çhär-le-māgne′ (shär-le-mān′).

III. "About four in the winter"—what is omitted?

IV. Special, martial, destiny, reference, usages, "soldier elect," liability, dictated, incalculably, descry, averaging, cultivation, "pagan era," maintaining, latitudes, afford, geologists, correspondents, shuddered, gratis, furnished, undeniable, luxurious, immense, majority, superb, conspiracies.

V "By backing in this way" (2)—(i. e., into the subject). Note De Quincey's use of colloquial expressions, and the familiarity in which he indulges toward his reader. State, in your own language, the first reason for the early rising of the Romans;—the second reason. "A certain age" (7)—what use is commonly made of this expression? "Farthing rushlight" (dried rushes were used as wicks).

CXXXIV.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

1. I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants; feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name.

2. Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor (there he stands),
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,

And suffer such dishonor?—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?

3. Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,
I had a brother once (a gracious boy),
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile
Parting his innocent lips: in one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!

4. Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

5. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And, once again,
(Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!) once again, I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

Mary Russell Mitford.

For Preparation.—I. From the drama "Rienzi." Rienzi (re-ĕn'ze), in 1347, effected a sudden reformation in Rome, securing the people against the tyranny and rapacity of the feudal barons, who occupied fortified castles. He was, however, more eloquent than judicious, and was driven out in the same year; and finally, on his return in 1354, as senator sent by the Pope, he was killed in an insurrection fomented by the nobles.

II. Cŏn'-quer-or (kŏṉ'ker-ẽr), feū'-dal (fū'-), ne̱igh'-bor (nā'bẽr), rŭf'-fian (rŭf'yan), lĭm'-nerṣ.

III. "Crimson glory"—why crimson? "Ignoble" (*ig* is *in*, meaning *not*). "Be we men"—why not "*Are we men*"? Meaning of *est* in calmest?

IV. Thralldom, ignoble, horde, petty, despots, paltry, spell, fraud, rapine, servile, limners, mangles, vengeance, badge.

V. "The badge of Ursini." (The Ursini or Orsini [pron. or-see'-nee] were among the most famous of Italian noble families—with the Colonnas, Savellis, and others. This family resisted Rienzi.) "Struck—struck like a dog"—what effect does it have to repeat the word *struck?*

CXXXV.—LIBERTY, OR DẸATH!

1. Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

2. For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which

gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

3. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

4. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

5. No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?

6. Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

7. Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have

petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

8. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

9. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

10. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

11. Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our

power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

12. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

13. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: Let it come!

14. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

15. What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. From the speech delivered in March, 1775, in the second Virginia Convention, in support of the resolution "that the colony be immediately put in a state of defense."

II. Sŏl′-açe, ac-cū-mu-lā′-tion, rĕc-on-çĭl-i-ā′-tion, in-vĭn′-çi-ble.

III. *Be* used in predication has many forms to express its distinctions of time, number, and person: am, art, is, are, was, wast, were, wert, been, be, and being—eleven in all. Tell how each word is used, and what it predicates (e. g., *am* predicates of *I*, or the person speaking, in present time; *art* predicates of *thou*, in present time, etc.).

IV. Illusions, siren, prostrated, supplicated, inviolate, effectual, supinely, extenuate, arduous.

V. "Having eyes, see not," etc. (quotation from Scripture: Jeremiah v. 21 and Ezekiel xii. 2). "British ministry" (in England the ministers of the king are always held responsible for the measures of the king) corresponds to the American "Cabinet." "And who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us"—did this prophecy prove true? What friends helped? "Our brethren are already in the field".(refers to a Committee of Safety appointed by the Massachusetts Assembly, February 9, 1775, to muster the "minutemen" and militia).

CXXXVI.—THE SKYLARK.

1. Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

2. Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire:
The blue deep thou wingest,
And, singing still, dost soar, and soaring, ever singest.

3. In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

4. The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

5. All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

6. What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

7. Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

8. Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

9. What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

10. We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

11. Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

12. Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

13. Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

For Preparation.—I. Stanzas 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, and 17 of the original poem are omitted in this piece. What nation's poets have the most to say of the skylark?—of the nightingale? Has America any song bird that is a favorite with the poets?

II. Blīthe, un-pre-mĕd′-i-tā-ted, mĕl′-o-dy, wrought (rawt), fra̤ught (frawt), tri-ŭm′-phal.

III. "Purple even" (4)—*even* is a contraction for what? Mark the feet and accented syllables of each line in this piece, and note the marvelous descriptive effect of its rhythm in expressing the shades of thought and feeling (e. g., the change of accent in the last line, which is of double length, and adds a different poetic tone to the rest. The feet accented on the first syllable express the bird's pulsing flight through the air; but the feet accented on the last syllable express his continued ascent). (See XCVIII.)

IV. Blithe, profuse, melody, chant, vaunt, harmonious.

V. "Wert" (1) rhymes with "heart." (In England, the tendency is to pronounce *er* just as we pronounce *ar*: *clerk* is pronounced like *clark*; *ser*geant like *sar*geant, even with us.) "That from heaven, or near it"—is the alternative, "or near it," poetical, or the reverse? (The hyperbole of "from heaven" is burlesqued by the addition; it is as though one should say, "The wild waves roll in billows as high as the sky, or within a few feet of it.") "Higher still, and higher," does not continue the first stanza, but describes the first ascent of the lark. "Sunken sun" is generally used to mean the sun that has set; here it may mean the sun not yet risen, and "o'er which clouds are brightening." "Float and run"—is "run" a good word to describe the flight of a bird? Note the beautiful simile in the 5th stanza; it suggests the simile of Homer in the 8th book of the "Iliad" (Tennyson's translation):

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart."

Note the contrast of *art* and *like* (i. e., of being and seeming) in 6th stanza. Stanza 7 is the climax of the similes, and is really an inverted simile, for it is rather the rhapsody of the lark that illustrates the poetic inspiration than the contrary. Ordinarily and properly the hidden and spiritual should be illustrated by the visible and material; the light of thought, the inspiration of the poet, could be illustrated through the simile that compared it with the song of a lark; but Shelley attempts to illustrate the lark song by comparing it with the inspiration of a poet—i. e., compares what is audible with what is inaudible, and not a sensuous fact at all. "I know not how thy joy," etc. (11)—(i. e., if we had no "saddest thought" we could not appreciate "our sweetest songs"; the lark's sweetness tells of grief overcome).

CXXXVII.—FOSSIL POETRY.

1. Language is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word also is a concentrated poem, having stores of poet-

ical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual, bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these.

2. The image may have grown trite and ordinary now—perhaps, through the help of this very word, may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a commonplace; yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old word, never before but literally used, this new figurative sense, this man was, in his degree, a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before; which could not have existed but for him, or for some other gifted with equal powers.

3. He who spake first of a "dilapidated" fortune, what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace—stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin!

4. He who to that Greek word which signified "that which will endure to be held up to and judged by the light," gave first its ethical signification of "sincere," "truthful," or, as we sometimes say, "transparent"—can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye?

5. Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain before one called them "sierras," or "saws"—the name by which now they are known, as Sierra Morena, Sierra Nevada; but that name coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named.

6. "Iliads without a Homer," some one has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous

ballad poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little farther in the same direction, and to apply the phrase not merely to a ballad, but to a word.

7. Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word "tribulation." We all know, in a general way, that this word—which occurs not seldom in Scripture—means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and *tribulatio*, in its primary signification, was the *act* of this separation.

8. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat—of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true—therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations"—threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

For Preparation.—I. What are "fossils"? (*Fossil* is from the Latin word *fodere*, to dig, and means something found by digging.) Animal or vegetable organisms that have been turned into stone; or rather, whose tissues have been replaced by stone, leaving their shapes perfectly preserved. Impressions of such organisms made in a substance originally soft, and afterward hardened and thus preserved, are also called fossils.

II. Be-liēfs′, il-lŭs′-trate, dĕs-o-lā′-tion, trans-pâr′-ent, e̱x-ăg-ġer-ā′-tion, a-nŏn′-y-moŭs, Sï-ĕr′-rȧ, Mo-rẹ′-nȧ, Nẹ-vā′-dä.

III. Dilapidated (*di* = asunder, *lapid* = stones, *ate* = make, *ed* = past time—stones made (to fall) asunder).

IV. Ethical, anonymous, garner, chaff, trite, devised, trivial.

V. "He who first discerned the relation" (i. e., saw the correspondence of things natural and things spiritual). "Never before but literally used" ("before" applied only to natural things). "To that Greek word" (4) (the Greek word referred to is *eilikrines* = tested-by-the-sun).

CXXXVIII.—L'ALLEGRO.

I.—MORNING GLADNESS IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek—
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

2. Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free;

3. To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull Night
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;

4. Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

II.—EVENING GLADNESS IN THE CITY.

5. Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

6. There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry—
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

7. And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;

8. That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. What have you read of Milton? Rank of Milton as a poet? (Next after Shakespeare, who is the greatest, or perhaps after Chaucer, who is placed by some, with good reason, next to Shakespeare. After Milton, Spenser comes next. What have you read of these other great writers?) "L'Allegro" (läl-lā'gro) (means *the merry*, hence "Mirth"). A long passage is omitted at the close of the first part, and a few lines also at the beginning.

II. Läugh′-ter (läf′-), nўmph (nĭmf), hŏn′-or (ŏn′ẽr), ĕg′-lan-tīne, whĭs′-tleş (hwĭs′lz), blīthe, sçȳthe (sīth), knīghts (nīts), trī′-umphs, an-tīque′, păġ′-eant-ry (păj′ent-ry), lĭn̲ked (lĭngkt), lĭn̲k′-éd, E-ly′-sian (e-lizh′an), Or′-pheŭs (-fūs), Eu-rўd′-ĭ-çe.

III. Mark the meter of the first five lines. Make a list of ten words in which *ing* implies present time. "Her grace whom all commend" (*whom* refers to *her*).

IV. Quips, derides, dappled, hoar, amber, "liveries dight," whets, Hymen, revelry.

V. "Weeds of peace." "Hebe's cheek." "Soft Lydian airs." Explain the classic allusions in "Orpheus," "Elysian," "Pluto," "half-regained Eurydice." Make a list of objects personified in the poem. What metaphor in the words, "scatters the rear of darkness thin"? Who are the "dames" referred to (3)? "Jonson's learnéd sock" (Ben Jonson, noted for his learned dramas). What is meant by "sock"? What time of day is described in the 3d and 4th stanzas? Of what country is the scenery? Quote short passages from this poem that you think remarkable for beauty, or for felicity of expression.

CXXXIX.—OLD AGE.

1. There is a period when the apple tree blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field. How fair a time it is! All Nature is woosome and winning; the material world celebrates its vegetable loves, and the flower bells, touched by the winds of spring, usher in the universal marriage of Nature. Beast, bird, insect, reptile, fish, plant, lichen, with their prophetic colors spread, all float forward on the tide of new life.

2. Then comes the summer. Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed public in the flowers, and now unseen goes on. For so life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on

every tree; all summer long they grow, and in early autumn.

3. At length the fruit is fully formed; the leaves begin to fall, letting the sun approach more near. The apple hangs there yet—not to grow, only to ripen. Weeks long it clings to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Externally, there is increase of beauty.

4. Having finished the form from within, Nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricksy fashion painted on, but an expression which of itself comes out—a fragrance and a loveliness of the apple's innermost. Within, at the same time, the component elements are changing.

5. The apple grows mild and pleasant. It softens, sweetens—in one word, it mellows. Some night, the vital forces of the tree get drowsy, and the autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the bough; the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full-grown, full-ripe, full-colored too, and, with plump and happy sound, the apple falls into the autumn's lap, and the spring's marriage promise is complete.

6. Such is the natural process which each fruit goes through, blooming, growing, ripening. The same divine law is appropriate for every kind of animal, from the lowest reptile up to imperial man. It is very beautiful.

7. The parts of the process are perfect; the whole is complete. Birth is human blossom; youth, manhood, they are our summer growth; old age is ripeness. The hands let go the mortal bough: that is natural death.

8. I can not tell where childhood ends and manhood begins, nor where manhood ends and old age begins. It is a wavering and uncertain line, not straight and definite, which borders betwixt the two. But the out-

ward characteristics of old age are obvious enough. The weight diminishes.

9. Man is commonly heaviest at forty, woman at fifty. After that the body shrinks a little; the height shortens as the cartilages become thin and dry. The hair whitens and falls away. The frame stoops; the bones become smaller, feebler, have less animal and more mere earthy matter. The senses decay, slowly and handsomely.

10. The eye is not so sharp, and, while it penetrates farther into space, it has less power clearly to define the outline of what it sees. The ear is dull; the appetite less. Bodily heat is lower; the breath produces less carbonic acid than before. The old man consumes less food, water, air. The hands grasp less strongly; the feet less firmly tread.

11. The lungs suck the breast of heaven with less powerful collapse. The eye and ear take not so strong a hold upon the world;

> "and the big manly voice,
> Turning again to childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound."

12. The animal life is making ready to go out. The *very* old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the armchair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and of new persons, which bit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better.

13. Divers diseases invade the flesh in old age, which, most of them, it seems to me, come from our general

ignorance, or the violation of Nature's laws. Childhood is unnatural. Half the human race is cradled in the arms of Death. The pains we bear in youth are unnatural. So are many of the pains of old age. The old lion, buffalo, eagle, elephant, dies as the apple falls from the tree, with little pain.

14. So have I seen a pine tree in the woods, old, dry at its root, weak in its limbs, capped with age-resembling snow; it stood there, and seemed like to stand; but a little touch of wind drove it headlong, and it fell with long-resounding crash. The next morning the woodsman is astonished that the old tree lies prostrate on the ground. This is a natural death, for the old tree and the venerable man.

15. But our cradle and couch are haunted now with disease, which I doubt not wisdom, knowledge of Nature's laws, and the true religion of the flesh, will one day enable us to avoid. Now, sickness attends our rising up and our lying down. These infirmities I pass by.

16. The man reaps in his old age as he sowed in his youth and manhood. He ripens what he grew. The quantity and the quality of his life are the result of all his time. If he has been faithful to his better nature, true to his conscience and his heart and his soul, in his old age he often reaps a most abundant reward in the richest delight of his own quiet consciousness.

17. Private selfishness is less now than ever before. He loves the eternal justice of God, the great Higher Law. Once his hot blood tempted him, and he broke perhaps that law; now he thinks thereof with grief at the wrong he made others suffer, though he clasps his hands and thanks God for the lesson he has learned even from his sin.

18. He heeds now the great attraction whereby all things gravitate toward God. He knows there is a swift justice for nations and for men, and he says to the youth: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! Let thy heart cheer thee!" "But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into account." "Hear the sum of the whole matter: Love God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Theodore Parker.

For Preparation.—I. Explain "the cartilage becomes thin and dry";—"less animal and more earthy matter";—"carbonic acid" (as produced by the breath);—"big, manly voice," etc. (from Shakespeare's "As You Like It"). "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth"—whence this quotation? (Ecclesiastes xi. 9, not literally quoted here.)

II. Pē′-ri-od, toŭched (tŭcht), rĕp′-tĭle (-til), măr′-rĭaġe (-rij), lī′-chen, a̤u′-tumn (-tum), we̱ight (wāt), in-crēase′, bough (bou), cŏm-plēte′, dĕf′-i-nĭte, jŏs′-tle (jŏs′l), sā′-li-ent, dĭş-ēaş′-eş, cŏn′-scious-ness (-shus-).

III. Make a list of the words in this piece in which more than one (plural number) is expressed by a change in the spelling of the word, and write the corresponding words that express but one (singular number).

IV. Usher, woosome, imperial, characteristics, cartilages, penetrates, "carbonic acid," collapse, miracle, infirmities, gravitate.

V. Make a list of the characteristics of spring as described here;—of autumn;—of the characteristics of youth and of old age corresponding to spring and autumn.

CXL.—IL PENSEROSO.

I.—SOBER NIGHT SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn!
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

2. There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;

3. But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

4. Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heavens' wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

5. Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;

6. Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

II.—SOBER DAY SCENES IN FOREST, CLOISTER, AND HERMITAGE.

7. Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

8. And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavéd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

9. There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;

10. And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

11. But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

12. And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

John Milton.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Omission of thirty lines from the beginning and of eighteen from the middle of this poem. "**Il Penseroso**" (the **pensive** or thoughtful, hence "Melancholy"). "Cynthia" (the moon—drives a yoke of dragons attached to her chariot).

II. Dẹign (dān), Mĕl′-an-ȼhŏl-y, wạn′-der-ing, plăt, rīş′-ing, ȼoun′-ter-feit (-fit), heärth (härth), drow′-şy, gôr′-ġeoŭs, rŭs′-tling (rŭs′ling), däunt, mys-tē′-ri-oŭs, pōr′-trai-ture, ġēn′-ius, ȼhoir (kwīr), ĕȼ′-sta-sieş.

III. "'Less Philomel," etc. (3)—*un* omitted for '? "Do attain"—why not *doth attain?*

IV. Pensive, devout, demure, sable, stole, "wonted state," "commercing with the skies," rapt, Philomel, Cynthia, sullen, "outwatch the Bear," Hermes, Plato, element, Tragedy, "Thebes, or Pelops' line," "Jove's altar," "fall of Troy," buskined, ushered, Sylvan (-us), garish, "cloister's pale," antic (-ique), pillows, dight, hermitage.

V. "Decent shoulders" (decent = becoming, the old Latin meaning). "Forget thyself to marble" (until there is no more trace of emotion than in a marble statue). "Spare Fast" (which lets the mind soar into the heavens). "Hist along" (bring by commands of *hush*). "Chantress" (the nightingale). "Thrice-great Hermes" ("Hermes Trismegistus," the famous mystical work, studied for its deeply concealed wisdom). "That hath forsook her mansion" (referring to Plato's doctrine of the descent of the soul, as presented in the "Phædo"). "Rightly spell"—what meaning has *spell?*

CXLI.—GARDEN PLANTS.

1. Lettuce has always been loyal. Herodotus tells us that it was served at royal tables some centuries before the Christian era, and one of the Roman families ennobled its name with that of Lactucinii. So spinach, asparagus, and celery have been held in high repute among the eastern nations, as with us; and the parable of the mustard seed shows that that plant was known in Christ's time.

2. The Greeks are said to have esteemed radishes so highly that, in offering oblations to Apollo, they presented them in beaten gold. And the Emperor Tiberius held parsnips in such high repute that he had them

brought annually from the Rhine for his table. The beet is still prized, but the carrot has lost the reputation it had in Queen Elizabeth's time, the leaves being used in the headdresses of the ladies of her court—whence the epithet applied to the hair is derived.

3. Peas had scarcely made their appearance at the tables of the court of Elizabeth, "being very rare," Fuller says, "in the early part of her reign, and seldom seen except they were brought from Holland; and these were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear." Nor did the currant appear much earlier in European gardens, coming first under the name of the Corinthian grape. Evelyn calls the berries Corinths. So the damson took its name from Damascus; the cherry from Cerasus, a city of Pontus; and the peach from Persia. The quince, first known as the Cydonian apple, was dedicated to the goddess of Love; and pears, like apples, are from Paradise.

4. The apple is the representative fruit, and owes most to culture in its ancient varieties of quince, pear, pomegranate, citron, peach, as it comprehended all originally. Of these, pears and peaches have partaken more largely of man's essence, and may be called creations of his, being civilized in the measure he is himself; as are the apple and the grape. These last are more generally diffused over the earth, and their history embraces that of the origin and progress of mankind, the apple being coeval with man—Eve's apple preserving the traditions of his earliest experiences; and the grape appears in connection with him not long after his story comes into clearness from the dimness of the past.

5. Fruits have the honor of being most widely diffused geographically, grown with the kindliest care, and

of being first used by man as food. They still enter largely into the regimen of the cultivated nations, and are the fairest of civilizers; like Orpheus, they tame the human passions to consonance and harmony by their lyric influence. The use of them is of such universal importance, that we can not subsist in any plenty or elegance without them. And everywhere beside the cultivated man grows the orchard, to intimate his refinement in those excellences most befitting his race.

6. The Romans designated the union of all the virtues in the word we render fruit; and bread comes from Pan, the representative of Nature, whose stores we gather for our common sustenance in our pantries. Biography shows that fruit has been the preferred food of the most illuminated persons of past times, and of many of the ablest. It is friendly to the human constitution, and has been made classic by the pens of poets who have celebrated its beauty and excellence.

A. B. Alcott.

For Preparation. — I. Who was Herodotus?—Apollo?—Tiberius?—Queen Elizabeth?—Fuller?—Evelyn?—Orpheus (the mythical civilizer of Greece)?—Pan? Where is Corinth?—Damascus?—Pontus?—Persia? (The historical and etymological information of this piece possesses a literary interest rather than scientific value.)

II. Lĕt′-tuçe (-tis), rẹign (rān), c̶ŭr′-rant, ôr′-chard, es-teemed′, as-păr′-a-gus, çĕl′-er-y, spĭn′-ach (spĭn′aj), Eū-ro-pē′-an, pȯme-grăn′-ate (pum-grăn′at), ĕl′-e-gançe, ĕx′-çel-lençe.

III. Explain *ies* in berries;—*iest* in kindliest. Compare in meaning, *sub*sist, *con*sist, *de*sist, *re*sist, *in*sist, *as*sist. (*Sist*, from Latin *sisto*, to place: *sub*sist, to place *under;* *con*sist, to place *together*, etc.)

IV. Era, loyal, repute, parable, oblations, reputation, dainties, dedicated, diffused, regimen, "lyric influence," subsist, pantries, coeval, "illuminated" (i. e., possessing genius and insight).

V. What "epithet applied to the hair" is referred to? "Pears and peaches having partaken more largely of man's essence," etc. (4), (i. e., having had more cultivation; mind being man's essence, whatever man expends thought upon, and thus modifies, may be said figuratively to partake of his essence). "Bread, from Pan" (i. e., the Latin word *panis*, meaning bread—from which "pantry" is derived—is conjectured here to come from Pan, the shepherd god—"Pan," in Greek, meaning *all;* its real derivation is possibly from the root of *pasco*, I feed. The English word *bread* is doubtless from *braedan*, Anglo-Saxon for roast or bake, and means *baked*). Note the style of this piece: its quiet self-possession and dignity reminding one of the early English prose. Compare it with one of Thoreau's (e. g., LXXX.). Note the length of the sentences, and the easy transition from clause to clause; the smoothness and rhythm, and the use of the connectives that relate one passage to the other.

CXLII.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

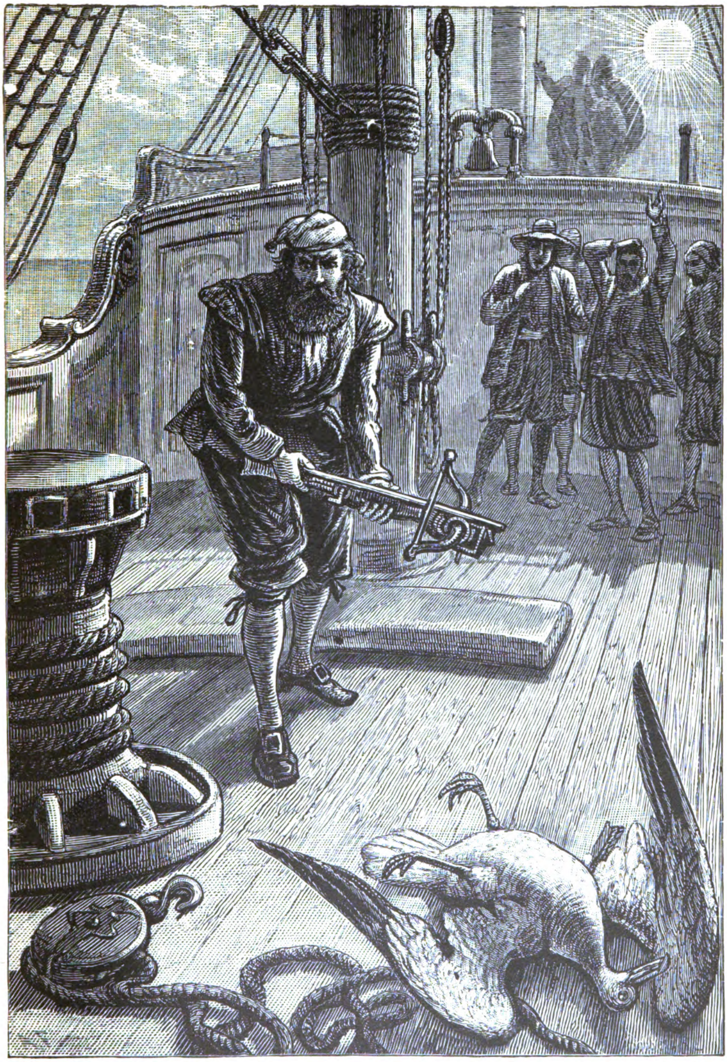
I.—THE ALBATROSS.

1. It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

2. "The bridegroom's doors are ŏpened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
Mayst hear the merry din."

3. He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

4. He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.



The Ancient Mariner.

(*Page* 434.)

5. The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

6. "The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

7. "The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

8. "Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

9. The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

10. The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

11. "And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck us with o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

12. "With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

13. "And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

14. "And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

15. "The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

16. "At length did cross an albatross;
Thorough the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

17. "It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

18. "And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

19. " In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

20. " God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—" With my crossbow
I shot the albatross."

II.—THE CALM AT SEA.

21. " The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

22. " And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

23. " And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

24. " Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

25. "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

26. "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

27. "All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

28. "Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

29. "Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

30. "The very deep did rot. O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

31. "About, about, in reel and rout,
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

32. “ And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

33. “ And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

34. “ Ah, welladay! What evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.”

III.—THE PROSPEROUS GALE AND THE RETURN.

35. “ O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

36. “ The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke it rained.

37. “ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

38. “ I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blesséd ghost.

39. "And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sear.

40. "The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

41. "And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The moon was at its edge.

42. "The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

43. "The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do.

44. "Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

45. "And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,

And now it is an angel's song,
  That makes the heavens be mute.

46. "It ceased; yet still the sails made on
  A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
  In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
  Singeth a quiet tune.

47. "Till noon we quietly sailed on,
  Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
  Moved onward from beneath.

48. "Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
  Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
  On me alone it blew.

49. "Oh, dream of joy! is this, indeed,
  The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
  Is this mine own countree?

50. "We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
  And I with sobs did pray,
'Oh, let me be awake, my God!
  Or let me sleep alway.'"

IV.—THE SHRIFT OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

51. "And now, all in my own countree,
  I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
  And scarcely he could stand.

52. "'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou?'

53. "Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

54. "Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

55. "I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

56. "What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are;
And hark! the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

57. "O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

58. "Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company—

59. "To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

60. "Farewell! farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

61. "He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

62. The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

63. He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

For Preparation.—I. What is an albatross? What superstition regarding it among sailors? (See 23.) Does the sun ordinarily appear "bigger than the moon" to us? (27.) Of this remarkable poem less than one half is given here, omission being made of most of the middle part, viz.: thirty-two stanzas that follow No. 34 here given; two stanzas that follow No. 42; four stanzas that follow No. 43; twenty stanzas that follow No. 47; twenty-two stanzas that follow No. 50; in all, eighty stanzas are omitted,

and only sixty-three are given. Those omitted relate the dreadful death of the crew by starvation, and their ghostly performances afterward; finally, the sinking of the phantom ship with its phantom crew when in sight of the home port.

II. An′-cient (-shent), guĕst (gĕst), tўr′-an-noŭs, shrĭn̲k, ghȧst′-ly, so͝ot, āye (ā).

III. Note the imitation of old English style in this poem; it appears in words, phrases, and rhymes: some of the "archaisms," as they are called, are eftsoons (*eft*, after—soon after), swound (swoon), clift (cliff), thorough (16) (through), uprist (24) (uprose), silly (36) (frail). Difference between *ate* and *eat* and *eaten?*

IV. Kin, din, quoth, mariner, kirk, bassoon, minstrelsy, prow, sheen, ken, vespers, averred, fathom, "moon was at its edge," jargoning, hermit, agony, vesper, hoar.

V. "We drop below the kirk" (i. e., as they sail over the sea, which bends round the earth, the curvature prevents them first from seeing low objects, and then the high ones). "Mayst hear" (2) ("thou" omitted). "As who pursued" (for "as *one* who," etc.). "Aye" (12) (always). "Shrive" and "shrift" (confess and confession).

CXLIII.—CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF MAN.

1. "But on the whole," continues our eloquent professor, "man is a tool-using animal. Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest soled, of some half square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very winds supplant him.

2. "Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him. The steer of the meadow tosses him aloft like a waste rag.

3. "Nevertheless, he can use tools, can devise tools. With these, the granite mountain melts into light dust before him. He kneads glowing iron as if it were soft

paste. Seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds.

4. "Nowhere do you find him without tools. Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all."

5. Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of oratory with a remark that this definition of the tool-using animal appears to us, of all that animal sort, considerably the precisest and best.

6. Man is called a laughing animal; but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it? and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? The professor himself, as we said, laughed only once.

7. Still less do we make of that other French definition of the cooking animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless.

8. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing up his whale blubber, as a marmot in the like case might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinoco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow nests on the branches of trees, and for half the year have no victuals but pipe clay, the whole country being under water?

9. But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his tools. Those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their flint ball, and thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

10. "Man is a tool-using animal," concludes the professor, in his abrupt way; "of which truth clothes are but one example. And surely, if we consider the interval between the first wooden dibble fashioned by man and

those Liverpool steam carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made.

11. "He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, 'Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour!' and they do it. He collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, 'Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us!' and they do it."

Thomas Carlyle.

For Preparation.—I. From the close of Chapter V. of "Sartor Resartus, or the History of Clothes," a work which humorously treats of the origin and significance of man's institutions, customs, and habits, under the figure of clothing (spiritual clothing, as opposed to bodily clothing). It is full of profound thoughts, and written in elegant though difficult language—many passages being of transcendent sublimity.

II. Knēadş (nē̆dz), vĭct′-ualş (vĭt′lz), Monsieur Ude (mō̆-syĕ′ ụd).

III. The words which oftenest change their forms to express distinctions or relations are the most important ones to learn thoroughly in order to prevent mistakes in the use of language. The eleven variations of the verb *to be* are therefore very important. More important are the words used as substitutes to prevent repetition of name-words (called "pronouns"); they are: I (with its forms: my, mine, me, we, our, ours, us), thou (thy, thine, thee, ye, you, your, yours), he (his, him, they, their, theirs, them), she (her, hers, they, etc.), it (its, they, etc.). Of each of these pronouns tell what distinctions it expresses: (*a*) person speaking, or spoken *to* or *of*; (*b*) subject, or possessor, or object of relation or action; (*c*) sex.

IV. Stature, insecurely, bipeds, devise, thong, interval, miscellaneous, apparently.

V. "The eloquent professor" (Teufelsdroeckh). Make a list of man's physical weaknesses as given (1 and 2)—(e. g., little strength, small size, stands on two small feet instead of four, can lift only three hundredweight, etc.). Make a list, also, of what he can do with tools (3 and 4). "May we interrupt the stream of oratory" (Carlyle humorously pretends to quote remarks from an imagined professor, and then comments upon the quotations, like an editor; in this way he can in part help to explain the thoughts to the reader). Make a list of the definitions of man named, and of the reasons for adopting "tool-using animal" as the best. (Remember that a definition should express the likeness of the object to other beings, as "animal" does; and also the difference which distinguishes it from all others, as "tool-using" does.) "Monsieur Ude" (the French cook who defined man as a cooking animal). "Caledonians" (of prehistoric times, who hunted their prey in the swamps, and killed it with a flint stone fastened to a leather thong). "Of which truth clothes are but an example" (10)—(for clothes are tools invented to keep in the bodily heat). "Dibble" (a sharpened stick used by prehistoric man to make holes in the ground for the seed planted). (The "steam carriage"—a material tool—and the "House of Commons"—an institution, a tool of a spiritual nature, invented for the purpose of securing justice to men—are both called *tools* by Carlyle.) "Black stones" (11) (coal). "Transport me" (in a steam carriage—the whole power being furnished by the coal). "He collects . . . by lot" (*apparently*, for the ballot does not seem to be always wise in its elections). "Six hundred and fifty-eight individuals" (i. e., members of the House of Commons), "and says to them," Govern the nation, "and they do it." (What a wonderful machine man has invented in the *Legislature!*) Compare this piece with CXIV., on "Inventions."

CXLIV.—ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation!
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2. Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

3. Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits a universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow:
The last great Englishman is low!

4. Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good!

5. Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
   Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Great in council and great in war,
   Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
   In his simplicity sublime.

6. O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er:
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

7. Peace! his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmolded tongue,

Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace! it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace! it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung:
Ours the pain, be his the gain!

8. More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere.
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:

9. We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be.

10. For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?

11. On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush! the "Dead March" wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

12. He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown;
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him!

Alfred Tennyson.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. These passages are from the beginning and end, omitting, after the 6th stanza here, 189 lines in which the chief topic is the deeds of Wellington (a comparison with Nelson, his victories in Spain and at Waterloo, and a reference to his services as statesman). The extract here given contains about one third of this great ode—"a more magnificent monument than any or all the histories that record the commander's life," as Emerson says. Date of the death of Wellington? Explain the allusions to his history.

II. Mōurn′-ing, wa̤r′-riorş (wa̤r′yẽrz), ĕꞓh′-o, wrought (rawt), ꞓrowd, mär′-tial (-shal), făsh′-ion (-un), am-bĭ′-tioŭs (-bĭsh′us), ꞓoun′-çil, trī′-umph, tȯngue (tung), pā-tri-är′-ꞓhal, wẹight (wāt).

III. Mark the feet and accented syllables of the 1st, 7th, and 12th stanzas. (See CI.)

IV. Lamentation, pall, deplore, pageant, oracle, enduring, moderate, resolute, amplest, pretense, sublime, simplicity, omens, unmolded, solemnity, refrain, revere, humility, fane, myriad, yawns, bereave, cathedral, ode.

V. Notice how Tennyson unites a perfect command of the external rhythm—or the harmony based on sound and equal intervals of time—and

of the internal rhythm—rhyming of mental pictures through tautology, synonyms, antithesis, and correspondence of individual and its species. (See CIII., CXX., CXLII., CXLV., notes.) *Parallelism:* "Bury . . . great Duke . . . empire's lamentation." "Bury . . . great Duke . . . mourning . . . mighty nation." "In soldier fashion will he greet" (the soldier does not bow or bend his body, but raises his hand as if to take off his hat). "We revere and we refrain" (8) (refrain even from speaking of his great battles, out of a still higher respect and delicacy; for sometimes silence is greater praise than words. If we name his battles, it detracts from him, for it assumes that these battles are not known by everybody, and therefore need some mention). "The force he made his own being here" (12) (can not be lost to him in death, and so) "we believe him something far advanced in state" (i. e., immortal).

CXLV.—THE EXEQUIES OF MIGNON.

1. The abbé called them in the evening to attend the exequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past. They found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry almost from ceiling to floor, so that nothing but the friezes and socles, above and below, were visible.

2. On the four candelabra in the corner large wax lights were burning; smaller lights were in the four smaller candelabra placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure with silver; they had broad fans of ostrich feathers, which they waved above a figure that was resting upon the sarcophagus.

3. The company sat down. Two invisible choruses began in a soft musical *recitative* to ask, "Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling?" The four boys replied, with lovely voices: "Tis a tired playmate whom we bring you. Let her rest in your still dwelling, till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her."

4. *Chorus*—Firstling of youth in our circle, we welcome thee! with sadness welcome thee! May no boy, no maiden follow! Let age only, willing and composed, approach the silent Hall, and in the solemn company repose this one dear child!

5. *Boys*—Ah, reluctantly we brought her hither! Ah, and she is to remain here! Let us, too, remain; let us weep—let us weep upon her bier!

6. *Chorus*—Yet look at the strong wings! Look at the light, clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon her head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose!

7. *Boys*—Ah! the wings do not raise her. In the frolic game, her robe flutters to and fro no more. When we bound her head with roses, her looks on us were kind and friendly.

8. *Chorus*—Cast forward the eye of the spirit! Awake in your souls the imaginative power, which carries forth what is fairest, what is highest—Life—away beyond the stars.

9. *Boys*—But ah! we find her not here. In the garden she wanders not; the flowers of the meadow she plucks no longer. Let us weep—we are leaving her here! Let us weep, and remain with her!

10. *Chorus*—Children, turn back into life! Your tears let the fresh air dry, which plays upon the rushing water. Fly from night! Day, and pleasure, and continuance are the lot of the living.

11. *Boys*—Up! Turn back into life! Let the day give us labor and pleasure, till the evening brings us rest, and the nightly sleep refreshes us.

12. *Chorus*—Children, hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may Love meet you with heavenly looks, and with the wreath of immortality!

13. The boys had retired. The abbé rose from his seat and went behind the bier. "It is the appointment," said he, "of the man who prepared this silent abode, that each new tenant of it shall be introduced with a solemnity. After him, the builder of this mansion, the founder of this establishment, we have next brought a young stranger hither; and thus already does this little space contain two altogether different victims of the rigorous, arbitrary, and inexorable death goddess.

14. "By appointed laws we enter into life; but for the duration of our life there is no law. The weakest thread will spin itself to unexpected length; and the strongest is cut suddenly asunder by the scissors of the Fates, delighting, as it seems, in contradictions.

15. "Of the child, whom we have here committed to her final rest, we can say but little. It is still uncertain whence she came. Her parents we know not; the years of her life we can only conjecture. Her deep and closely shrouded soul allowed us scarce to guess at its interior movements. There was nothing clear in her, nothing open, but her affection for the man who had snatched her from the hands of a barbarian.

16. "This impassioned tenderness, this vivid gratitude, appeared to be the flame which consumed the oil of her life. The skill of the physician could not save that fair life, the most anxious friendship could not lengthen it. But if art could not stay the departing spirit, it has done its utmost to preserve the body and withdraw it from decay. A balsamic substance has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood,

these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care!"

17. He raised the veil. The child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture. They approached, and admired this show of life. Wilhelm alone continued sitting in his place; he was not able to compose himself. What he felt he durst not think; and every thought seemed ready to destroy his feeling. For the sake of the marchese, the speech had been pronounced in French. That nobleman came forward with the rest, and viewed the figure with attention.

18. The abbé thus proceeded: "With a holy confidence, this kind heart, shut up to men, was continually turned to its God. Humility—nay, an inclination to abase herself externally—seemed natural to her. She clave with zeal to the Catholic religion, in which she had been born and educated. Often she expressed a quiet wish to sleep in consecrated ground; and, according to the usage of the Church, we have, therefore, consecrated this marble coffin, and the little earth which is hidden in the cushion that supports her head.

19. "With what ardor did she, in her last moments, kiss the image of the Crucified, which stood beautifully figured on her tender arm with many hundred points!" So saying, he stripped up her right sleeve; and a crucifix, with marks and letters round it, showed itself in blue upon the white skin.

20. The marchese looked at this with eagerness, stooping down to view it more intently. "O God!" cried he, as he stood upright, and raised his hands to heaven. "Poor child! Unhappy niece! Do I meet thee here! What a painful joy to find thee, whom we had long lost hope of—to find this dear frame, which we

had long believed the prey of fishes in the ocean, here preserved, though lifeless! I assist at thy funeral, splendid in its external circumstances, still more splendid from the noble persons who attend thee to thy place of rest. And to these," added he, with a faltering voice, "so soon as I can speak, I will express my thanks."

21. Tears hindered him from saying more. By the pressure of a spring, the abbé sunk the body into the cavity of the marble. Four youths, dressed as the boys had been, came out from behind the tapestry, and, lifting the heavy, beautifully ornamented lid upon the coffin, thus began their song:

22. *The Youths*—"Well is the treasure now laid up, the fair image of the Past! Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying. In your hearts, too, it lives, it works. Travel, travel back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness; for earnestness alone makes life eternity."

23. The invisible chorus joined in with the last words; but no one heard the strengthening sentiment; all were too much busied with themselves, and the emotions which these wonderful disclosures had excited. The abbé and Natalia conducted the marchese out; Theresa and Lothario walked by Wilhelm. It was not till the music had altogether died away that their sorrows, thoughts, meditations, curiosity, again fell on them with all their force, and made them long to be transported back into that exalting scene.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (*Carlyle's translation*).

For Preparation.—I. From "Wilhelm Meister," Book VIII., Chapter viii. In XXX., Mignon's Song of Italy has been given. She dies young, after being taken into a noble family in Germany. During the stately funeral ceremonies here described, an Italian marquis, then on a visit to this family, recognizes in the corpse his niece, who had been stolen from her home when an infant, and was supposed to have been drowned in the sea.

II. Ab′-bé (-bā), trăv′-el, ẽar′-nest-ness (ẽr′-), ȼhō′-rus, mär-ȼhẹ′-ṣẹ, buṣ′-ied (bĭz′ĭd), wȯn′-der-fụl, strĕngth′-en-ing (strĕngth′n-), dis-ȼlō′-sure (-klō′zhur), Nă-tā′-li-ȧ, sçēne, rĕç-ĭ-ta-tīve′.

III. Write the pronouns that express only male persons;—females;—neither males nor females; that express only the person speaking;—the person spoken to;—spoken of; all that express possession.

IV. Eternity, invisible, sentiment, emotions, excited, meditations, exalting, transporting, friezes, socles, azure, tapestry, candelabras, sarcophagus, recitative, exequies, abbé, magnificently, ornamented, illuminated, ceiling, visible, reluctantly, repose, bier, imaginative, appointment, silent, victims, rigorous, arbitrary, duration, contradictions, committed, final, uncertain, conjecture, shrouded, gratitude, vivid, consumed, utmost, posture, compose, humility, consecrated, ardor, intensely, faltering.

V. "Still dwelling" (the tomb). Note the form of this recitative, modeled on the *rhythmic parallelism* of Hebrew poetry (see CIII., CXX.) (e. g., repetition of "still dwelling" and "bring" in question and response; correspondence in "*tired* playmate—let her *rest*, till *songs* . . . *awaken*"; repetition of *welcome;* antithesis of "no *boy—age* only," etc.). Make a list of the repetitions, synonyms, correspondences, and contrasts, used in these funeral services. "Yet look at the strong wings." (In a charade played by the children a few days before her death, she had personated an angel, and worn wings; in the angel's dress she was laid out for burial.) Note the *grief*—expressed by the boys as representing *the particular*, the individual human ties of friendship and love—and the *consolation*—expressed by the invisible chorus, as representing *the universal*, the moral and religious principles that support man in sorrow. "The man who prepared this silent abode" (i. e., the "Hall of the Past," as it was named by the old nobleman who had founded it. He was the uncle of Natalia and Lothario, who inherited the castle from him).

CXLVI.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

1. Within his sober realm of leafless trees
   The russet Year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
   When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray Barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the Mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

3. All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumbrous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew twice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

7. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung—

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year—

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to this family, recognizes in the corpse his niece, who had been stolen from her home when an infant, and was supposed to have been drowned in the sea.

II. Ab′-bé (-bā), trăv′-el, ēar′-nest-ness (ẽr′-), chō′-rus, [illegible], boy′-hood (boi′-), wŏn′-der-fụl, strĕngth′-en-ing (strĕngth′n-), dis-clō′-sure (-klō′zhur), Nä-tä′-lĭä, scēne, rĕç-ĭ-ta-tīve′.

III. Write the pronouns that express only male persons;—females;—neither males nor females; that express only the person speaking;—the person spoken to;—spoken of; all that express possession.

IV. Eternity, invisible, sentiment, emotions, excited, meditations, exalting, transporting, frieses, socles, azure, tapestry, candelabras, sarcophagus, recitative, exequies, abbé, magnificently, ornamented, illuminated, ceiling, visible, reluctantly, repose, bier, imaginative, appointment, silent, victims, rigorous, arbitrary, duration, contradictions, committed, final, uncertain, conjecture, shrouded, gratitude, vivid, consumed, utmost, posture, compose, humility, consecrated, ardor, intensely, faltering.

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flails" (two men with flails stand at
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9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

13. Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

14. She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

16. Regave the sword—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

18. At last the thread was snapped: her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

For Preparation.—I. As the poet and painter, author of this piece, was a native of Pennsylvania, the fact suggests to us the probability that this unequaled poetic painting of the scenery and atmospheric effects of Indian summer, together with the impressions made by it upon a sensitive nature, is descriptive of a Pennsylvania landscape in November.

II. Rĕalm, hā′-zy, ăl-tẽr′-nate, fiēldş, plĕn′-te-oŭs, phĕaş′-ant (fĕz′-), ĕc̶h′-o, mā′-tron, se-rēne′.

III. Give the forms of the verb *be* that agree with the person speaking;—person spoken to;—spoken of; that express present time;—past time with *have;*—past time without *have.* Use all the forms that you can with *I;*—with *we;*—with *thou;*—with *you;*—with *he;*—with *they.*

IV. Sober, russet, year, inhaled, tanned, "alternate flails," subdued, mellowed, hewed, embattled, erewhile, "martial hue," "remotest blue," vulture, sentinel, warder, alien, erst, crest, garrulous, unfledged, censer, foreboding, rustic, charmed, "vernal feast," stubble, loom, "inverted torch," monotonous, mien, sable, sire, invading, tremulous, distaff.

V. "Russet Year," "gray Barns," and "Mills"—note personification. "A greeting to the Mills" (in the barns the grain was being threshed, to send to the mills for flour). "Alternate flails" (two men with flails stand at opposite ends of the threshing floor and strike the grain in alternate blows). Note the pictures in this piece, every one easily painted, and every one having the peculiar tones of "Indian summer" (e. g., "the embattled forests," "on slumbrous wings," etc.). "Where erst the jay" (now gone with the swallows to the south for the winter). Why is the thistle down called the "ghost of flowers"? Why does he say spiders wove "shrouds"? "Inverted torch" (a symbol of death). "Sat like a Fate" (the Fates were represented as spinning the thread of human life). "Twice War bowed to her" (her husband falls in battle—in the Revolutionary War—and then her son). Compare this poem with Gray's "Elegy" (first a long introduction descriptive of scenery and surroundings, and meditations on them; and at last a person described in keeping with the scene. In Gray's "Elegy" it is the pensive poet himself; in this it is the aged relict of a revolutionary chaplain).

APPENDIX.

WORDS DIFFICULT TO SPELL.

The difficulty of spelling English words arises from uncertainty in regard to the combinations used to represent elementary sounds. For instance, the sound ĕ is represented in eleven different ways in the words ebb, dead, again, æsthetics, many, nonpareil, jeopardy, friend, bury, guest, says. Again, the words bead, head, great, heart, wear, ocean, earth, present *ea* with seven sounds.

The pupil will readily learn to spell all words in which the sounds are represented by the usual combinations of letters, by seeing them in print whenever he reads a book or newspaper.

A list of words to spell should not be cumbered by the introduction of easy words, such as contain only the usual combinations, but should have only those that are difficult because of the exceptional combinations of letters used.

The spelling book, then, may be a very small book, containing about fifteen hundred words. This small list of words should be so thoroughly learned that the pupil can spell orally or write *every word* in it without hesitation. This can be accomplished by the pupil of twelve years of age in six months' time, having one lesson of twenty words a day to write from dictation, and using every fifth day for an oral review of all words from the beginning.

This thorough drill on a few words will train the child's faculty of observing unusual combinations of letters, and his memory thus trained will make him a good speller without spending any further time over the spelling book. His memory will absorb and retain hard words wherever he sees them, just as a sponge absorbs and retains water.

12. "With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

13. "And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

14. "And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

15. "The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

16. "At length did cross an albatross;
Thorough the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

17. "It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

18. "And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

19. "In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

20. "God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the albatross."

II.—THE CALM AT SEA.

21. "The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

22. "And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

23. "And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

24. "Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

10. And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

11. But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

12. And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

John Milton.

FOR PREPARATION.—I. Omission of thirty lines from the beginning and of eighteen from the middle of this poem. "Il Penseroso" (the pensive or thoughtful, hence "Melancholy"). "Cynthia" (the moon—drives a yoke of dragons attached to her chariot).

II. Dẹign (dān), Mĕl′-an-ȼhŏl-y, wạn′-der-ing, plăt, rīş′-ing, ȼoun′-ter-feit (-fit), heärth (härth), drow′-şy, gôr′-ġeoŭs, rŭs′-tling (rŭs′ling), däunt, mys-tē′-ri-oŭs, pōr′-trai-ture, ġēn′-ius, ȼhoir (kwīr), ĕȼ′-sta-sieş.

III. "'Less Philomel," etc. (3)—*un* omitted for ' ? "Do attain"—why not *doth attain?*

IV. Pensive, devout, demure, sable, stole, "wonted state," "commercing with the skies," rapt, Philomel, Cynthia, sullen, "outwatch the Bear," Hermes, Plato, element, Tragedy, "Thebes, or Pelops' line," "Jove's altar," "fall of Troy," buskined, ushered, Sylvan (-us), garish, "cloister's pale," antic (-ique), pillows, dight, hermitage.

V. "Decent shoulders" (decent = becoming, the old Latin meaning). "Forget thyself to marble" (until there is no more trace of emotion than in a marble statue). "Spare Fast" (which lets the mind soar into the heavens). "Hist along" (bring by commands of *hush*). "Chantress" (the nightingale). "Thrice-great Hermes" ("Hermes Trismegistus," the famous mystical work, studied for its deeply concealed wisdom). "That hath forsook her mansion" (referring to Plato's doctrine of the descent of the soul, as presented in the "Phædo"). "Rightly spell"—what meaning has *spell?*

CXLI.—GARDEN PLANTS.

1. Lettuce has always been loyal. Herodotus tells us that it was served at royal tables some centuries before the Christian era, and one of the Roman families ennobled its name with that of Lactucinii. So spinach, asparagus, and celery have been held in high repute among the eastern nations, as with us; and the parable of the mustard seed shows that that plant was known in Christ's time.

2. The Greeks are said to have esteemed radishes so highly that, in offering oblations to Apollo, they presented them in beaten gold. And the Emperor Tiberius held parsnips in such high repute that he had them

brought annually from the Rhine for his table. The beet is still prized, but the carrot has lost the reputation it had in Queen Elizabeth's time, the leaves being used in the headdresses of the ladies of her court—whence the epithet applied to the hair is derived.

3. Peas had scarcely made their appearance at the tables of the court of Elizabeth, "being very rare," Fuller says, "in the early part of her reign, and seldom seen except they were brought from Holland; and these were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear." Nor did the currant appear much earlier in European gardens, coming first under the name of the Corinthian grape. Evelyn calls the berries Corinths. So the damson took its name from Damascus; the cherry from Cerasus, a city of Pontus; and the peach from Persia. The quince, first known as the Cydonian apple, was dedicated to the goddess of Love; and pears, like apples, are from Paradise.

4. The apple is the representative fruit, and owes most to culture in its ancient varieties of quince, pear, pomegranate, citron, peach, as it comprehended all originally. Of these, pears and peaches have partaken more largely of man's essence, and may be called creations of his, being civilized in the measure he is himself; as are the apple and the grape. These last are more generally diffused over the earth, and their history embraces that of the origin and progress of mankind, the apple being coeval with man—Eve's apple preserving the traditions of his earliest experiences; and the grape appears in connection with him not long after his story comes into clearness from the dimness of the past.

5. Fruits have the honor of being most widely diffused geographically, grown with the kindliest care, and

of being first used by man as food. They still enter largely into the regimen of the cultivated nations, and are the fairest of civilizers; like Orpheus, they tame the human passions to consonance and harmony by their lyric influence. The use of them is of such universal importance, that we can not subsist in any plenty or elegance without them. And everywhere beside the cultivated man grows the orchard, to intimate his refinement in those excellences most befitting his race.

6. The Romans designated the union of all the virtues in the word we render fruit; and bread comes from Pan, the representative of Nature, whose stores we gather for our common sustenance in our pantries. Biography shows that fruit has been the preferred food of the most illuminated persons of past times, and of many of the ablest. It is friendly to the human constitution, and has been made classic by the pens of poets who have celebrated its beauty and excellence.

A. B. Alcott.

For Preparation.—I. Who was Herodotus?—Apollo?—Tiberius?—Queen Elizabeth?—Fuller?—Evelyn?—Orpheus (the mythical civilizer of Greece)?—Pan? Where is Corinth?—Damascus?—Pontus?—Persia? (The historical and etymological information of this piece possesses a literary interest rather than scientific value.)

II. Lĕt′-tuçe (-tis), re̱ign (rān), ȼŭr′-rant, ôr′-chard, es-teemed′, as-păr′-a-gus, çĕl′-er-y, spĭn′-ach (spĭn′aj), Eū-ro-pē′-an, pȯme-grăn′-ate (pum-grăn′at), ĕl′-e-gançe, ĕx′-çel-lençe.

III. Explain *ies* in berries;—*iest* in kindliest. Compare in meaning, *sub*sist, *con*sist, *de*sist, *re*sist, *in*sist, *as*sist. (*Sist*, from Latin *sisto*, to place: *sub*sist, to place *under;* *con*sist, to place *together*, etc.)

IV. Era, loyal, repute, parable, oblations, reputation, dainties, dedicated, diffused, regimen, "lyric influence," subsist, pantries, coeval, "illuminated" (i. e., possessing genius and insight).

V. What "epithet applied to the hair" is referred to? "Pears and peaches having partaken more largely of man's essence," etc. (4), (i. e., having had more cultivation; mind being man's essence, whatever man expends thought upon, and thus modifies, may be said figuratively to partake of his essence). "Bread, from Pan" (i. e., the Latin word *panis*, meaning bread—from which "pantry" is derived—is conjectured here to come from Pan, the shepherd god—"Pan," in Greek, meaning *all;* its real derivation is possibly from the root of *pasco*, I feed. The English word *bread* is doubtless from *braedan*, Anglo-Saxon for roast or bake, and means *baked*). Note the style of this piece: its quiet self-possession and dignity reminding one of the early English prose. Compare it with one of Thoreau's (e. g., LXXX.). Note the length of the sentences, and the easy transition from clause to clause; the smoothness and rhythm, and the use of the connectives that relate one passage to the other.

CXLII.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

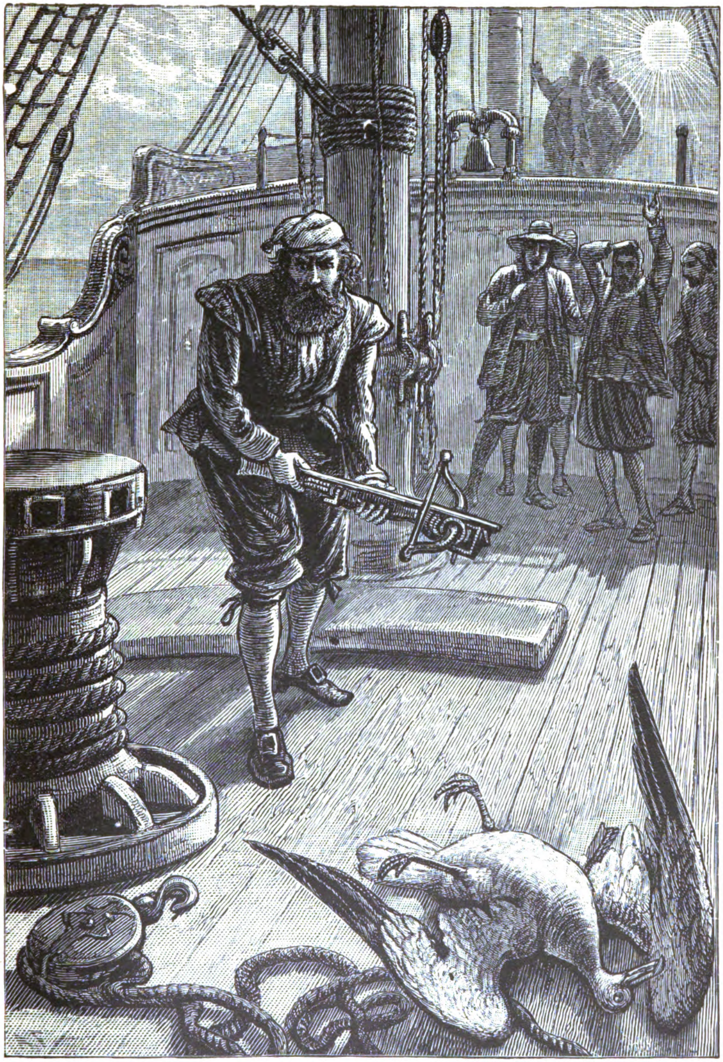
I.—THE ALBATROSS.

1. It is an ancient mariner,
   And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
   Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

2. "The bridegroom's doors are ŏpened wide,
   And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
   Mayst hear the merry din."

3. He holds him with his skinny hand:
   "There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
   Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

4. He holds him with his glittering eye—
   The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
   The mariner hath his will.



The Ancient Mariner.

(*Page* 434.)

XXXVII.

half'-pĕn-ny (hä'-)
ha̤l'i-but
he-ġī'ra
Hĭn'do͞o
hŏs'pi-ta-ble
ī'dyl
il-lū'sĭve
ī'o-dĭne
i-ō'tȧ
ir-rĕf'ra-ga-ble

XXXVIII.

ir-re-fūt'a-ble
ir-rĕp'a-ra-ble
ir-rĕv'o-ca-ble
ī'so-lāte
ī-so-thẽr'mal
Ĭ-tăl'ian
Ĭ-tăl'ic
jŏc'und
ka-leī'do-scōpe
măc'ro-cŏşm

XXXIX.

mī'cro-cŏşm
mŏl'e-cūle
nä'īve-té (tā)
nĕs'çiençe (nĕsh'ens)
o-bēi'sançe
pȯme'grăn-ate (-at)
pŏt'shẽrd
sĕd'a-tĭve
sŏph'is-try
sŏp-o-rĭf'ic

XL.

sŭb'lu-na-ry
sŭb'tĭle
tăç'i-tûrn
tête-à-tête (tāt-ä-tāt')
thra̤ll'dȯm
trĭp'ar-tīte
trī'pod
trō'phy
trụ'cu-lent
u-tō'pi-an

XLI.

vī'bra-to-ry
vĭn'di-ca-tĭve
ab-dō'men
bŏm'bȧst
buoy'ant (bwoy'-)
ca-mĕl'o-pard
çha-rāde' (sh)
con-tọur'
cū'po-lȧ
dĭph'thong (dĭf')

XLII.

dĭs'pu-ta-ble
dĭs'pu-tant
e-clăt' (e-klä')
ē-qua-tō'ri-al
ē-qui-nŏc'tial
Eū-ro-pē'an
ex̧-ĕc'u-tĭve
ĕx-ha-lā'tion
ĕx'quĭ-şĭte
ex-traôr'di-na-ry (-trôr'-)

XLIII.

ẹy'rie
făc-sĭm'i-le
fa̤l'chion (-chun)
fa̤l'c*o*n (faw'kn)
fa̤l'c*o*n-ry (faw'kn-)
găs'e-oŭs
ġym-nā'şi-um
hŏgş'hĕad
hŏl'i-dāy
hō'ly-dāy

XLIV.

hŏs'tler (hŏs'ler)
la̤u'da-nŭm
lĕg'ate
lĕġ'end
lĕġ'end-a-ry
lī'chen
ly-çē'um
Ma-dēi'rȧ
mĕm'oir (-wŏr)
mi-räge' (me-räzh')

XLV.

my̆-thŏl'o-ġy
Pall-mall' (pĕl-mĕl')
Phĭl'o-mĕl
pīque (pēk)
plȧ-teau' (-tō')
poign'ant (poin'-)
prĭth'ee
psälm'ist (säm'-)
py-răm'i-dal
rhy̆thm

5. The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

6. "The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

7. "The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

8. "Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

9. The bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

10. The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

11. "And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck us with o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

12. "With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

13. "And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

14. "And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

15. "The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

16. "At length did cross an albatross;
Thorough the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

17. "It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through.

18. "And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

19. "In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

20. "God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the albatross."

II.—THE CALM AT SEA.

21. "The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

22. "And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

23. "And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

24. "Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

25. "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

26. "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

27. "All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

28. "Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

29. "Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

30. "The very deep did rot. O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

31. "About, about, in reel and rout,
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

32. " And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

33. " And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

34. " Ah, welladay! What evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung."

III.—THE PROSPEROUS GALE AND THE RETURN.

35. " O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

36. " The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke it rained.

37. " My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

38. " I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blesséd ghost.

39. "And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sear.

40. "The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

41. "And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The moon was at its edge.

42. "The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

43. "The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do.

44. "Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

45. "And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

46. "It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

47. "Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

48. "Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

49. "Oh, dream of joy! is this, indeed,
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

50. "We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray,
'Oh, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'"

IV.—THE SHRIFT OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

51. "And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

52. "'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou?'

53. "Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

54. "Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

55. "I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

56. "What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are;
And hark! the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

57. "O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

58. "Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company—

59. "To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

60. "Farewell! farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

61. "He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

62. The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

63. He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

For Preparation.—I. What is an albatross? What superstition regarding it among sailors? (See 23.) Does the sun ordinarily appear "bigger than the moon" to us? (27.) Of this remarkable poem less than one half is given here, omission being made of most of the middle part, viz.: thirty-two stanzas that follow No. 34 here given; two stanzas that follow No. 42; four stanzas that follow No. 43; twenty stanzas that follow No. 47; twenty-two stanzas that follow No. 50; in all, eighty stanzas are omitted,

and only sixty-three are given. Those omitted relate the dreadful death of the crew by starvation, and their ghostly performances afterward; finally, the sinking of the phantom ship with its phantom crew when in sight of the home port.

II. An′-cient (-shent), guĕst (g̅ĕst), tȳr′-an-noŭs, shrĭn̲k, ghȧst′-ly, so͝ot, āye (ā).

III. Note the imitation of old English style in this poem; it appears in words, phrases, and rhymes: some of the "archaisms," as they are called, are eftsoons (*eft*, after—soon after), swound (swoon), clift (cliff), thorough (16) (through), uprist (24) (uprose), silly (36) (frail). Difference between *ate* and *eat* and *eaten?*

IV. Kin, din, quoth, mariner, kirk, bassoon, minstrelsy, prow, sheen, ken, vespers, averred, fathom, "moon was at its edge," jargoning, hermit, agony, vesper, hoar.

V. "We drop below the kirk" (i. e., as they sail over the sea, which bends round the earth, the curvature prevents them first from seeing low objects, and then the high ones). "Mayst hear" (2) ("thou" omitted). "As who pursued" (for "as *one* who," etc.). "Aye" (12) (always). "Shrive" and "shrift" (confess and confession).

CXLIII.—CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF MAN.

1. "But on the whole," continues our eloquent professor, "man is a tool-using animal. Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest soled, of some half square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very winds supplant him.

2. "Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him. The steer of the meadow tosses him aloft like a waste rag.

3. "Nevertheless, he can use tools, can devise tools. With these, the granite mountain melts into light dust before him. He kneads glowing iron as if it were soft

paste. Seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds.

4. "Nowhere do you find him without tools. Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all."

5. Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of oratory with a remark that this definition of the tool-using animal appears to us, of all that animal sort, considerably the precisest and best.

6. Man is called a laughing animal; but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it? and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? The professor himself, as we said, laughed only once.

7. Still less do we make of that other French definition of the cooking animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless.

8. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing up his whale blubber, as a marmot in the like case might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinoco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow nests on the branches of trees, and for half the year have no victuals but pipe clay, the whole country being under water?

9. But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his tools. Those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their flint ball, and thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

10. "Man is a tool-using animal," concludes the professor, in his abrupt way; "of which truth clothes are but one example. And surely, if we consider the interval between the first wooden dibble fashioned by man and

those Liverpool steam carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made.

11. "He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, 'Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour!' and they do it. He collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, 'Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us!' and they do it."

Thomas Carlyle.

For Preparation.—I. From the close of Chapter V. of "Sartor Resartus, or the History of Clothes," a work which humorously treats of the origin and significance of man's institutions, customs, and habits, under the figure of clothing (spiritual clothing, as opposed to bodily clothing). It is full of profound thoughts, and written in elegant though difficult language—many passages being of transcendent sublimity.

II. Knēads̡ (nēdz), vĭct′-uals̡ (vĭt′lz), Monsieur Ude (mō-syē′ ụd).

III. The words which oftenest change their forms to express distinctions or relations are the most important ones to learn thoroughly in order to prevent mistakes in the use of language. The eleven variations of the verb *to be* are therefore very important. More important are the words used as substitutes to prevent repetition of name-words (called "pronouns"); they are: I (with its forms: my, mine, me, we, our, ours, us), thou (thy, thine, thee, ye, you, your, yours), he (his, him, they, their, theirs, them), she (her, hers, they, etc.), it (its, they, etc.). Of each of these pronouns tell what distinctions it expresses: (*a*) person speaking, or spoken *to* or *of*; (*b*) subject, or possessor, or object of relation or action; (*c*) sex.

IV. Stature, insecurely, bipeds, devise, thong, interval, miscellaneous, apparently.

V. "The eloquent professor" (Teufelsdroeckh). Make a list of man's physical weaknesses as given (1 and 2)—(e. g., little strength, small size, stands on two small feet instead of four, can lift only three hundredweight, etc.). Make a list, also, of what he can do with tools (3 and 4). "May we interrupt the stream of oratory" (Carlyle humorously pretends to quote remarks from an imagined professor, and then comments upon the quotations, like an editor; in this way he can in part help to explain the thoughts to the reader). Make a list of the definitions of man named, and of the

reasons for adopting "tool-using animal" as the best. (Remember that a definition should express the likeness of the object to other beings, as "animal" does; and also the difference which distinguishes it from all others, as "tool-using" does.) "Monsieur Ude" (the French cook who defined man as a cooking animal). "Caledonians" (of prehistoric times, who hunted their prey in the swamps, and killed it with a flint stone fastened to a leather thong). "Of which truth clothes are but an example" (10)—(for clothes are tools invented to keep in the bodily heat). "Dibble" (a sharpened stick used by prehistoric man to make holes in the ground for the seed planted). (The "steam carriage"—a material tool—and the "House of Commons"—an institution, a tool of a spiritual nature, invented for the purpose of securing justice to men—are both called *tools* by Carlyle.) "Black stones" (11) (coal). "Transport me" (in a steam carriage—the whole power being furnished by the coal). "He collects . . . by lot" (*apparently*, for the ballot does not seem to be always wise in its elections). "Six hundred and fifty-eight individuals" (i. e., members of the House of Commons), "and says to them," Govern the nation, "and they do it." (What a wonderful machine man has invented in the *Legislature!*) Compare this piece with CXIV., on "Inventions."

CXLIV.—ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. Bury the Great Duke
   With an empire's lamentation!
Let us bury the Great Duke
   To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2. Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

3. Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits a universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow:
The last great Englishman is low!

4. Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good!

5. Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
  Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Great in council and great in war,
  Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
  In his simplicity sublime.

6. O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er:
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

7. Peace! his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmolded tongue,

Far on in summers that we shall not see.
  Peace! it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
  O peace! it is a day of pain
  For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung:
  Ours the pain, be his the gain!

8. More than is of man's degree
  Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
  Whom we see not we revere.
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
  And brawling memories all too free
  For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:

9. We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be.

10. For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
  Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
  What know we greater than the soul?

11. On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush! the "Dead March" wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

12. He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown;
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him!

Alfred Tennyson.

For Preparation.—I. These passages are from the beginning and end, omitting, after the 6th stanza here, 189 lines in which the chief topic is the deeds of Wellington (a comparison with Nelson, his victories in Spain and at Waterloo, and a reference to his services as statesman). The extract here given contains about one third of this great ode—"a more magnificent monument than any or all the histories that record the commander's life," as Emerson says. Date of the death of Wellington? Explain the allusions to his history.

II. Mōurn′-ing, wa̤r′-riorş (wa̤r′yẽrz), ĕc̶h′-o, wrought (rawt), c̶rowd, mär′-tial (-shal), făsh′-ion (-un), am-bĭ′-tioŭs (-bĭsh′us), c̶oun′-çil, trī′-umph, tȯngue (tung), pā-tri-är′-c̶hal, wẹight (wāt).

III. Mark the feet and accented syllables of the 1st, 7th, and 12th stanzas. (See CI.)

IV. Lamentation, pall, deplore, pageant, oracle, enduring, moderate, resolute, amplest, pretense, sublime, simplicity, omens, unmolded, solemnity, refrain, revere, humility, fane, myriad, yawns, bereave, cathedral, ode.

V. Notice how Tennyson unites a perfect command of the external rhythm—or the harmony based on sound and equal intervals of time—and

of the internal rhythm—rhyming of mental pictures through tautology, synonyms, antithesis, and correspondence of individual and its species. (See CIII., CXX., CXLII., CXLV., notes.) *Parallelism:* "Bury . . . great Duke . . . empire's lamentation." "Bury . . . great Duke . . . mourning . . . mighty nation." "In soldier fashion will he greet" (the soldier does not bow or bend his body, but raises his hand as if to take off his hat). "We revere and we refrain" (8) (refrain even from speaking of his great battles, out of a still higher respect and delicacy; for sometimes silence is greater praise than words. If we name his battles, it detracts from him, for it assumes that these battles are not known by everybody, and therefore need some mention). "The force he made his own being here" (12) (can not be lost to him in death, and so) "we believe him something far advanced in state" (i. e., immortal).

CXLV.—THE EXEQUIES OF MIGNON.

1. The abbé called them in the evening to attend the exequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past. They found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry almost from ceiling to floor, so that nothing but the friezes and socles, above and below, were visible.

2. On the four candelabra in the corner large wax lights were burning; smaller lights were in the four smaller candelabra placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure with silver; they had broad fans of ostrich feathers, which they waved above a figure that was resting upon the sarcophagus.

3. The company sat down. Two invisible choruses began in a soft musical *recitative* to ask, "Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling?" The four boys replied, with lovely voices: "Tis a tired playmate whom we bring you. Let her rest in your still dwelling, till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her."

52. "'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou?'

53. "Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

54. "Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

55. "I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

56. "What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are;
And hark! the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

57. "O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

58. "Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
  With a goodly company—

59. "To walk together to the kirk,
  And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
  And youths and maidens gay!

60. "Farewell! farewell! But this I tell
  To thee, thou wedding guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast.

61. "He prayeth best, who loveth best
  All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all."

62. The mariner, whose eye is bright,
  Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding guest
  Turned from the bridegroom's door.

63. He went like one that hath been stunned,
  And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
  He rose the morrow morn.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

For Preparation.—I. What is an albatross? What superstition regarding it among sailors? (See 23.) Does the sun ordinarily appear "bigger than the moon" to us? (27.) Of this remarkable poem less than one half is given here, omission being made of most of the middle part, viz.: thirty-two stanzas that follow No. 34 here given; two stanzas that follow No. 42; four stanzas that follow No. 43; twenty stanzas that follow No. 47; twenty-two stanzas that follow No. 50; in all, eighty stanzas are omitted,

4. *Chorus*—Firstling of youth in our circle, we welcome thee! with sadness welcome thee! May no boy, no maiden follow! Let age only, willing and composed, approach the silent Hall, and in the solemn company repose this one dear child!

5. *Boys*—Ah, reluctantly we brought her hither! Ah, and she is to remain here! Let us, too, remain; let us weep—let us weep upon her bier!

6. *Chorus*—Yet look at the strong wings! Look at the light, clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon her head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose!

7. *Boys*—Ah! the wings do not raise her. In the frolic game, her robe flutters to and fro no more. When we bound her head with roses, her looks on us were kind and friendly.

8. *Chorus*—Cast forward the eye of the spirit! Awake in your souls the imaginative power, which carries forth what is fairest, what is highest—Life—away beyond the stars.

9. *Boys*—But ah! we find her not here. In the garden she wanders not; the flowers of the meadow she plucks no longer. Let us weep—we are leaving her here! Let us weep, and remain with her!

10. *Chorus*—Children, turn back into life! Your tears let the fresh air dry, which plays upon the rushing water. Fly from night! Day, and pleasure, and continuance are the lot of the living.

11. *Boys*—Up! Turn back into life! Let the day give us labor and pleasure, till the evening brings us rest, and the nightly sleep refreshes us.

12. *Chorus*—Children, hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may Love meet you with heavenly looks, and with the wreath of immortality!

13. The boys had retired. The abbé rose from his seat and went behind the bier. "It is the appointment," said he, "of the man who prepared this silent abode, that each new tenant of it shall be introduced with a solemnity. After him, the builder of this mansion, the founder of this establishment, we have next brought a young stranger hither; and thus already does this little space contain two altogether different victims of the rigorous, arbitrary, and inexorable death goddess.

14. "By appointed laws we enter into life; but for the duration of our life there is no law. The weakest thread will spin itself to unexpected length; and the strongest is cut suddenly asunder by the scissors of the Fates, delighting, as it seems, in contradictions.

15. "Of the child, whom we have here committed to her final rest, we can say but little. It is still uncertain whence she came. Her parents we know not; the years of her life we can only conjecture. Her deep and closely shrouded soul allowed us scarce to guess at its interior movements. There was nothing clear in her, nothing open, but her affection for the man who had snatched her from the hands of a barbarian.

16. "This impassioned tenderness, this vivid gratitude, appeared to be the flame which consumed the oil of her life. The skill of the physician could not save that fair life, the most anxious friendship could not lengthen it. But if art could not stay the departing spirit, it has done its utmost to preserve the body and withdraw it from decay. A balsamic substance has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood,

these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care!"

17. He raised the veil. The child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture. They approached, and admired this show of life. Wilhelm alone continued sitting in his place; he was not able to compose himself. What he felt he durst not think; and every thought seemed ready to destroy his feeling. For the sake of the marchese, the speech had been pronounced in French. That nobleman came forward with the rest, and viewed the figure with attention.

18. The abbé thus proceeded: "With a holy confidence, this kind heart, shut up to men, was continually turned to its God. Humility—nay, an inclination to abase herself externally—seemed natural to her. She clave with zeal to the Catholic religion, in which she had been born and educated. Often she expressed a quiet wish to sleep in consecrated ground; and, according to the usage of the Church, we have, therefore, consecrated this marble coffin, and the little earth which is hidden in the cushion that supports her head.

19. "With what ardor did she, in her last moments, kiss the image of the Crucified, which stood beautifully figured on her tender arm with many hundred points!" So saying, he stripped up her right sleeve; and a crucifix, with marks and letters round it, showed itself in blue upon the white skin.

20. The marchese looked at this with eagerness, stooping down to view it more intently. "O God!" cried he, as he stood upright, and raised his hands to heaven. "Poor child! Unhappy niece! Do I meet thee here! What a painful joy to find thee, whom we had long lost hope of—to find this dear frame, which we

had long believed the prey of fishes in the ocean, here preserved, though lifeless! I assist at thy funeral, splendid in its external circumstances, still more splendid from the noble persons who attend thee to thy place of rest. And to these," added he, with a faltering voice, "so soon as I can speak, I will express my thanks."

21. Tears hindered him from saying more. By the pressure of a spring, the abbé sunk the body into the cavity of the marble. Four youths, dressed as the boys had been, came out from behind the tapestry, and, lifting the heavy, beautifully ornamented lid upon the coffin, thus began their song:

22. *The Youths*—"Well is the treasure now laid up, the fair image of the Past! Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying. In your hearts, too, it lives, it works. Travel, travel back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness; for earnestness alone makes life eternity."

23. The invisible chorus joined in with the last words; but no one heard the strengthening sentiment; all were too much busied with themselves, and the emotions which these wonderful disclosures had excited. The abbé and Natalia conducted the marchese out; Theresa and Lothario walked by Wilhelm. It was not till the music had altogether died away that their sorrows, thoughts, meditations, curiosity, again fell on them with all their force, and made them long to be transported back into that exalting scene.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (*Carlyle's translation*).

For Preparation.—I. From "Wilhelm Meister," Book VIII., Chapter viii. In XXX., Mignon's Song of Italy has been given. She dies young, after being taken into a noble family in Germany. During the stately funeral ceremonies here described, an Italian marquis, then on a visit to this family, recognizes in the corpse his niece, who had been stolen from her home when an infant, and was supposed to have been drowned in the sea.

II. Ab′-bé (-bā), trăv′-el, ẽar′-nest-ness (ĕr′-), chō′-rus, mär-chẹ′-ṣẹ, buṣ′-ied (bĭz′ĭd), wȯn′-der-fụl, strĕngth′-en-ing (strĕngth′n-), dis-clō′-sure (-klō′zhur), Nă-tä′-liȧ, sçēne, rĕç-ĭ-ta-tīve′.

III. Write the pronouns that express only male persons;—females;—neither males nor females; that express only the person speaking;—the person spoken to;—spoken of; all that express possession.

IV. Eternity, invisible, sentiment, emotions, excited, meditations, exalting, transporting, friezes, socles, azure, tapestry, candelabras, sarcophagus, recitative, exequies, abbé, magnificently, ornamented, illuminated, ceiling, visible, reluctantly, repose, bier, imaginative, appointment, silent, victims, rigorous, arbitrary, duration, contradictions, committed, final, uncertain, conjecture, shrouded, gratitude, vivid, consumed, utmost, posture, compose, humility, consecrated, ardor, intensely, faltering.

V. "Still dwelling" (the tomb). Note the form of this recitative, modeled on the *rhythmic parallelism* of Hebrew poetry (see CIII., CXX.) (e. g., repetition of "still dwelling" and "bring" in question and response; correspondence in "*tired* playmate—let her *rest*, till *songs* . . . *awaken*"; repetition of *welcome;* antithesis of "no *boy*—*age* only," etc.). Make a list of the repetitions, synonyms, correspondences, and contrasts, used in these funeral services. "Yet look at the strong wings." (In a charade played by the children a few days before her death, she had personated an angel, and worn wings; in the angel's dress she was laid out for burial.) Note the *grief*—expressed by the boys as representing *the particular*, the individual human ties of friendship and love—and the *consolation*—expressed by the invisible chorus, as representing *the universal*, the moral and religious principles that support man in sorrow. "The man who prepared this silent abode" (i. e., the "Hall of the Past," as it was named by the old nobleman who had founded it. He was the uncle of Natalia and Lothario, who inherited the castle from him).

CXLVI.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

1. Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet Year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray Barns, looking from their hazy hills
   O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the Mills,
   On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

3. All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
   The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
   His winter log with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
   Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
   Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

5. On slumbrous wings the vulture tried his flight;
   The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
   The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
   Crew twice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
   His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

7. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
   Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
   By every light wind like a censer swung—

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
   The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
   An early harvest and a plenteous year—

9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

13. Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

14. She had known sorrow—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

16. Regave the sword—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

18. At last the thread was snapped: her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

For Preparation.—I. As the poet and painter, author of this piece, was a native of Pennsylvania, the fact suggests to us the probability that this unequaled poetic painting of the scenery and atmospheric effects of Indian summer, together with the impressions made by it upon a sensitive nature, is descriptive of a Pennsylvania landscape in November.

II. Rĕalm, hā′-zy, ăl-tẽr′-nate, fiēldş, plĕn′-te-oŭs, phĕaş′-ant (fĕz′-), ĕc̶h′-o, mā′-tron, se-rēne′.

III. Give the forms of the verb *be* that agree with the person speaking;—person spoken to;—spoken of; that express present time;—past time with *have*;—past time without *have*. Use all the forms that you can with *I*;—with *we*;—with *thou*;—with *you*;—with *he*;—with *they*.

IV. Sober, russet, year, inhaled, tanned, "alternate flails," subdued, mellowed, hewed, embattled, erewhile, "martial hue," "remotest blue," vulture, sentinel, warder, alien, erst, crest, garrulous, unfledged, censer, foreboding, rustic, charmed, "vernal feast," stubble, loom, "inverted torch," monotonous, mien, sable, sire, invading, tremulous, distaff.

V. "Russet Year," "gray Barns," and "Mills"—note personification. "A greeting to the Mills" (in the barns the grain was being threshed, to send to the mills for flour). "Alternate flails" (two men with flails stand at opposite ends of the threshing floor and strike the grain in alternate blows). Note the pictures in this piece, every one easily painted, and every one having the peculiar tones of "Indian summer" (e. g., "the embattled forests," "on slumbrous wings," etc.). "Where erst the jay" (now gone with the swallows to the south for the winter). Why is the thistle down called the "ghost of flowers"? Why does he say spiders wove "shrouds"? "Inverted torch" (a symbol of death). "Sat like a Fate" (the Fates were represented as spinning the thread of human life). "Twice War bowed to her" (her husband falls in battle—in the Revolutionary War—and then her son). Compare this poem with Gray's "Elegy" (first a long introduction descriptive of scenery and surroundings, and meditations on them; and at last a person described in keeping with the scene. In Gray's "Elegy" it is the pensive poet himself; in this it is the aged relict of a revolutionary chaplain).

APPENDIX.

WORDS DIFFICULT TO SPELL.

The difficulty of spelling English words arises from uncertainty in regard to the combinations used to represent elementary sounds. For instance, the sound ĕ is represented in eleven different ways in the words ebb, dead, again, æsthetics, many, nonpareil, jeopardy, friend, bury, guest, says. Again, the words bead, head, great, heart, wear, ocean, earth, present *ea* with seven sounds.

The pupil will readily learn to spell all words in which the sounds are represented by the usual combinations of letters, by seeing them in print whenever he reads a book or newspaper.

A list of words to spell should not be cumbered by the introduction of easy words, such as contain only the usual combinations, but should have only those that are difficult because of the exceptional combinations of letters used.

The spelling book, then, may be a very small book, containing about fifteen hundred words. This small list of words should be so thoroughly learned that the pupil can spell orally or write *every word* in it without hesitation. This can be accomplished by the pupil of twelve years of age in six months' time, having one lesson of twenty words a day to write from dictation, and using every fifth day for an oral review of all words from the beginning.

This thorough drill on a few words will train the child's faculty of observing unusual combinations of letters, and his memory thus trained will make him a good speller without spending any further time over the spelling book. His memory will absorb and retain hard words wherever he sees them, just as a sponge absorbs and retains water.

The words are arranged in the following list so as not to bring together a number of words of the same combination, and thereby paralyze the memory, as is too frequently the case in the lists given in spelling books, which, for example, collect in one lesson the words ending in *tion*, or *tain*, or *ture*, or *cious*, etc., thus giving to the pupil by the first word that is spelled a key to all that follow.

Correct pronunciation is as important as correct spelling, and the rare combinations of letters are the ones most likely to be mispronounced. The following list contains the words liable to be mispronounced as well as misspelled, and even some words easy to spell that are often mispronounced. The following mode of analysis is recommended as an excellent auxiliary to the oral and written spelling lesson. It should always be practiced in connection with the reading lesson, and with the book open before the pupil, in preference to the usual plan.

Spelling Analysis.—The pupils and teacher have reading books or spelling books open at the lesson. The pupils, in the order of recitation, analyze the list of difficult words one after the other, as follows:

First Pupil—Groat, g-r-o-a-t (pronounces and reads its spelling from the book). It is a difficult word, because the sound *aw* is represented by the rare combination *oa;* it is usually represented by *aw* or *au* (*awl*, *fraud*). This sound may be represented in six ways, and is essentially identical with that of *ô* before *r* (*born*).

Second Pupil—Police, p-o-l-i-c-e. It is a difficult word, because the sound *ē* is represented by *i*, and not by one of the more frequent modes, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ie*, and *ei*. There are twelve ways of representing this sound. The word is also more difficult to spell, because it represents the sound of *s* by *ce*.

Third Pupil—Sacrifice, s-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e. It is difficult, because the sound *ĭ* (before *f*) is obscure, and may be represented by any one of twelve ways. The letter *c* in *fice* has here the sound of *z*, a very rare use of that letter. The word is liable to be mispronounced sā′-krĭ-fĭs or săk′-rĭ-fĭs for săk′-rĭ-fīz.

A.—Table of Equivalents representing Elementary Sounds.

I.—The sound ā is represented in eleven ways: 1. In many words by ā (āle), āi (āid), and āy (bāy); 2. In a few words by ẹy (thẹy), ẹi (vẹil), eā (breāk), āu (gāuge), āo (gāol, for *jail*), ẹ and ẹe (employé, soirée), āye (meaning *ever*).

II.—The sound ă is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by ă (ăt); 2. In a few words by ăi (plăid), uă (guărantee).

III.—The sound ä is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by ä (fäther); 2. In a few words by äu (täunt), eä (heärt), uä (guärd), e (sergeant), äa (bazäar).

IV.—The sound â is represented in seven ways: 1. In many words by â (câre); 2. In a few words by âi (fâir), eâ (peâr), ây (prâyer), ê (thêre), êi (thêir), aâ (Aâron).

V.—The sound ȧ is represented only by ȧ (ȧsk) in a few words.

VI.—The sound a̤ is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by a̤ (a̤ll), a̤w (a̤wl), a̤u (fra̤ud); 2. In a few words by ou (bought), oa̤ (broa̤d), a̤we.

VII.—The sound ē is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ē (ēve), ēa (bēat), ēe (bēef), iē (chiēf); 2. In a few words by ēi (decēive), ī (marīne), ēy (kēy), ēo (pēople), uay (quay), uē (Portuguēse), æ (Cæsar), œ (Phœbus).

VIII.—The sound ĕ is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ĕ (mĕt), ĕa (bread); 2. In a few words by ai (said), æ (diæresis), a (any), ĕi (hĕifer), ĕo (lĕopard), iĕ (friĕnd), u (bury), uĕ (guĕst), ay (says), œ (Œdipus).

IX.—The sound ẽ is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by ẽ (fẽrn), ĩ (sĩr); 2. In a few words by ẽa (hẽard), ỹ (mỹrtle), a (liar), uẽ (guẽrdon). See XIX., û sound.

X.—The sound ī (a diphthong composed usually of the sounds ä (or ȧ) -ĭ, pronounced very briefly, is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ī (īce), ȳ (bȳ), īe (dīe); 2. In a few words by uī (guīde), eī (heīght), uȳ (buȳ), aī (aīsle), ȳe (rȳe), eȳe, aȳ (baȳou).

XI.—The sound ĭ is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ĭ (ĭt), y̆ (ly̆nx), ĭe (dutĭes); 2. In a few words by uĭ (buĭld), aĭ (certaĭn), u (busy), e (pretty), ee (been), o (women), eĭ (foreĭgn), ĭa (carrĭage), oĭ (tortoĭse).

XII.—The sound ō is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ō (nōte), ōa (bōat), ōw (blōw); 2. In a few words by ōu (fōur), ōe (fōe), ōo (dōor), au (hautboy), ew (sew), eau (beau), eō (yeōman).

XIII.—The sound ŏ is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ŏ (nŏt), ạ (wạs); 2. In a few words by ŏu (lŏugh), ŏw (knŏwledge).

XIV. The sound ô is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by ô (bôrn); 2. In a few words by eô (Geôrge), aô (extraôrdinary).

XV.—The sound ōō is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ōō (blōōm); 2. In a few words by o̤ (do̤), o̤u (gro̤up), o̤e (sho̤e).

XVI.—The sound ŏŏ is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ŏŏ (fŏŏt); 2. In a few words by ọ (wọman), ụ (pụt, and the termination fụl), ọu (wọuld).

XVII.—The sound ū (a diphthong composed of ĭ-ōō, the ĭ being nearly displaced by a consonant y glide when the ū begins a syllable, or when it follows the consonants p, b, m, v, f, ȼ, or g̃) is represented in fourteen ways: 1. In many words by ū (tūbe), ew (few); 2. In a few words by ūe (hūe), ūi (jūice), eū (neūter), ieū (lieū), iew (view), eaū (beaūty), ūa (mantūa-maker), eo (feodal), yū (yūle), ewe, yew, you.

XVIII.—The sound ŭ is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ŭ (bŭt), ȯ (sȯn), ȯu (tȯuch, and terminations in ous); 2. In a few words by ȯo (blȯod), ȯe (dȯes), ȯi (porpȯise), iȯ (cushiȯn, and terminations in ion), eȯ (dungeȯn), eou in righteous, iou in gracious.

XIX.—The sound û is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by û (bûrn); 2. In a few words by o (work), oû (scoûrge). This sound is diphthongal, occasioned by the transmutation of the rough or trilled r to the smooth or palatal r, the effort expended in trilling the tongue having weakened into a guttural vowel sound ŭh, heard as a glide from the previous vowel sound to the r. Very careful speakers distinguish the sound of ẽ (equivalents ĩ and ỹ) from û (and its equivalent o sound), although the common usage, here and in England, is to pronounce them all alike, except before a trilled r. Smart says: "Even in the refined classes of society in England *sur*, *durt*, *burd*, etc., are the current pronunciation of *sir*, *dirt*, *bird;* and, indeed, in all very common words it would be somewhat affected to insist on the delicate shade of difference." The careful teacher will, however, practice his pupils in this delicate distinction.

XX.—The sound ṳ is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ṳ (rṳle); 2. In a few words by ew (grew), ṳe (trṳe), ṳi (frṳit). This sound occurs only after r, and in sṳre and its derivatives. It is very similar to the sound of ōō, the chief difference being caused by the modification which the preceding r sound gives.

XXI.—The diphthong oi (= a̤-ĭ), as in coil, is represented also by oy (boy).

XXII.—The diphthong ou (= ȧ-ŏŏ), as in bound, is represented also by ow (crowd).

XXIII.—The sounds of ġ in ġem, of ḡ in ḡet, of s in so, of ş in waş, of ç in çell, of ꞓ in ꞓat, of ch in child, of ꞓh in ꞓhorus, of çh in maçhine, of x in ox (ks), of x̧ in ex̧act (ḡz), of n in no, of n̲ in con̲cord (kongkord), of th in thing, of ŧh in ŧhe, are marked, when marked, as here indicated.

XXIV.—The sound of f is represented by ph (philosopher) in many words, and by gh (cough) in a few words. The sound of v is represented by f in of, and ph (Stephen) in a few words. The sound of sh is represented by c (oceanic), s (nauseate), t (negotiation), ce (ocean), ci (social), seo (nauseous), si (tension), ti (captious), çh (çhaise), sc (conscientious), sch (schorl), sci (conscience). xi = ksh in noxious, x = ksh in luxury, s = sh in sure; zh is represented by si (fusion), zi (grazier), s (symposium), ti (transition), ssi (abscission), g (rouge); z = zh in azure.

B.—Table of Sounds represented by Letters and Combinations.

1. a—eight sounds: āle, ăt, älms, ȧsk, câre, a̤ll, wạs, any (ĕ).
2. e—eight sounds: ēve, mĕt, thêre, hẽr, ẹight, sergeant (ä), liar (ẽ), pretty (ĭ).
3. i—four sounds: īce, ĭt, fatĩgue, fĩr.
4. o—eight sounds: nōte, nôr, nŏt, mo̤ve, wọlf, work (û), sȯn, women (ĭ).
5. u—seven sounds: ūse, bŭt, rṳde, pụll, fûr, busy (ĭ), bury (ĕ).
6. y—three sounds: bȳ, ly̆ric, mỹrrh.
7. aa = â, ä; ae = ē, ĕ; ai = ā, â, ă, ĕ, ī, ĭ; ao = ā, a̤; au = ȧ, ä, a̤, ō; aw = a̤; awe = a̤; ay = ā, â, ĕ, ī; aye = ā.
8. ea = ā, â, ä, ē, ĕ, ẽ; ee = ē, ĭ, ā; ei = ā, â, ē, ĕ, ī, ĭ; ey = ā, ē, ī; eo = ē, ĕ, ō, ô, ū, ŭ; eu = ū; ew = ū, ō, ṳ; eau = ō, ū; ewe = ū; eye = ī; eou = ŭ.
9. ia = ĭ, yă; ie = ē, ĕ, ī, ĭ, yĕ, yŭ; io = yō, yŭ, ŭ; iu = yŭ; ieu = ū; iew = ū; iou = ŭ, yŭ.
10. oa = ō, a̤; oe = ē, ĕ, ō, o͞o, ŭ; oi = oy, ī, ĭ, ŭ, wä, wī, wȯ; œu = ṳ; oo = o͞o, ŏŏ, ō, ŭ; ou = ow, a̤, ō, ŏ, o͞o, ŏŏ, ŭ, û; ow = ou, ō, ŏ; oy = oi.
11. ua = ă, ä, ū, wā, wă, wä, wa̤, wŏ; ue = ē, ĕ, ẽ, wē, wĕ, ū, ṳ; ui = ī, ĭ, ū, ṳ, wī, wĭ, wẽ, wē; uo = wō, wŏ; uy = wē, ē, ī; uay = ē, wā; uea = wē; uee = wē; uoy = woi.

E.—Unusual and Difficult Words.

I.

æs-thĕt′ics
nŏn-pa-rĕil′ (-rĕl′)
sy̆n′od
cŏn′duit (-dit)
trī′glyph
hụş-şär′
Xĕn′o-phon
Xẽr′xeş
lĭ-tĭ′gioŭs (-tĭj′ŭs)
çhär′la-tan (sh)

II.

ŏs′se-oŭs
är-ġil-lā′ceoŭs (sh)
făr-i-nā′ceoŭs (sh)
cre-tā′ceoŭs (sh)
săp-o-nā′ceoŭs (sh)
çe-tā′ceoŭs (sh)
am-brō′siȧ (-zhȧ)
in-çĭ′sion (-sĭzh′-)
in-çĭs′ure (-sĭzh′-)
fōre-clō′sure (-klōzh′-)

III.

rō′şe-ate
ū′su-ry (-zhu-)
Plē′ia-dēş
Ū′ra-nŭs
ĕs′tu-a-ry
măn-u-mĭs′sion (-mĭsh′-)
mĕn-su-rā′tion
quĕr′u-loŭs
ob-lĭq′ui-ty
sĕq-ues-trā′tion

IV.

u-bĭq′ui-ty
ĕt′i-quĕtte (-kĕt)
lăc′quer (lăk′er)
qua-drĭlle′
u-nïque (-neek′)
chry̆s′a-lĭs
chry̆s′o-līte
drăch′mȧ
eū′cha-rĭst
sy̆n̲′chro-noŭs

V.

tĕch′nic-al
măch-i-nā′tion
mĕch-a-nĭ′cian (-nĭsh′an)
dĭs′tich
sṳ′mac
bis-sĕx′tĭle
By̆-zăn′tĭne
nĕc′tar-ĭne
păr′a-sīte
pẽr′qui-şĭte

VI.

făl′li-ble
i-răs′çi-ble
cū′ti-cle
bēa′gle
tĭt′tle
ō′cher
shĕk′el (k′l)
bĕn′i-şon
fūḡue (fūḡ)
cŏl′lēaḡue

VII.

in-trīḡue′
cāi′tiff
bdĕll′ium (dĕl′yum)
re-doubt′ (-dout′)
cō-a-lĕsçe′
dĕl-i-quĕsçe′
phŏs-phor-ĕsçe′
stădt′hōld-er (stăt′-)
as-sign-ee′ (-sī-nē′)
gnō′mon (nō-)

VIII.

hĕm′or-rhaġe
mne-mŏn′ics (ne-)
pneu-măt′ics (nu-)
psy-chŏl′o-ġy (sī-)
im-prŏmp′tū
vīs′count (vī′-)
chās′ten (-s′n)
in-vẹigh′ (-vā′)
phthī′sis (thī′-)
phthĭş′ic (tĭz′-)

IX.

pro-té-gé′ (-tā-zhā′)
re-vẽrs′i-ble
sŭp′ple-ment
pĕd′i-ment
glŏs′sa-ry
mẽr′çe-na-ry
rōşe′ma-ry
lăç′er-āte
lĭt′i-gāte
ex̣-ôr′di-ŭm

X.

tra-pē′zi-ŭm
pär-si-mō′ni-oŭs
he-lī′ȧ-ꞓal
zo-dī′aꞓ-al
dĕs′ue-tūde (-we-)
ra-păç′i-ty
rĕç-i-prŏç′i-ty
ve-răç′i-ty
ăn-i-mŏs′i-ty
po-rŏs′i-ty

XI.

ăn′te-dāte
ăn-te-pē′nŭlt
ăn′tĭ-tȳpe
tẽr′ti-a-ry (-shĭ-)
tûr′ġid
ꞓŏn′fer-ençe
ĭn-ad-vẽrt′ençe
re-dŭn′dant
ăn′nu-lar
ŏꞓ′u-lar

XII.

aꞓ-çēde′
ꞓuī-ras-siēr′
rĕş′i-dūe
är′mis-tĭçe
môr′tĭse
e-phĕm′e-rĭs
ꞓrus-tā′ceoŭs (sh)
fō-li-ā′ceoŭs
her-bā′ceoŭs
ạus-pĭ′cioŭs

XIII.

fal-lā′cioŭs
ꞓŏn-sci-ĕn′tioŭs (-shĭ-)
fla-ġĭ′tioŭs
är-ti-fĭ′cial
pro-vĭn′cial
ꞓŏn-se-quĕn′tial
çĭr-ꞓum-stăn′tial
ple-bē′ian
an-ni-hi-lā′tion
as-săs-sin-ā′tion

XIV.

ne-gō-ti-ā′tion (-shĭ-)
pro-pĭ-ti-ā′tion (-shĭ-)
văç-il-lā′tion
a-pŏs′ta-sy
hy̆-pŏꞓ′ri-sy
pleū′ri-sy
văꞓ′u-ŭm
ĭd′i-om
mär′tỹr-dȯm
ō′ꞓher-y

XV.

ăn′o-dȳne
ăp′a-thy
băl′us-ter
bŏd′ĭçe
çĕn′o-tăph
ꞓŏd′i-çĭl
dĭl′a-to-ry
mŏn′o-dy
nŏm′i-nal
păr′o-dy

XVI.

sŏl′e-çĭşm
spĭg′ot
stĕr′ĭle
tăl′iş-man
tŏn′iꞓ
văp′id
ꞓon-tăm′i-nāte
ꞓor-rŏb′o-rāte
fa-năt′i-çĭşm
ġe-ŏl′o-ġy

XVII.

im-păn′el
mo-nŏp′o-ly
mo-nŏt′o-ny
ăn′no-tāte
ăp′po-şĭte
cŏm′ment
dĭf′fi-dent
dĭs′so-nant
fĕr′ret
găl′ley

XVIII.

gŏs′sa-mer
mŏl′lusk
păr′ri-çīde
pĭt′tançe
sy̆l′lo-ġĭşm
tăn′nin
tĕn′nis
trăm′mel
wạr′rant
çe-dĭl′la

XIX.

dĭ-lĕm'mȧ
per-ĕn'ni-al
a-be̱y'ançe
a-brĭdġ'ment
ab-stē'mi-oŭs
ac-çĕl'er-āte
ăd'e-quate
ăd-o-lĕs'çençe
ăd-ven-tĭ'tioŭs
ā-er-o-stăt'ics

XX.

ăl-i-mĕn'ta-ry
ăm'ber-grīs (-grees)
a-năth'e-mȧ
non-çha-lançe' (nŏn-shȧ-
an-tĭp'a-thy [läns')
a-pŏc'a-ly̆pse
är'ti-fĭçe
au-rĭf'er-oŭs
ăv-a-rĭ'cioŭs
bär'be-cūe

XXI.

băş'i-lĭsk
ba-zäar'
bĕn-e-fĭ'ci-a-ry (-fĭsh'ĭ-)
bĭ-tū'mi-noŭs
bre-viēr'
cär'ti-laġe
caou̱t'cho̱u̱c (kōō'chōōk)
çe-lĭb'a-çy
chry̆s'a-lĭs
çic'a-trĭçe

XXII.

çĭn'na-bar
col-lăt'er-al
cŏl-on-nāde'
cŏm'mis-sa-ry
con-fĕd'er-a-çy
cŏn-san-guĭn'i-ty
con-sĭd'er-ate
con-sŏl'a-to-ry
con-tĕm'po-ra-ry
cor-pō're-al

XXIII.

crē'o-sōte
crĕs'çent
crĭt'i-çĭşm
sā'ti-āte (-shĭ-)
dăc'tyl
de-clăm'a-to-ry
dĕf'i-nĭte
de-rĭv'a-tĭve
dĕs'per-ate
dĕs'ti-tūte

XXIV.

de-tē'ri-o-rāte
diş-cẽrn'ment (-zern'-)
dĭs-ha-bĭlle' (-bĭl')
ĕm'is-sa-ry
em-py̆r'e-al
in-dôrse'ment
eū'pho-ny
ex̱-ăç-er-bā'tion
ĕx-hor-tā'tion
flăġ'eo-lĕt (flăj'o-)

XXV.

ġe-lăt'i-noŭs
ġẽr'mi-nāte
glū'ti-noŭs
guăr-an-tee' (găr-)
hĕt-er-o-ġē'ne-oŭs
hī-e-ro-gly̆ph'ic
hō-mo-ġē'ne-oŭs
hy-pẽr'bo-le
ĭd-i-o-sy̆n'cra-sy
ĭn-can-dĕs'çençe

XXVI.

in-dīct'ment (-dīt'-)
in-dĭġ'e-noŭs
ĭn-nu-ĕn'do
in-sta̤ll'ment
in-vēi'gle
ĭr-re-triēv'a-ble
i-sŏs'çe-lēş
jĕop'ard-y
lăb'o-ra-to-ry
lăb'y-rĭnth

XXVII.

le-gū'mi-noŭs
lĭq'ui-dāte
măl'le-a-ble
măl'ĭçe
mär'tyr
măs-quer-āde' (-ker-)
māy'or-al-ty
mĕt-a-môr'phose
mĕt-a-phy̆ş'ics
mĭs'çel-la-ny

XXVIII.

mĭs'sion-a-ry (mĭsh'un-)
myr'mi-don (mẽr'-)
mỹs'ti-çĭşm
năr'ra-tĭve
nĕg'a-tĭve
zĕal'ot
ŏe'çi-pŭt
e-sŏph'a-gŭs
ō-le-ăġ'i-noŭs
ôr'ġieş (-jĭz)

XXIX.

ŏx'y-ġen
păl'li-a-tĭve
păr'ox-ỹşm
pĕr'i-ġee
pĕr-e-gri-nā'tion
pe-rĭph'er-y
phrā-şe-ŏl'o-ġy
pi'quan-çy (pē'kăn-)
plā'ġia-rĭşm (-jă-)
pŏl'y-glŏt

XXX.

pŏr'rin-ġer
pôr'phy-ry
prĕş'by-ter
prŏp'a-gāte
prŏs'e-lȳte
pū-sil-lăn'i-moŭs
qui-ĕs'çent
rĕm-i-nĭs'çençe
re-priēve'
sĕr'a-phīne

XXXI.

stē're-o-tȳpe
stẽr'to-roŭs
sū-per-nū'mer-a-ry
sûr'çin̤-gle
sy̆e'o-phant
thĕr-a-peū'ties
tra-dĭ'tion-a-ry
trăn-sçen-dĕn'tal
u-bĭq'ui-toŭs
vā'ri-e-gāte

XXXII.

vĕn'er-āte
vẽr-sa-tĭl'i-ty
vĩr'tu-al-ly
zō'o-phȳte
Ḡĕt'tyş-burg
Çheȳ-enne' (shī-)
Pom-pe̤'ii (-pā'yee)
Aix-lā-Chā-pĕlle' (āks-)
Ġĕof'frey
Jacques (zhāk)

XXXIII.

rĕe-ti-lĭn'e-al
dĕs-i-e-eā'tion
ăl'ka-līne
lou'is d'or (loo'ī dōr)
fā'kir (-ker)
băe-eha-nā'li-an
ĭeh-thy-ŏl'o-ġy
æ'ġis
seĭr'rhus
sub-pœ'nȧed

XXXIV.

vĕs'i-ele
rĭş-i-bĭl'i-ty
vẽr-mi-çĕl'li (-me-chĕl'li)
ăe-elī'ma-ted
a-eous'tie (-kous'-)
a-dā'ġio (-jo)
Ăl'co-răn
Ptŏl'e-my (tŏl'-)
pseū'do-nȳm (sū'-)
al-le̤'gro

XXXV.

ăl'ter-eāte
bōat'swain (bōt'-)
Çĕlt'ie
eȯl'an-der
eŏm'plai-şănçe
eon-nois-seur' (-nis-sûr')
e-lȳ'sium (-lĭzh'-)
em-pĭr'ie
e-nẽr'vāte
ĕp-i-eū'ré-an

XXXVI.

e-pĭt'o-me
ē-qua-nĭm'i-ty
ĕx'or-çīşe
ex pō'nent
ĕx'tant
ex-tĕm'po-re
fē'tiçh (sh)
fi-nā'le (fe-nā'la)
găl'ax-y
gŭn'wale

XXXVII.

half'-pĕn-ny (hā'-)
hạl'i-but
he-ġī'ra
Hĭn'do͞o
hŏs'pi-ta-ble
ī'dyl
il-lū'sĭve
ī'o-dĭne
i-ō'tȧ
ir-rĕf'ra-ga-ble

XXXVIII.

ir-re-fūt'a-ble
ir-rĕp'a-ra-ble
ir-rĕv'o-ca-ble
ī'so-lāte
ī-so-thẽr'mal
Ĭ-tăl'ian
Ĭ-tăl'ic
jŏc'und
ka-leī'do-scōpe
măc'ro-cŏṣm

XXXIX.

mī'cro-cŏṣm
mŏl'e-cūle
nä'īve-té (-tā)
nĕs'çiençe (nĕsh'ens)
o-bēi'sançe
pŏme'grăn-ate (-at)
pŏt'shẽrd
sĕd'a-tĭve
sŏph'is-try
sŏp-o-rĭf'ic

XL.

sŭb'lu-na-ry
sŭb'tĭle
tăç'i-tûrn
tête-à-tête (tāt-ā-tāt')
thrạll'dȯm
trĭp'ar-tīte
trī'pod
trō'phy
trụ'cu-lent
u-tō'pi-an

XLI.

vī'bra-to-ry
vĭn'di-ca-tĭve
ab-dō'men
bŏm'bȧst
buoy'ant (bwoy'-)
ca-mĕl'o-pard
çha-rāde' (sh)
con-tọur'
cū'po-lȧ
dĭph'thong (dĭf')

XLII.

dĭs'pu-ta-ble
dĭs'pu-tant
e-clăt' (e-klä')
ē-qua-tō'ri-al
ē-qui-nŏc'tial
Eū-ro-pē'an
eẋ-ĕc'u-tĭve
ĕx-ha-lā'tion
ĕx'qui-ṣĭte
ex-traôr'di-na-ry (-trôr'-)

XLIII.

ẹy'rie
făc-sĭm'i-le
fạl'chion (-chun)
fạl'con (faw'kn)
fạl'con-ry (faw'kn-)
găs'e-oŭs
ġym-nā'ṣi-um
hŏgṣ'hĕad
hŏl'i-dāy
hō'ly-dāy

XLIV.

hŏs'tler (hŏs'ler)
lạu'da-nŭm
lĕg'ate
lĕġ'end
lĕġ'end-a-ry
lī'chen
ly-çē'um
Ma-dēi'rȧ
mĕm'oir (-wŏr)
mi-rāge' (me-räzh')

XLV.

mȳ-thŏl'o-ġy
Pall-mall' (pĕl-mĕl')
Phĭl'o-mĕl
pïque (pēk)
plȧ-teau' (-tō')
poign'ant (poin'-)
prĭth'ee
psälm'ist (säm'-)
py-răm'i-dal
rhȳthm

XLVI.

ser'ġeant (sär'-)
soŭth'er-ly
three'pençe (thrĭp'-)
wāist'coat
ăp'o-thegm
bĭv'ouăc (-wăk)
ex̱-hĭl'a-rate
măn'tụ-ȧ-māk-er (or -tūa-)
quạn'da-ry
trĭph'thong (trĭf'-)

XLVII.*

(2) ascent
(2) augur
(2) aught
(2) bail
(2) bāss
(2) beech
(2) berth
(2) bred
(2) brōoch
(2) borough

XLVIII.*

(2) calendar
(2) canon
(2) capitol
(2) castle
(2) cede
(2) ceil
(3) scent
(4) cere
(4) sere
(2) chagrin

XLIX.*

(2) choir
(3) cite
(3) site
(2) clause
(2) choler
(2) complement
(2) chord
(2) council
(2) discrete
(2) draught

L.*

(3) feign
(2) feint
(2) fort
(2) frieze
(2) gauge
(2) horde
(2) aisle
(2) indict
(2) colonel
(2) quay

LI.*

(2) kiln
(2) nave
(3) gnu
(2) lax
(2) lief
(2) leek
(2) levee
(2) lynx
(2) lode
(2) marshal

LII.*

(2) mien
(3) mete
(2) meter
(2) mite
(2) pier
(2) pendant
(3) bowl
(2) poll
(2) pour
(3) raze

LIII.*

(2) wreak
(2) wrest
(4) right
(4) wright
(2) wrote
(2) wry
(2) seignior
(2) serf
(3) sheer
(2) slight

LIV.*

(2) soul
(2) style
(2) straight
(2) suite (wē)
(2) wave
(2) yolk
(2) ewer
(2) steppe
(2) scull
(2) crews

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* When the teacher pronounces a word from these lessons (XLVII.-LIV.), the pupil should spell and define the two or more words having the same pronunciation.